

COOKING AS MEN LIKE IT

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA



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By J. GEORGE FREDERICK



Cooking As Men Like It

By

J. George Frederick

With an Introduction by

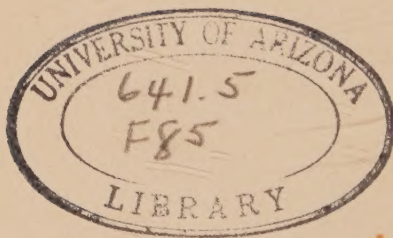
Mrs Christine Frederick

Famous household and food authority

Business Bourse
New York

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THE BUSINESS BOURSE



Printed in the United States of America

Contents

PART I

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. <i>Modern Homes, Modern Women and Food</i>	1
1. Men and Women at Cross-Purposes on Food.—2. Less Home Cookery, Less Marriage.—3. The Shrinking Kitchen.—4. False Ideals of Some Modern Women.—5. The Solution of the Problem.	
II. <i>The Great Interest of Men in Cookery and Food.</i>	8
6. Why do Men Love Food and Cookery?—7. Man's Imagination and Food.—8. Men as Chefs.—9. More Scientific Interest Among Men in Food.	
III. <i>"Food Crimes"—What Men Object to in Cookery</i>	16
10. The "Society for the Prevention of the Ruination of Good Food by Poor Cookery." 11. Earl Derr Biggers Hits Vegetable Cookery.—12. What a Visiting Foreigner Says.—13. American Men Not Satisfied With French Cookery.—14. Gelett Burgess Raps French Cookery.—15. A He-Man Sports "Colymnist's" Kicks.—16. A Galaxy of Grumbles from the Male Sex.—17. Foreign Gourmets Speak of Crimes Against Rice, Spaghetti, Tea.—18. H. I. Phillips Warns the Ladies of Fancy Cookery.—19. Nunnally Johnson Slams Right and Left.	

IV. <i>Flavor and Savor in Food</i>	34
20. Why Do Women Seldom Savor Food?—21. Flavorless Food in America.—22. Smell as Well as Taste in Food Flavor.—23. Appreciating Food's Natural Flavors.—24. Appetite and Savor.—25. "Eating With the Eyes" Instead of With Flavor.—26. Some Details of Flavorsome Tidbits, Male Style.	
V. <i>The Arts and the Joys of Eating</i>	44
27. The Table Joys of Yesterday.—28. Why Are We Not Food-Conscious?—29. The American Evil of Food-Bolting.—30. Good Conversation Plus Good Food.—31. Modern Dinner Parties.	
VI. <i>Masculine Diet in a Business Age</i>	55
32. Changing Over to a Sedentary Diet.—33. The Disagreeable But Necessary Digestive Facts.—34. The Meat Problem.—35. This Talk About Vitamins.—36. Keeping an "Alkaline Balance."—37. Proteins and Starches at the Same Meal?—38. Eating Enough "Roughage."—39. Over-eating and Under-eating.—40. Genuine Reducing Technique.	
VII. <i>The Breakfast Problem</i>	73
41. The Passing of Meat for Breakfast.—42. The No-Breakfast, or Two-Meal-a-Day Idea.—43. Tasty Breakfasts That are Healthy.—44. Traditional Breakfasts. 45. An All-Fruit Breakfast.—46. Kidneys for Breakfast.—47. My Favorite Omelets.—48. Philadelphia Scrapple.—49. A Potato Breakfast.—50. An Intelligent Sausage Breakfast.—51. Suggestions for Vegetable Breakfasts.—52. Something About Cereals.	

—53. Cornmeal Mush and Syrup.—54.
Griddle Cakes, Hot Breads, etc.

VIII. *The Lunch Problem* 89

55. The Meat-for-Lunch Problem.—56.
Restaurant Lunch Competition With Home
Dinners.—57. Some Suitable and Season-
able Starch Luncheons.—58. A Waffle or
Pancake Lunch.—59. Vegetable Lunches.—
60. Protein Lunches.

IX. *Outdoor and Camp Cookery* 102

61. The New Outdoor Living Room and
Kitchen Idea.—62. Outdoor Fireplace
Cookery.—63. Roast Corn, Potatoes,
Onions.—64. Grilled Fireplace Foods.—
65. Skewered Foods.—66. Shore "Bakes."—
66. Outdoor Fish Cookery.—67. Outdoor
Game Cookery.—68. Some Hints for Camp
Cookery in the Wilds.—69. More Vita-
mins in Camp Cookery.—70. Roadside
Auto Picnicking.—71. The "Barbecue"
Technique.—72. Provisioning for the
Wilds.

X. *Steaks and Chops as Men Like Them* . . . 127

73. "Ripening" Your Steak.—74. Selection
and Cut.—75. The Trick of Broiling.—
76. Serving a Steak Properly.—77. Mush-
rooms or Onions With Steak.—78. Steak
from a Frying Pan.—79. Planked Steak.
—80. "Club" Steak.—81. Steak Sauces.—
82. A Rump Steak "That Is."—83. A
Novelty: A Swiss Steak.—84. The Chop.

XI. *Fish, Oysters and Clams as Men Like Them* 134

85. The Succulent Oyster.—86. The Fam-
ous "Bouilla-Baisse."—87. Fish Broiling.—
88. Sauces for Fish.—89. Fillet of Sole

Marguery.—90. Shad Roe Broiled or With Celery and Tomatoes.—91. Fish à La Comodore.—92. A New Way to Cook Trout.—93. Baked Stuffed Fish.—94. "Gefillte Fish."—95. A String of Special Fish Recipes.

XII. *Special Dishes That Men Smack Their Lips Over* 147

96. Some Special Soups.—97. Various Odd Dishes.

XIII. *Odd Dishes No Perfect Lady Loves* . . . 154

98. Tripe—yes, Tripe!—99. Corned Beef and Cabbage.—100. Hog Jowl and Turnip Greens.—101. Collared Pig's Head.—102. Fish Pie.

XIV. *Vegetables Cooked so That Men Won't Hate Them* 161

103. The Art of Vegetable Cookery.—104. Baked Vegetables. 105. Broiled Vegetables.—106. Pressure Cookers, Waterless Cookers, etc.—107. Vegetable Cookery Timetables.—108. The Art of Cooking Peas or Carrots.

XV. *Salads That Men Can Endure* 170

109. Serving Salad Greens.—110. Good Fruit Salads.—111. Fruit and Nut Salads.—112. Good Vegetable Salads.—113. Give "Cole Slaw" Its Due.—114. Salads as Meals.—115. The Aspics.

XVI. *Ham With Variety* 184

116. Ringing the Changes on Ham.—117. Baked and Roast Ham.

CHAPTER

PAGE

XVII. <i>Game and Fowl Served With Skill for Man's Taste</i>	188
118. Chicken.—119. Duck.—120. Rabbit.—121. Wild Fowl.—122. Broiled Wild Fowl.	
XVIII. <i>Meat Substitutes Men Won't Damn . .</i>	198
123. Beans as the "Pinch-Hitter" for Meat.—124. The Nut Family of Meat Substitutes.—125. The Fritter Family.—126. The "Stuffed Family."—127. The Marvelous Omelet Family.—128. The Rice Family.	
XIX. <i>Meat Pies That Delight the Male Sex . .</i>	210
129. English Meat Pies.—130. Oyster Pies.—131. Some Vegetarian Pies.	

PART II

<i>A Gastronomic Journey Around the World</i>	223
(With Recipes)	

132. A Real "Cook's Tour" Around the World, at Home.—133. Starting From New York on a Foreign Boat.—134. The Delights of the Gastronomical Capital of the World—Paris.—135. The Foods of Old England.—136. Belgium.—137. Spain.—138. Portugal.—139. Germany.—140. Scandinavia.—141. Russia.—142. Poland.—143. Hungary.—144. Greece.—145. Bulgaria.—146. Persia.—147. Turkey and Armenia.—148. India.—149. China.—150. Japan.—151. Hawaii.—152. South America.—153. Mexico.—154. Haiti.—155. California.—156. New Orleans.—157. Southern Cookery.—158. Pennsylvania Dutch Food.—159. New York.—160. New England.

"This group . . . forming the bulk of what, broadly speaking, may be called the delicatessen wives, in one way or another . . . will not again be a definite force. The younger group of ten million or so women . . . all fresh and educated to be good wives and mothers . . . bent on being feminine first and foremost . . . will get the new freedom . . . by simply inaugurating it; and presently their 'emancipated' elders will be flocking to their homes for Sunday morning waffle breakfasts. . . . This isn't all imagination. . . . Query the young people you know. There is the newly married girl of twenty-one. She did the housework, read the paper, went to lunch with someone, went to a lecture and came home and cooked a gourmet's dinner."
—ELIZABETH ONATIVIA, in *Scribner's*, June, 1930.

"In flocking into outside business, women have lost their prestige in their own field without making up for it by accomplishment on a par with men . . . Deep down in her heart every woman wants a home. The country is facing a widespread restlessness. . . . Men no longer find satisfaction in their homes. . . . The art of home making has declined much in recent years."—MRS. THOMAS EDISON.

The Richest Woman

By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

*S*HE chops the meat with a golden knife
And cooks it in a golden skillet.
For coal she has a golden hod.
There is always a plenty to fill it.

*She has some tongs made out of pearl
To poke the fire and make it burn.
She pours the milk in diamond crocks
And churns the cream in a silver churn.*

*And when she's tired she has a stool;
It's made of jade with pearls set in it.
She sits down here and wipes her face
And gets her breath a minute.*

*On Saturday she stirs the cake
With gold, and when the water is hot,
She kills the hen with a golden axe
And scalds her in a golden pot.*

—Saturday Literary Review.

"There has been a tendency in diet work in the last decade to treat man as a purely chemical machine working on calories, vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, etc. Taste, odor and appearance of food have been largely neglected, and it is these which will occupy most of our attention. . . . Two of the world's most famous pessimists, Carlyle and Schopenhauer, suffered all their lives from bad digestions. We may find evidence that a psychologically sound diet might have contributed to turning those black-spectacled authors into members of the optimists club! Coming down to more practical matters, we may discover that properly selected flavors and odors, together with attractive appearance, offer a harassed wife the surest means of turning a moody husband into a sparkling table conversationalist!"—DR. DONALD A. LAIRD, Colgate University, announcing a new series of laboratory studies of food.

"The host was yet privy to the great truth that dining is an essentially masculine business, and so the party was usually stag."—H. L. MENCKEN in The New York Sun.

Introduction

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, famous household authority

I have been cooking or overseeing the meals eaten by Mr. Frederick for a quarter century.

At first I "viewed with alarm" this desire of Mr. Frederick's to write a book on *Cooking As Men Like It*—for how could the casual reader believe otherwise than that he was a poor, suppressed, and possibly semi-starved husband making a bold dash into print with a kind of "now it can be told" story of his gastronomic grievance for the past 25 years? And surely no wife,—even if a reputed "expert" in the fields of household engineering and domestic science—would relish having the secrets of her home kitchen ruthlessly exposed!

However I feel confident that his many friends will testify to Mr. Frederick being a specimen of health, energy and good feeding. And that he is full of fight, this book gives ample proof!

Like most doctors, there are a few dietetic points on which we disagree. But with the main contention he puts forward I am heartily in accord, believing with him that "cooking as men like it" is a point of view women should pay more real attention to—now that some real facts are available! If any of the thousands of women who have read my articles in newspapers or magazines, or my own books, should buy this volume, I hasten to assure them that they may quite safely feed and cook for their husbands in the manner Mr. Frederick describes and advocates.

If I had my wish, every young girl, every wife and prospective home manager the country over would not only buy and read this book, but place it in her cook-book rack, and practice what it preaches—cook the dishes it describes and avoid the errors it warns about. In other words, "feed the brute in the way the brute likes to be fed"—namely in a really civilized way!

CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

September, 1930.

PART I

I

Modern Homes, Modern Women and Food

"Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner," said Byron in Don Juan—and this is what every man knows. Doubtless such realization made Fanny Fern many years ago shape her famous phrase "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach" (modern version, "feed the brute").

Alas, modern woman is significantly different, and the result is that man is in a confusion about food at the present time.

1. Men and Women at Cross-Purposes on Food.—The confusion arises from the fact that women have greatly *reduced* their attention to food, while men have greatly *increased* their sensitivity to food. American business men travel so much, living at good hotels, and eat so much in restaurants that they are far more conscious of food standards than in earlier days. Many a man lunches at a restaurant on some tasty dish, or while on a trip on his firm's expense account lives at good hotels where well-paid chefs prepare the meals—and then returns to his own home to a dinner of overdone meat, badly prepared, and vegetables as soggy and tasteless as so much paper pulp.

Not even the coffee is as good as he is accustomed to having. Usually he says nothing about it; his wife complains about her terribly poor luck with servants, if they can afford one; or if she does her own cooking he realizes the futility and the irritation of criticizing her lack of taste and skill.

The fact is that the great majority of young women of the past two generations has spurned any knowledge of cookery and preferred going into business. On the day such young women set up housekeeping they probably knew less about food preparation than they did about Greek poetry or astronomy. They had hoped—even expected—to marry a man who could afford to hire a servant, and if friend husband who cannot afford one speaks out too plainly about their makeshift cookery such women will like as not twit him about his inability to pay for service. As only 2% to 4% of all American families can afford any household help, one can see how unreasonable is such an argument.

2. Less Home Cookery, Less Marriage.—I am purposely being rather blunt about this, because, truth to tell, one of the reasons why fewer men brave matrimony today is because home no longer offers them the comforts of good cookery. This is no idle jest. Just why a man should be thrilled at the idea of setting up housekeeping in order to suffer incompetent cookery, canned goods and delicatessen, and put up with a wife whose brightest idea about meals is to go out for dinner, has not yet been satisfactorily explained. If the home and its good cheer around the board is to disappear, why marry at all? It should be patent to all that to undermine the charm of satisfying meals served in the home is to undermine the home itself, because the home began around the fireplace, which from the dawn of man until a hundred years ago was also the cook stove of the family. It is not merely that man loves above all else the pleasure of good food. I warn the unthinking woman that the food “complex” in man spreads over many other things than food: hospitality, comfort, social pride, good cheer, good conversation and conviviality are tied up with the home food idea. The values for which men marry are certainly not chiefly food values, but since food and sex are both powerful primary in-

instincts, they bear an intensely close relation to marriage and home, the one as much as the other.

Thus we face the perplexing fact that just at a time when American men are at last becoming "food conscious," just as they show a civilized, sophisticated readiness to take thought of taste-perception in eating instead of hastily bolting something called food; just as modern transportation efficiency has provided the greatest variety of food ever made available to man—just at this point women have, in very large numbers, ceased to be interested in cookery; almost ceased, indeed, to be interested in the home as the center of gracious and cultured living. I submit that this is serious business!

3. The Shrinking Kitchen.—Modern man finds himself much bewildered in an age when the home is moved first to an apartment, then to apartment rooms which eliminate the dining room altogether. When as a last move—now common in large cities—the kitchen is compressed into a mere closet, however ingeniously disguised, or messily thrust into an alcove of the living room, real home cookery becomes entirely impossible. The situation appears to tend to become still worse rather than better. More and more of the country's population pours into large cities; more and more of that city population houses itself in apartments, and more and more such apartments eliminate the dining room and are designed on the theory that their inhabitants will "eat out" and thus require only a few makeshift cooking facilities for breakfast or quick-lunch preparation. Apartments are also springing up even in the suburbs and in smaller cities, showing that apartment homes are the now preferred type of homes, and thus starting even suburban and small town families on the same evolution toward closet-kitchen, no-dining room, and restaurant point of view about meals.

I do not for a moment wish to infer that such a development is due entirely to women, or that men are being dragged into apartments against their wills! There is a natural technical evolution, fostered indeed by business men themselves, toward greater economy of effort and increased comfort. American men are notably chivalrous and like to see their womenfolk

freed from physical burdens, such as furnace tending and a surplus of rooms to clean, which led directly to apartment house-living. The problem is one for all of us to ponder.

I must also make a distinct exception of those women who are taking a real modern interest in food and feeding their families more intelligently and more appetizingly than families were ever fed before. Many of these women have caught the spirit which I am trying to build up in this book: the spirit of intelligent delight in good food, the spirit of aesthetic appreciation for the great galaxy of good foods we now have available; the spirit of delight in food which the great men of all ages have shared; the greater the men the greater the joy. This is the spirit which made even the patriarchs of the Bible exclaim:

"She brought forth butter in a lordly dish" (Judges)—the spirit which made Owen Meredith write—

*"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books
We civilized man cannot live without cooks!"*

4. False Ideals of Some Modern Women.—Such women instinctively know that it is a false ideal for so many women today to "come out of the kitchen" and slur all interest in food in favor of chimerical pursuits of one kind and another which so often come to naught; and that this exodus from the hearth is a condition particularly dangerous to women's basic happiness and fundamental status in life. As one critic has said "women have gone away from the center of life to its periphery, and have lost importance accordingly." The extreme "feminism" of the years of the suffrage fight exalted the idea that for every woman of any restless dreams there was a high place waiting in the arts, in business, or in politics, which would give her much greater satisfaction than "mere domesticity." I have long been one of those men who have cheered woman onward in her desire for a career, and I still applaud those few who have genuine power and ability. They should specialize. But it is a curious fact that the abler and the more successful such women are, the more surely they come, after a period of years,

to the conclusion that for genuine happiness there is no substitute for the simpler joys of life—food preparation and dining at home being some of the best of these. Even so conspicuous a “careerist” among women as Elizabeth Marbury has admitted it, and many women with famous names may be found whose greatest delight is their kitchen.

At one time (in Alice Duer Miller’s phrase) the battle cry was “Come Out of the Kitchen,” whereas there is now a distinct movement noticeable even among the younger generation of smart women in society, of “Back to the Simple Joys of Home and Large Families.” It is today socially smart and normal for a wealthy bride to don an apron and cook. The truth is that most women, like most men, are not born for greatness or high place, and that to act as if you were is only to make yourself ridiculous and unhappy. The basic facts of life and human nature are inexorable and fixed, and we stray away from them at our peril. Rich or poor, we must eat, and rich or poor, a woman cannot evade the responsibility of serving good food (which means knowing what good food is, which in turn means being at least a good amateur cook)—just as a man cannot evade special family financial responsibilities. A man can no more help thinking less of a woman who cannot prepare a simple meal than a woman can help thinking less of a man who is undependable financially. I do not care how fair or wealthy or famous she be (to paraphrase an old saying) she is not “fair” to me or to most other men if she cannot prepare me an appetizing meal!

I will go so far as to say, deliberately, that woman without a background of a real home, in which she personally cooks and serves food—occasionally even if not habitually—is robbing herself of her most subtle, instinctive attraction to man, is depriving herself of her most deep-rooted basis of appeal and charm, and is tampering with the very foundations of human happiness, both for herself, her family, and society as a whole. The millions of years of woman’s association with food and feeding has very deeply ingrained in man a sense of its essential fitness, even of its beauty. It is quite precisely on a par with a woman’s innate expectation from man that he be self-reliant,

physically strong and economically capable. The one is no less fair an expectation than the other.

This is not mere cry of a selfish, traditional male who wants woman to be his body-servant; it is a reasoned statement based on the principle of a natural subdivision of human labor and responsibility. It is a statement which makes ample exception for the relatively few women of special ability; a statement which is quite willing to grant that woman's interests must not be limited to home and food, and that woman should, like man, use every ingenuity and aid of science to reduce the drudgery of home-making and food preparation. But there is a very great difference indeed between, on the one hand, intelligently applying efficiency principles to the hard labor of home work, and thus obtaining leisure to do other things while still doing full justice to the delights of good food—and on the other hand slighting and losing interest entirely in home food preparation. Women do not seem to realize that this is the authentic sign of *decentralizing the home*; pulling it up by its roots, and making all-day café dwellers of us, with all its attendant destruction of solid, normal human values and virtues. This is, moreover, a condition far more serious to women than to men.

5. The Solution of the Problem.—The corrective for conditions like these is a new attitude and outlook, and as far as possible a general adjustment of ideas of life to a more "humanistic" point of view. This humanistic philosophy emphasizes *the dignity of man*; and therefore the dignity of man's home, his hospitality, his food, and his broad and inclusive, normal, balanced enjoyment of life; living with balance and "the golden mean." Emphasis on food does not mean gourmandizing, but the happy meeting of appetite, intelligence and the opportunities of the modern day in food provision. It very distinctly does not mean that woman demeans herself by associating herself with food; on the contrary it lends her a special dignity and lustre, as in the Anglo-Saxon meaning of "Lady": the "loaf-giver," and after the manner of the original humanists, the Greeks, to whom food was akin to the gods. Through all the ages man has kept something of this romantic, aesthetic and imaginative attitude toward food. The greatest poets have sung of it; the greatest artists painted it, the greatest

writers rhapsodized about it. Many of the greatest philosophers and statesmen have deeply interested themselves in it, even to cooking with their own hands. Not even the holy friars of the Church put aside food as too carnal. It is only woman of modern times, from Marie Antoinette downward, who for reasons of snobbery and false aristocracy, has affected to consider food and food preparation something earthly and coarse and menial.

This is the philosophy which those women who still hold it should throw away as false. The men of every country whose women have such a philosophy (as for example England) must subsist on poor food and are robbed of vast delights and comforts, to say nothing of lessened male comradeship. Englishmen, notoriously, live in their clubs to a degree unknown in any other country. America has stemmed from England in this respect, and the greater part of American men have tolerated for generations most outrageous cookery, many of them never aware of their loss until more recent years. American men now also are clustering into clubs. A large part of American women have been far more deeply interested in Browning than in better cookery, scarcely realizing that it was far more creditable to their genuine culture to be able to cook a dish that was "a poem" than to sentimentalize over second-rate poets. In the new humanistic philosophy, which is the peak of the finest culture of today, all things human are good, when used under the principle of measure and proportion; and it is distinctly ignorant to use any of them badly or slur their dignity and place.

American women will be better comrades of men, and men better comrades of women, if they humanistically find a thrill together in the marvelous cornucopia of good food available for American tables today. The art, the story and the lore of its preparation and enjoyment is part of the rich literary and aesthetic treasure of the human race. The Frenchman and his wife who love good food, and who have set cooks beside the company of Immortals, are notoriously good comrades—more so than the men and women of any other European nation. May it not be because neither of them fail to set good cookery in its rightful high place in the scheme of things?

II

The Great Interest of Men in Cookery and Food

"Who ever heard of a famous author who wasn't still more famous as a cook?" asks Gelett Burgess, and none dares answer him. The fact that the 500th book—and possibly the most beloved—which Dumas wrote was a book on cookery should be enough to deter a critic from any attempt to refute the statement. Merely in passing one may refer to Charles Lamb's famous essay on roast pig, and the flavorsome pages on food by Dickens, and for good measure end by saying that it is not only writers, but musicians, artists, and great men of all kinds who should be included. Rossini, the great Italian composer, created music best after he had eaten a good dinner, *cooked by himself*. The prelude to *The Barber of Seville*, demanded in a hurry, was produced in just this way.

6. Why Do Men Love Food and Cookery?—No woman seems ever quite able to grasp the reason for this intense delight of men in food and cookery. The shallow-minded among them simply attribute it to man's strong animal appetites. Indeed this is a favorite pose of the "spiritual sisterhood," as a friend of mine calls those women who like to pretend that women are

so much more "spiritual" than men! They look upon man's evident delight in succulent food as proof positive of the old Puritanical idea that man is at bottom a sinful, earthy creature. Likewise the American chivalrous tradition that woman is of "superior clay" gives them further support in this theory. It is told of Irvin Cobb—a gorgeously earthy creature who coined the delightful phrase "a sincere eater," doubtless to describe himself—that when he lived at a certain boarding house in the South there regularly sat opposite him a thin old spinster who picked ever so delicately at her food. Cobb took vast delight in repeatedly passing food to her, solely in order to hear the condescending tones of her austere refusals, and to enjoy her implied reproaches as she refused what he so abundantly enjoyed. Sometimes the dear spirit was quite unable to endure seeing Irvin partake further of ham-hocks and cabbage, and on such occasions, the story goes, she rose and with a superior swish of her alpaca gown, disappeared into her spiritual home upstairs!

I fear that, in the words of Homer, "man was born but to banquet and to drain the bowl," and that Samuel Johnson was not stretching the truth a bit when he said, "For a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does his dinner!" But the reason why is far from piggishness. It is directly related to man's particular physical make-up and to his aggressiveness and energy. Man loves food because food is energy, and the great, distinctive male principle is energy and action. Man is a power plant, and every stoker of boilers knows what roaring delight power plants take in their fuel which they transform so efficiently into directed action. Man's "rate of metabolism," or conversion of food into energy, is markedly higher than woman's, as tests have fully demonstrated. He needs more food calories than woman simply because he is a man. This alone provides full and sufficient explanation of man's strong interest in food, but it is by no means the only reason. Men are as a rule more frankly in harmony with their appetites, while women are more usually inhibited in all appetites.

At the same time, men are judged by what they *do*, while

women are more definitely judged by what they *are*. Women's physical selves, their delicacy of deportment, their weight, their grace, their manners are vital matters in their destinies. If food is eaten by women with the same gusto as by men, and in the same quantity and kind, it is very likely to accompany, if not produce, a masculine set of qualities. Thus the average woman—and in America nowadays nearly *all* women, sometimes to their utter ill-health—distinctly repress their appetites for food. They have gone quite too far in this, of course. Their ever-present fear is a destroyed artistry of line of figure through eating too much food. As a result they dangerously starve themselves, since the particular artistry of line for which they strive is artificial, unwholesome and conventionalized. Thus their general attitude toward food is rendered somewhat antagonistic and is one of the secret reasons why women's interest in cookery has so greatly declined. A woman who is "dieting," who does not care about food, and who is afraid to eat much herself, is bound to be a poor cook!

7. Man's Imagination and Food.—Nor is this all. Man's interest in cookery is distinctly imaginative and poetical. Few indeed are the women poets or writers who ever rhapsodize about food. On the contrary, woman's distinct notion and preference among the activities of life is *to get as far away from food as possible*. It is no mere accident that all the great chefs are, and always have been men, or that virtually all the inventions in food chemistry and cookery are the creations of men.

Men, on the other hand, live close to their food; often sentimentalize and poetize about food, and are not in the slightest degree ashamed to write sonnets in its praise or to make it the subject-matter of their highest literary efforts. In business, it never occurs to them to feel demeaned because they are in the bread-baking or the doughnut machine business, or the manufacture of egg beaters. Not so women. When women start tea rooms they usually give far more consideration to the color scheme for the walls than they do to the excellence of the dishes they will serve. Food, as such, does not "lift" or inspire most women; it has to them no psychological values, no romance, allusion or imaginative appeal. It is all a stark, dreary business,

a necessary evil; sometimes a stale routine that, they assert, infinitely bores and even nauseates them.

In this one can feel some sympathy for them, if they must cook constantly and have no imagination and no sense of pride and skill in the art. But why do they not develop more such pride and skill?

Bob Davis (famous writer and editor) making a sacred rite out of cooking the fish he has caught and taking infinite pains and pride in his method of preparing it—being meanwhile the envied and closely-watched object of keen admiration on the part of men worth millions standing around him—is a scene which the average woman simply fails to comprehend. Why? Because for a century or more she has been destroying all tradition of skill and fame in cookery for women; setting up a contrary tradition of aristocratic aloofness from “the scullery.” She has tended to let “the kitchen slaveys” do her cookery and often actually boasted of her incompetence as a cook, apparently as a deliberate attempt to turn this deficiency into a high-born virtue! The aristocratic tradition is of course the cause of all this. *Craftsmanship* in *anything* has been something to look down upon rather than to admire, in all aristocratic circles of the past. Even the women who now wish to become craftsmen in other things are so much under the domination still of the old tradition that they seem incapable of any real professional interest in cookery as craftsmanship. To such an extent is this carried that large numbers of women who graduate from home economics courses do not for a moment consider any other use of their training than to teach it to others—“teaching teachers to teach teachers”—and so on *ad infinitum*. My wife, who directs a Household Experiment Station located on our home premises, once engaged as an assistant a young home economics graduate. When requested to go into our kitchen to assist in preparing an actual family meal she was found in tears. “My father was a minister,” she blubbered, “and I never, never intended when I took my home economics course that I should go into a *kitchen*!” Volumes could not be more eloquent than this—and it is not an exceptional case.

8. Men as Chefs.—It would be a telling point if women could say, in reply to all this, that men make a lot of romantic fuss over cookery, but won't actually spend their lives at it. Unfortunately for such a "comeback" the facts are quite against it. Not only are most of the chefs in the world today men, but they have the most elaborate system of honor and prestige. From the day when the cook in the palace of Louis XIV committed suicide because the fish arrived too late to serve at the precise correct moment, men have taken cookery with professional seriousness. From the day of old Frederic at the famous Tour d'Argent restaurant in Paris, down to Dr. Kellogg and Fred Harvey's railroad station restaurants in the U. S. and Mr. Child's interest in making his chain of restaurants go vegetarian, men have been the active factors in the business of cookery. They have now nearly succeeded in industrializing all cookery—unthinkingly, I fear, for they have found women only too willing to forget home cookery almost altogether, and thus destroyed a precious value which men themselves prized.

The great cooks of Europe are men, and the great cook books of Europe are written by men. Men have made the famous restaurants of America—Oscar of the Waldorf, Delmonico, George Rector, etc. This is not to disparage the superior work of a very small group of American women cooking authorities and dieticians, for my point is only that men certainly have not hesitated to make a real art of cookery, and are not afraid to "go into the kitchen." There are more husbands in America who have no inferiority feeling about cooking or helping with it, than in any other country outside of France. There are of course also many more men employed in restaurants than women.

It is, however, through outdoor cookery—on hunting and fishing, camping and motor touring trips—that many American men have come to an especial personal interest in cooking. It came about very naturally—as my own experience testifies. On going camping or fishing it was years ago the thing to hire a guide who also cooked for the party. Often he was an Indian or a rough woodsman. What he did not know about cookery was usually fully matched by what he did not know about

common cleanliness and sanitation, and both were plenty! I recall gazing out of the flaps of my teepee in Northern Canada one frosty morning and seeing George the guide-cook frying slabs of bacon and expectorating at the same time—both unfortunately at the same spot! The modern American knowledge of diet is so far advanced beyond such crude backwoods standards—and the crime of mistreating gorgeous fresh food so great—that a great many of us men simply pitched in and developed a camp cookery technique which is now an extensive lore, over which men will argue for hours, and match results over the campfire. The great vogue of the automobile touring has been a further stimulus. There are actually thousands upon thousands of men who are “fair to middling” camp cooks, and some real artists at it.

Our great systems of national parks, and roadside camps, together with the automobile and modern camp-cookery devices, have turned the country into a spacious open-air playground where millions of people eat “*al fresco*” under the blue sky—eat food cooked in most cases by men proud of their skill, however limited. One man I know in the South whose fame for barbecued hash spread over many miles, has now capitalized his cooking ability and netted a small fortune, by selling his specialty in cans to thousands of people. Another man I know has undertaken to set up a chain of artistic roadside refreshment stands, offering instead of the atrocious food usually encountered, genuinely flavorful, tasty dishes. The unexpected result has been that his trade now comes, not alone from passing autoists, but from suburban women who drive over to buy his cakes and specialties to serve at home. He has become the accessory, part-time cook for hundreds of families!

9. More Scientific Interest Among Men in Food.—Another powerful reason why men have been increasing their interest in food is the scientific reason. Who initiated the pure food movement? I am tempted to stress here the barbed point that it was a movement *not* initiated by women, whose real job it was—but by three he-men! They were Dr. Harvey L. Wiley, Edwin Bok and Theodore Roosevelt, who in a day when glucose syrup mixed with flax seeds was sold for “strawberry jam,” and when

women in large numbers were buying it and ignorantly serving it, rather than themselves make real strawberry jam, started the tremendous and wide reaching "pure food movement."

The medical man has a fine record regarding food—for long ago Dr. Lister, Queen Anne's famous physician, said that no doctor was truly prepared to practice who had not a competent knowledge of cookery. In America Dr. J. H. Kellogg of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and some others have made history in regard to food and diet. Men have been foremost in awakening other men, with their flair for the scientific and the exact, to take an interest in food not only from the gustatory angle but from that of scientific feeding.

Even the farmer, taught by the Department of Agriculture how to mix scientifically food for his cattle and hogs, must find it hard to avoid an arrest of thought when he considers how haphazardly he himself is being fed in contrast with his animals. With good food all about them, the crimes upon health and digestion committed by some of these farm wives are unspeakable. It is a great boon that the woman's magazine has penetrated to her with modern recipes and articles teaching her new diet and cooking ideas.

American men therefore are today widely receptive to new dietary ideas. In many instances their wives deserve equal praise. But the accomplishment is quite considerable when it is recalled that there have been three enormous gains: first, the reform of the breakfast, by cutting down meat and heavy foods and introducing fruits and cereals in their stead. Second, the reform in the lunch or mid-meal for business men, introducing more greens and salads, and reducing the meat and total food intake. Third, the more expert attention to special feeding, as for children, for dieting, and for particular individuals with unusual constitutions or states of health. Also the general greater consumption of fruits and vegetables, and the universal reduction in bread and meat consumption.

American men are passionately fond of scientific progress, and are thrilled at each new discovery in mechanics, in medicine, or in chemistry. They read long columns of description of such developments, and as they often relate to food and diet,

or cookery methods, men are sometimes informing themselves in advance of their wives. But many wives are as fully alert, as was shown when it was discovered how rich in vitamins was calves liver. Within a few days after this scientific news was popularized liver was difficult to obtain and went up in price. Incidentally man's appetite was vindicated in this, for he has always liked liver, onions and bacon while women have ever sniffed at it and tolerated it as "common." A similar case is sauerkraut.

III

“Food Crimes”—What Men Object to in Cookery

It may be news to many women, and also to many men, that there are “rebels” against cookery as it is commonly practiced; that a number of men in particular are very strongly convinced of the folly and insult to good food in the cookery methods widely used.

I do not mean food faddists: the men who develop pet ideas like good old Dr. Horace Fletcher who expected to live a century by “fletcherizing” his food (chewing very, very slowly), but who, alas! died at even less than the usual human age.

I mean men who, by reason of their cosmopolitan feeling and taste for food, or by reason of their actual knowledge of cookery and food and diet, become indignant at the kind of food served to them, either at home or at restaurants.

10. The “**Society for the Prevention of the Ruination of Good Food by Poor Cookery.**”—Partly in jest but also with very serious purpose, a number of prominent men—in the pages of *Modern Priscilla*—have recently been hammering away with great effect on “food crimes.” I will make no bones

about it that I was one of the very first in this group, and have made some determined thrusts at a few of the things I consider insults to good food. It was astounding how many men—men of "light and leading," men of letters, men of the medical profession, men of sheer lusty appetites who knew what they liked and didn't like,—responded to the call of this Society, and swarmed to enroll under its banners! It should be profitable reading to all cooks, male and female, everywhere, to learn what these rebels and remonstrators have to say. They are breaking down the old food superstitions, stupid habits and practices, and providing women with a vivid light upon what goes on in the mind of a man who has a standard of comparison as to food. Many men have vague dislikes and vague dissatisfactions about food but are afraid to express them, often believing that these are mere prejudices and ignorance. Few lay men have developed any confidence in their ideas of cookery. It seems *lese majesté* to criticize a woman's cookery! Often they are stopped from expressing themselves by reverence for "their mothers' cooking" or a life-long habit of faith in their wives' meals. To criticize it is a kind of sacrilege. But they should—and do—in this society!

11. Earl Derr Biggers Hits Vegetable Cookery.—A writer of famous stories, Mr. Biggers drops fiction to get down to cases in cookery. Says he: "You may picture me coming at a brisk run to join your Society. And above my head I bear a banner with this strange device: How About Vegetables?"

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent the restaurants, but I didn't go because I had a date with a string bean or a carrot. I had a rendezvous with a thick *filet mignon* or an overgrown steak, and if vegetables insisted on breaking into the party, they didn't get much of a welcome from me. They got the icy eye and a similar shoulder. Then a few years ago the doctors assured me I had eaten all the meat there was, and they urged me to give a thought to green vegetables and fruit. I got acquainted with fruit, and like it. But vegetables and I—well, we see a lot of one another, but somehow, the friendship fails to prosper.

"What is it they do to vegetables in this country? Take

Peas. Oh, yes—take a few peas. Hear them rattle around in the dish, dry as a handful of buckshot. If they only had some horrid, unpleasant taste occasionally, that would be a relief. But they have no taste. No flavor. Just green peas, and if they've remembered to be green, they seem to think that lets them out.

“String Beans. Large for their age, a bit faded about the edges and, particularly in restaurants, entangled in a mass of indestructible string. Odd they don't tie them up in neat bundles, like the kindling you buy for the fireplace. The same flavor as kindling, too. And usually floating in a delicious solution of tepid H_2O . And lima beans. Three innocent-looking little lima beans can get together and strangle a strong man in one minute. What is it cooks do to them?

“Cauliflower! I often wonder who invented the white sauce for cauliflower. Somebody must have said to him: ‘Here's a little item called the cauliflower that has no taste whatever. See if you can invent a sauce that has even less.’ He did it. He triumphed gloriously. You have to keep your eyes open when you're eating cauliflower. Otherwise, if anyone should come up and ask you, you wouldn't know whether you were eating, or just making the motions. There may be some flavor to it—but not the way it is usually cooked.

“Then Spinach. I'm sorry to bring up these unpleasant facts—but there is spinach. Why do they pour the sand over it before they cook it? Perhaps it's a subtle tribute to the grit of the person who eats it. And—to quote an old song—when the sand of the spinach grows cold—it's just terrible. If you find yourself in a position where you must eat spinach, swallow it quickly the moment it comes on the table. Sand should always be eaten hot.

“Turnips! Parsnips! Quick, Watson—the black list. The blackest we have. But I think I have said enough to indicate that I do not approve of vegetables as usually prepared for human consumption. Of course, conditions are much worse in hotel dining rooms and in restaurants than they are at the home table. They'd have to be, otherwise the divorce courts couldn't handle the crowds. Your cook may make a supreme

effort to render vegetables palatable, but it's all in vain. Our system is wrong. We certainly don't know how to cook vegetables in this country.

"I used to think it was the fault of the vegetables themselves. I said: 'Oh, they're such weak, watery things no human hand could possibly make them fit to eat.' With a generous gesture, I exonerated the entire race of American cooks. Then I went to Paris.

"Ah, Paris! Don't get me started on that. But I'll have to mention what I found out over there. I learned that vegetables are good to eat! It came on me like a bolt from the blue—and it was raining most of the time at that. Good to eat? Delicious! For one thing, the French pluck them young, while they are still tender and true. And then—oh, I don't know. Magic, probably. String Beans—Peas—Spinach, even! You just put them in your mouth, and as they melt gently away, you seem to hear soft music in the distance. Not only in the expensive places, but at obscure little restaurants. I can still taste the string beans at the restaurant of the quite humble Hotel Pont Royal, on the Left Bank. Lucky I can. I haven't tasted any since, though I've eaten a lot.

"Here, then, is a great future for this Society of ours. Millions of American women visit Paris at some time in their lives. Let us rise in our might and get a law passed that no American housewife shall return to this country until she has found out what it is the French do to vegetables. It's pretty mysterious—the job may take quite a while. There may not be much time left to pick out that beaded bag for Aunt Ella. But once she has learned it—and she can learn it, if she tries. Our women are clever, and surely this great secret is not beyond them. There's a key ingredient there somewhere. It is rumored that white wine plays a big part in French cooking—I wouldn't want to put too big a burden on the bootleggers. But you can't tell me it's wine in the vegetables. No, sir—something else—butter, probably. Great oodles of butter. Butter with a lavish hand. That's my guess, though I may be wrong. Whatever it is, we've got to know. If it's black magic, we must master it. We can't go on this way. At least, I can't."

12. What a Visiting Foreigner Says.—It is now somehow conveniently forgotten that Sarah Bernhardt almost literally starved because of the terrible food she encountered when on her first tour in America. Used to the world's best food in France it is easy to understand her sufferings, for to this very day the cookery one encounters around the country is really disgraceful. The Divine Sarah was gracious enough to say on her last tour that things had much improved, but that was because most cities of 200,000 throughout America now have one or two hotels that can afford trained, often French chefs!

If you do not believe the statement that most cookery one encounters around the country is still disgraceful, just make a month's tour staying away from the large cities and from the first class hotels. You will come home wringing your hands in despair, if you have any food standards whatever. If you could dine in the homes of the three or four millions of intelligent, alert wives who take some pride in their table, you would of course have only praise; but what of the food desert outside the first class hotels and restaurants and these three or four million homes?

The foreign lecturer or traveler, poor fellow, is a special victim, particularly if he travels what is known as "the gas light circuit" or middle sized cities and towns. Vincent Sheehan, wrote his experiences in the *New Republic* in April, 1930: "Nobody who is accustomed to considering good food as an essential element in civilized life could go through a tour of these states without getting peevish. When you consider that in all the vast space between Chicago and San Francisco the only existing winter vegetable is the potato; when you add to this the fact that American lettuce, whether by mass production or by refrigeration, has come to have the taste and consistency of a new baseball; and when you contemplate the appalling uniformity of the menu cards from coast to coast, you cease to wonder at any irritability of the harassed foreigner. The deserts are all made of paste, either too quickly frozen (in individual lumps) or one-quarter baked, bedizened in colored syrups, ices and folderols, the whole masquerading under some such name as 'Clara Bow Marshmallow Nut.'

"Before I began this lecture tour I had been for nearly ten years a traveler in foreign parts. I had "gone native," so far as food was concerned, for months on end in such places as Honan, Shansi, the Rif, Catalonia and Sicily, none of which is supposed to be inhabited by 'clean' people in the American sense. That is, the inhabitants of these countries do not use forceps or disinfectants in cooking. But however 'unsanitary' their food, it always had taste; the various dishes could easily be distinguished one from the other with the eyes closed, and they were generally good. The public food of the United States seems to me to be not only beneath the level of the public food in civilized societies, but even below that of the so-called backward native peoples who have no Hoover and no Ford to guide them.

"The reason for the rush and noise and vulgarity of the meals, in the American States it was clear, lay in the food itself. If the food were good, people would enjoy it; they would eat it slowly and peacefully as food was meant to be eaten for taste and for satisfaction. Since the food is almost completely tasteless these pleasures are impossible, and a counter atmosphere is created in which the distractions of noise and crude childish fantasy act as anodynes. No pursuit (unless it be fishing) is by nature so conducive to placid thought as the consumption of a good meal. But the good meal, the placid thought which enfolds it, the ruminant genial tolerating warmth which comes out of it, are alike impossible in most American hotels and restaurants in the travelers' path. The practice of refrigerating meat and vegetables; the institution of the jazz band; the insistence upon haste in production of the food ordered—all this would ruin the dinner if Escoffier himself were in the kitchen.

"Good cooking—even cooking by a great master—would not save the ordinary American meal now. It is too late. What is needed is a revision of the whole philosophy of the consumption of food. Since this philosophy is indubitably a part of the much more complex growth called culture, it cannot be revised until such organic changes have taken place as will revolutionize the mores and folkways themselves. And conversely, no advance in American culture can have permanent

validity unless it involves or brings about a more humane attitude toward the process of eating food."

13. American Men Not Satisfied with French Cookery.—

The standard of cookery the world over is of course mainly French, except where certain local and native cookery is maintained. In good hotels throughout the world French chefs reign. Nearly all American hotel and restaurant cookery, and the general models of cookery which women follow are predominantly French.

But the truth of the matter is that American men are very lukewarm about the French cuisine. They haven't thought much about it because they are rather confused. They find French cookery in some respects so superior to ordinary native cookery that there is no comparison, but there are very important exceptions to take; so that the average man, not used to thinking about foods, is rather mixed in his ideas and feelings about French cookery. He will go to Paris and "rave" over it, but after a few weeks become more critical.

The first and greatest objection to French cookery by men is *the heavy dependence on sauces*. American men do not care for the numerous and heavy sauces with which the French disguise or amplify foods. They often given him indigestion because, unlike the French plan of a meal of many courses, he eats fewer dishes, and thus the proportion of sauce to the total amount of food he eats at the meal is too large and is not so readily digested. He has a suspicion, too, that these French sauces too often disguise (in America, especially) poor food. There are also too many such sauces, used on too many foods. The American man—as well as the Englishman—likes his food "straight"; or if any sauce is to be put on it, he will select it himself, and regulate its quantity from a bottle. The American and Englishman has so long been in the habit of "pepping up" poor or tasteless food with catsup or other table condiments that he suspects all food on which sauces are pre-served as being "sauced" for the same reason. Unfortunately his suspicion is often—though not always—right!

Next, American men rather despise the French chef's somewhat feminine emphasis on appearance, color, and decoration

in food. He regards this as a lot of "window dressing," which is feminine, never masculine in its appeal. American men do not take kindly to "made" dishes or "concoctions." They are immediately suspicious about any dish with a fancy name especially a French name, for they have learned from hotel experience that high-sounding names like "Swiss Steak" often but conceal the same old common or garden variety of hash. In this attitude I cannot defend men who have very stubborn and unreasonable prejudices, and who often discourage their wives from buying cheaper cuts of meat and preparing delectable casserole and scalloped dishes.

But their prejudice is born of a genuine criticism. It takes real art to make a "concoction," whereas it is simpler to broil a steak or a chop. Many of the "concoctions" offered men have been very sorry messes, especially in second and third class restaurants and hotels where they are palpable "sells" and pretense.

Further, it is the particular French flair for decoration and combination in food which does not touch a responsive chord in American men. Being rather simple in his appetites, he faces a "concoction," and a decorated dish like a country lad listening to a Bach fugue: its nuances escape and even repel him. Subtlety in food and cookery is not yet appreciated by American men, and they like to savor a food product on its own merits, and not on the flavor of an accompanying sauce or on its "eye appeal" or color artistry. The "aesthetics" of food does not seem as yet to be a very important subject to American men.

14. Gelett Burgess Raps French Cookery.—The famous author of the "Goop" books is a biting iconoclast, and he does not spare words when it comes to the matter of giving an American man's point of view regarding French cookery. His viewpoint is thoroughly American—nearly every male on this side of the Atlantic agrees with him. Says Mr. Burgess (writing from France): "After a year of flat-chested pies, gaunt gray griddle cakes and stingy stews in those little but expensive American restaurants, we were invited to a Home Dinner! Christmas in Paris! A real turkey, roasted with all the fixin's by a famous host. Cheers! cheers! when, with the triumphant pride of an amateur cook, and the phonograph playing The

Star Spangled Banner, the host bore in the National Bird. At sight of that glorious 13-pounder there arose a tumult of rejoicing.

"With a Christmas smile our host bravely struggled with joints and tendons. But where was that juicy brunette complexion that should make our mouths water? The turkey was blonde and pale. The tumult fell flat. From our joyous host, 'Well, how is it, folks?' 'Fine, fine!' we cried faintly, hewing and chewing, and trying to laugh. Tough legs, tight wings, and bleeding breast. A Merry Christmas—with an underdone turkey! Ah, verily, verily, a little culinary knowledge is an unpalatable thing!

"But we are used to such shocks here in Paris. I dare assert that all French cooks are Goops. Their main object apparently, is to take some simple, innocent eatable and force it to taste like something else. Peas? They disguise them as onions. Strawberries? Poisoned with red wine. What is their famous Bouillabaisse but a dozen different kinds of fish all reduced to a common denominator of saffron?

"Oh, Sauces, sauces, what crimes are committed in their name! Since Cardinal Richelieu invented mayonnaise dressing, there must have been a million separate ways invented of destroying the natural taste of flesh, fish and fowl and making them indigestible. Mixtures—that's the cook's ideal. But what one wonders at most and all the time, is how they make coffee in France. The howls of American tourists upon first trying to drink it may often be heard as far as the Azores. By bribing a famous *cordons bleu* I at last obtained the mysterious recipe:

Cafe Splendide

4 lbs. Chicory

1 lb. grated Shoe Leather

Small tube Sepia Water Color

Teaspoon Tincture of Wormwood

Boil for 17 hrs.

"Now the first thing a Member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Food should learn is that there are four

rules for making Real Coffee. If you (1) use only the best coffee, (2) and enough of it, and (3) grind it just before making, then it doesn't matter whether you mess with it in a copper steam engine, or a nickel percolator, or one of those glass hour-glass machines, if you just (4) don't ever let it actually boil. Then you can offer it to the Prince of Wales and he'll ask for another cup. That's my recipe, anyway!"

15. A He-Man Sports "Colymnist's" Kicks.—Perhaps you think that a "literary man" like Gelett Burgess living in the very Paris that he criticises isn't just the most representative American critic of cookery. Very well. Let us go out into the great open spaces of the middle west and find a typical he-man, "Roundy" Coughlin, a sports colymnist in Madison, Wisconsin. As befits a sportsman, he handles average American cookery without gloves:

"I took quite an auto trip this summer," he says, "and in doing it I put my dogs under plenty dinner tables and counters. I ate at the swell places and I ate at places where if you came out alive you could say you ate a lucky meal. My favorite dish is corned beef and cabbage. Three places I saw it on billafare and I ordered it, and if you ever ate anything tougher than that corned beef and cabbage, then just name it. It must have been gotten out of a stone quarry. I got two false teeth and I lost one of them in biting into that corned beef, it was like bark off a tree. Then I switched off onto other foods to keep alive. One place they said 'home cooking,' I went in, ordered beef and potatoes, home-made bread and home-made pie. Good thing I brought along a big jack-knife, it came in handy to cut the beef and bread with. It might have been cooked, but it was two weeks before it ever got to this place.

"Then you go into some restaurants and get a mighty fine meal. Clean and wholesome and as nice as you get to home. But these places are places that cost lots of money. The average traveler can't stand the price. But I made up my mind on this long auto trip, which took me in eating place after eating place, that if I ever get married, my wife will have to know her cook books or I will get a divorce."

16. **A Galaxy of Grumbles from the Male Sex.**—There is no use piling it on—I could fill a book with the kicks of American men of red blood, and blood not so red, to say nothing of blue blood, and the general tenor of all their grumblings is the cooking crimes committed against perfectly good food. Edgar Guest, famous poet, raves wildly about the crime of frying pork chops to the rigidity of saddle leather; and what he says about Blanc Mange having the consistency—and taste—of *library paste*, and the shame of stewing asparagus in blue milk is plenty.

“F. P. A.,” famous colyumnist, will get a great handful of applause from most American men. He says they are being gyped out of real strawberry shortcake by the sinister work of women who like cake so much that they use *cake* and not fresh baking powder biscuit for the “short cake”—which, we firmly agree, is just plain fraud. F. P. A. is also indignant at putting caraway seeds in clam chowder. Ben Ames Williams laments thin, leathery flapjacks and under-done pie crust. Judge Shute knocks “fruit salads” that are just plain frauds. And so the merry raps continue from all sides. One might almost say that few good foods are not, nine times out of ten, mistreated, ruined, butchered, emasculated, smothered, destroyed, perverted, in their cooking. What might be food fit for the gods is turned into fit fodder for cattle.

I wish not to seem to be criticizing the whole feminine sex indiscriminately, even though I frankly lay the brunt of the blame at woman’s door. There are plenty of exceptions among conscientious housewives; but some of these young things are impudently saying today, “who wants to be a conscientious housewife? I want to be a business woman!” (I handle you without gloves in another chapter, young lady.)

Women who, because of their talent at other things have some right to leave cooking to others, are just as loud as men in their laments over food crimes. Take Nina Wilcox Putnam. She is as rabid as any man against the crimes of French cooks—head and shoulders as they are above all other cooks. She says the worst meal she ever ate was ruined by a French cook, who had added garlic and wine to ham!

“Not long ago, while motoring in Maine,” continues Mrs.

Putnam, "I came hungry as only a dieting woman can hunger, to a town whose name, out of pity, I will conceal. At the American House there, the menu looked swell, so in we went and said we'd take the works. I read as follows:

Soup
Roast Beef
Mashed pots. Spinach
Custard pie
Coffee

"Sounds wonderful? Well, it was. The soup had recently been left behind by the paper hanger. The slice of pale, luke-warm roast beef I rescued from its watery grave and used for weeks as a chest protector for my dog, who had taken a slight cold on the trip. The dog never tried to do anything with this slice of beef but wear it. The 'mashed pots.' were very old china ones, judging from the hardness of the lumps in them. As for the spinach, well, now I know what happened to that old green wig of Harpo Marx's! The custard pie had originally made its debut with Charlie Chaplin in motion picture comedy, but had long since retired and should have been spared any further public activity.

"The menu accused the beverage of being coffee, but there was no one present who could prove it. And, take it all in all, that dinner was far less justifiable in this day of free cooking instruction than a suit of armor would be for business wear on a Chicago street.

"It's a poor cook who complains of her viands. It doesn't matter what you cook, it's the *way* you cook it that counts. I've eaten delicious tripe and nasty porterhouse, and honestly believe that an old pair of overshoes can be made palatable, if not digestible, by a first class cook. But the really good cook is always a happy medium, even if she doesn't always have second sight. She cooks neither too richly, for that disguises the native flavor of her subject, nor too simply, since that leaves it tasteless; but as Shakespeare says, will 'use all gently' so that 'good digestion wait on appetite.' "

17. Foreign Gourmets Speak of Crimes Against Rice, Spaghetti, Tea.—In traveling abroad I have met many "gourmets" and when we discussed American cookery they were full of decided reactions against one or another of our food service. Picking out some of the more thoroughly justifiable criticisms, I chatted with a well educated Chinaman who was astounded at our treatment of his great staple, *rice*. What punishment, he said, is given to it by careless American cooks! It is cooked into a terrible, pasty, heavy mess, when it can and should have every grain pearly, whole and dry. The damage is done, of course, by slow boiling, by mistaken stirring and failure to let the rice stand in a sieve, over steam, for ten minutes after boiling. My Oriental friend said he scarcely recognized his own national staff of life, the way it was usually served here! I won't repeat what he said about our foolish belief that chop suey is a Chinese dish. He said it was evidently one of our own American "national dishes"—and he utterly disowned it for China—where it isn't served at all!

An Italian friend of mine similarly laments *spaghetti and macaroni*. It is cooked far too long and so becomes pasty and flaccid. What a dish it makes when it is whisked off the stove promptly after nine minutes of intensive boiling! But I have much more to say about spaghetti elsewhere. Most Americans unless they patronize Italian restaurants, do not even know how spaghetti tastes when cooked as every Italian knows it should be cooked.

Then there's tea, and again how sad! Lovely, fragrant gracious tea, picked and dried in the flowery East and transported thousands of miles on the backs of coolies and over many seas—only to be carelessly brewed into a villainous, dangerous draught! My friend Sir Charles Higham of London—who is unusually food conscious for an Englishman, and owns *Ciro's*, the famous London restaurant—tells me that most Americans make tea very badly. Sir Charles should know, for he was born in Brooklyn! He told me precisely how to make good tea. People forget, he insists, that tea, like coffee, is only an aroma,—a perfume—easily lost by careless inattention to the fine details of its preparation. The tea leaves mustn't be

boiled, nor ever put into a cold, a damp or a metal pot. An earthen pot, scrupulously clean, *dry and warm*, and then *furiously* boiling water poured over the leaves—that makes a real tea infusion, according to Sir Charles. Of course being English, he likes his tea stronger than we do in America, but that has nothing to do with the correct technique of its making.

Now, here is a curious paradox. Most of us Americans lament to the skies that there is no good cup of coffee to be found in all Europe. We say they apparently use stewed acorns, or whatnot. But, alas, for our peace of mind! Europeans say that coffee is *really best* when *black*; not doused with cream and sugar into a confection! But I won't labor the point, which after all is one of taste, with room for a difference. But surely in America itself judged by our *own* standards, one of the most frequent of our food crimes is coffee! How terribly abused coffee is, even in this land of coffee drinkers! The fragrant aroma is permitted to escape in steam, and the remaining acrid juice of the wood fibre is what so often passes for coffee! Like tea, coffee is after all but a delicate smell, attained by a maximum of only three minutes of boiling; or at its best obtained by the drip method, but in every case with freshly ground pulverized coffee. The worst abuse given both coffee and tea is *lack of scrupulous cleanliness*; not just common cleanliness, but *fussy* cleanliness, not omitting the spout of the tea or coffee pot and keeping the pot open and aired when not in use! Of all food crimes least forgiveable, the coffee crime stands first among men!

18. H. I. Phillips Warns the Ladies of Fancy Cookery.—What every man knows is that women either don't like cooking at all and shamefully neglect doing it intelligently, or else they overdo it and make it into a superior kind of "fancy work." H. I. Phillips, the well known collyumnist and humorist, has told *Modern Priscilla* what every man has wanted to tell such women: "The first thing a wife should realize," he says, "is that she is catering to her husband's appetite, not to his curiosity. What the inner man craves is food—not puzzles, tricks, new inventions, or chemical experiments. He is, after all, a human being, not a patent office, government chemist, or detective. Few things move me to manslaughter more than does

poor cookery. But there is such a thing as *too good cooking*. In fact, there are only two kinds of cooking—good and bad. Anything else is out of the question. There ought to be a law.

"Most poor cooking is the result of trying too hard. The little woman puts too much body into it. She forgets that cooking is entirely a wrist motion, so to speak. Good cooking is a matter of interpretation. What is one man's treat is another man's burned biscuit. I am for moderation and control in the kitchen. It is a good cook who knows when to stop. There is a vast difference between cooking, and experimenting to see just how much the guests will stand. A woman should remember that she is trying to produce a palatable dinner out of an oven, not a surprise package out of a silk hat. What she should keep in mind is that she is striving to satisfy a hungry man, not to make a notable contribution to the curious discoveries of history.

"An excellent motto for cooks would, in my opinion, be, 'make it only half as fancy as you are inclined.' And another would be, 'Be sure you are right, and then don't go the limit.'

"Frankly, I've seldom enjoyed eating in any place more than in the cook tent of Ringling Brothers Circus, or at an old-fashioned barbecue. There isn't any time for experimenting in a circus. If a chef were to start producing astounding novelties they would put him in one of the three rings. Circus food isn't as varied as it is at home, but neither it is as disappointing as most home cooking.

"Barbecue cooking reaches back to the customs of primitive man. There are few conveniences. The chef has to be good. The barbecue has endured as an institution because nobody has been allowed to put on an extra apron and begin monkeying with it.

"Of course, I appreciate culinary perfection. I am no scoffer at the attempt to get up what is known as a lovely dinner. But, when all is said and done, I am The Plain Cook's Delight!"

19. Nunnally Johnson Slams Right and Left.—Nunnally Johnson, the writer, was even moved to write an article for the *Saturday Evening Post* denouncing the food crime already re-

ferred to, of making a false strawberry "short-cake." "Half the population of the country," thunders Mr. Johnson, "has forgotten, if ever it knew, that the pastry in strawberry shortcakes, as native a dessert as we have, was originally and correctly made of *biscuit dough*. Yes, biscuit dough is what I said. Today, as a result of kitchen politics, there are actually two schools of thought on strawberry shortcake—the cake-dough school, completely ignorant of the nobler biscuit-dough pastry, and the old civilized biscuit-dough school, complacent in its superiority and contented, apparently, to permit their more unfortunate brothers to go on forever eating away at their devitalized provender. This is fundamentally wrong. To mince no words about it, there is not room in this country for two kinds of strawberry shortcake. Offering cake dough is raising up false ideals for the youth of America. It is culinary corruption of the worst character, and, besides, cake-dough pastry is for sissies."

Mr. Johnson spots other food crimes and American men applaud him to the echo. He tells of a governor of a southern state who came north for a conference on serious national matters, but was so excited by finding that northern hotels made corn bread *with sugar in it*, that the only "affair of state" he could discuss before this august body was corn bread and the crimes committed in its name! Johnson also rebels against corn bread that falls to crumbs in one's hands; and being a southerner, he also has bitter words to say about the way northern and western restaurants *fry chicken*. "It is completely counter to the laws of god and man," he holds forth, "to fry a half of a chicken, or even a quarter, at one time and in one piece, and if the governor ever runs up against what restaurateurs call fried chicken he will probably pop someone on the schnozzle.

"The thing that has crossed up most of the boys behind the pots and pans is that mouth-watering rime to be found on properly prepared fried chicken. It has hypnotized them, as well it might. There are few other things like it. To accomplish the effect they have rolled their chickens in all kinds of batter, in bread and cracker crumbs, and probably in mica, whereas the old-time fried-chicken cook rolls hers simply in

flour—plain old flour, the same stuff that comes in barrels at any grocery store. Odd, isn't it?"

Once having started, Johnson airs more of his food grievances—to all of which men heartily agree. He hits the curse of sweetness thus: "Through some kind of effeminizing impulse, emerging perhaps from the tea rooms and ice-cream parlors that freckle the land, sugar is rampant in American restaurant food. It goes into biscuits. It goes into the cooking of green vegetables. It goes into griddle cakes, into waffles. Leave the average restaurant chef alone in his kitchen with a barrel of sugar and he will run berserk."

Then he tackles the subject of waffles and griddle cakes. "What has happened to waffles practically defies description," he says. "In the original formula for waffles there is no more mention of sugar than there is of Reed Smoot. I give you this recipe, or a close copy, as it has been handed down generation to generation, in the Johnson family for nigh on to two generations: Two cups of flour are mixed in a sifter with two teaspoons of baking powder, a half teaspoon of baking soda and a pinch of salt. Beat this lovely conglomeration into a batter with milk, using the latter as needed for a fairly thick consistency. Add four tablespoons of melted lard. Toss in an egg and continue to beat until the iron is good and hot.

"At the end of five minutes one of the handsomest waffles you ever saw will emerge from this iron and, served with butter, will make another man out of you. So it is with biscuits and griddle cakes, to continue with a list of a few of the familiar American dishes that have been crucified at the hands of ignorance and carelessness. In nine cases out of ten, it is not even necessary to taste the biscuit served in a restaurant to know that about the best you're going to get is a bad break. Merely touch one. If it is cold, as usually it is, take gluten bread. That restaurant is just bluffing, and what you have before you is a snare and a delusion; for the first, the one inflexible law of the biscuit is that it shall be served hot or not at all. An establishment that does not even know how to serve biscuits, obviously cannot know how to make them.

"As for griddle cakes, I am sure that you have heard homely

gossip now and then about how Charlie, or Ed, or Joe was so hungry the other morning that he ate twenty-two wheat cakes for breakfast. I trust that I do not have to call your attention to the fact that you have never in your life heard of a man who was so hungry that he could eat twenty-two restaurant griddle cakes for breakfast, unless by chance you happen to know a man who could eat twenty-two Turkish towels for breakfast. Charlie's cakes, or Joe's, or Ed's, were eaten at home.

"Restaurant men have a vague consciousness of this, for they never serve more than four, and often only two cakes. A husband who was served but four cakes for breakfast in his home would be in his attorney's office by ten o'clock of the same morning, assisting in the draft of a petition for absolute divorce on the grounds that his wife was beginning to lose her reason. If restaurant men do not know why nobody seems to be able to doff their griddle cakes with avidity it is for the same reason that the eating of old blotters out of country post offices has never made much headway in this country. They just don't taste good."

Is it not obvious, after all these men have had their say that something is rotten in the state of the American kitchen?

IV

Flavor and Savor in Food

I have never been able to understand why most women do not "savor" food as men do. Food represents merely a technical task—often a bore—to most women, and they rarely have a real personal aesthetic feeling—the gourmet feeling—about food. It is a common thing for Anglo-Saxon women to be so "fed up" with their cooking that they lose interest in the meal they have just prepared. There are plenty of exceptions of course, my wife among them.

20. Why Do Women Seldom Savor Food?—I cannot imagine, even in France, women proposing an "*Academie de Cuisine*" as has just been proposed in Paris, or a "*Club des Cent*" which already exists there. The "*Academie de Cuisine*" proposes to award degrees to famous chefs, and thus place good cooks on a par with the creators of literary and artistic values. It also proposes conferences on cooking *and on eating*. This latter is significant, for women in America have a few—a very few—conferences on cookery, but never on *eating*. In fact women seem to think that *eating* is for *men*, *cookery* for *women*. The most enjoyment they appear to get out of cookery is either the pleasing of men who enjoy their handiwork, or a technical

satisfaction from scientifically feeding their families the correct foods for health.

The dear creatures seem, like nuns, to have renounced all the joys of appetite, of savor and flavor. Indeed of late years they have been frightfully brow-beaten, by their tyrannical overlord, Style, who has set up models of women's figures obviously incapable of carrying more than one small lamb-chop and a bit of pineapple at one time; and to us mere males who sometimes page over the emaciated females of the fashion magazines, it seems as if even this light food load would surely cause them to stagger under its weight. We are therefore not at all surprised to learn that the death rate among young women has increased alarmingly in recent years.

Imagine the indignation with which women would meet an invitation to join a feminine counterpart of the famous "Club des Cent" of Paris—an exclusive circle of French gourmets, whose first condition for membership is that they must weigh 200 pounds! These Parisian Club des Cent-ers are proud of their club, and how they relish their food! The very idea of such a club is alarming to women's food appreciation, because they already have a full-fledged "complex" or neurosis regarding the relation of food to weight, whereas in a large number of cases lack of exercise and glandular conditions are the real causes of heavy weight, and not the amount of food eaten; although frequently it is the *kind* of food eaten.

To the frequently made charge that the reason women so hysterically hold down their weight by starvation methods is because men admire very slim figures,—I reply that knowing male psychology, I do not believe it. As a female clothes horse, probably clothes hang slightly more advantageously on near skeletons, but the kind of a woman a man really desires, with honest male mating instincts, is certainly not "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair." An underfed cadaverous woman has no stamina for the rôle of wife and mother men want her to occupy.

21. Flavorless Food in America.—A member of one of my clubs whom I have often observed dining has the gory habit of pouring almost half a pint of ketchup or bottled sauce on practically every dish he eats. I have watched him with a

kind of horrid fascination as he drowned a beautiful bit of fish or meat—or even French-fried potatoes—in his sea of sauce. For years I was quite unable to comprehend the man. I rather expected him to fatefully disappear from the scene, with a hole burned through his stomach, like our Rudolph Valentino. One day I dined at the Club with a well-known food-chemist physician and I pointed out my horrible example in the midst of his daily sauce-guzzle. "How do you explain him?" I asked.

My friend smiled understandingly: "There are hundreds of thousands like him in America, and truth to tell the Englishman is not far behind him, nor even indeed the Frenchman to a lesser degree. They are sauce and flavor crazy, for a very significant reason. For past decades, even centuries, they have been victims of *flavorless food*! You will find in fact that even savages are subject to the same law. Why were there cannibals on the Fiji Islands? Because the island grows only one or two vegetables, including the flavorless yam, and there is no meat, only certain varieties of fish, also rather flavorless. After a time these savages—without knowing why—developed a powerful desire for flavorful food; and so they were stirred to make war on some rival tribe, capture a few good members and eat them amid much gustatory excitement and ceremonies!

"The American and the Englishman have been accustomed to very flavorless food until very recent years. Travel among the old English inns, or among American small towns and after a long dose of their monotonous diet you too will feel as wild as a cannibal for good flavor—unless you "souse" your food with bottled sauces. It is a case of miserable, sodden cookery, and destruction of good food savor and food aromas."

"But, doctor," I protested, "the food at the Club here is very well cooked and delicious."

"Yes," was the reply, "but this poor fellow probably grew up and has for years been served with flavorless food, and now he is a victim of habit. He will drown the best food in the world with his sauces. He is condiment crazy—made so by deprivation of natural food flavors, destroyed in cooking or canning, or by artificial refrigeration. Probably you haven't

thought of it, but in our grandfathers' day, when much food-preserving was done by woodsmoke, there was a greater abundance of natural, nutlike flavor. It is no accident that ham and eggs is probably the American man's favorite dish. He is again seeking that tasty woodsmoke flavor in the ham.

"The male of the human species likes strong flavors. He hates the pallid, pasty, insipid dishes which so many American and English women serve; the natural juices all drained off and thrown away from the vegetables, the extracts dried up or cooked out of the meats, the nutty taste removed from wheat, as in our denatured white bread, everything reduced to a tasteless, sticky, and overly sweet pulp. The only thing the poor male can do when he sits down to such a meal is to call loudly for the sauce bottle! In time he unfortunately acquires the fixed idea that all food served anywhere is flavorless, and he allows his palate to become perverted, and cannot enjoy a meal without great helpings of pepper, salt, catsup, paprika, mustard, curry and table sauces galore. His sense is lost to true food appreciation."

22. Smell as Well as Taste in Food Flavor.—Henry T. Finck, music critic and man of wide culture, whose book "Food and Flavor" remains a classic, was the first man in America to stress the important fact that we make a great blunder in supposing that we enjoy food mostly through our sense of taste. As early as 1880, he wrote an article for the *Atlantic Monthly* on the aesthetic value of odors, in which he pointed out how *every food sensation* (except that of sweet, sour, salt and bitter) *comes to us through the sense of smell*. Many of us may be astonished to know that if you hold your nose shut and close your eyes, you can't tell what kind of cheese, meat, cake or vegetable you are eating. Actually, the sense of smell is more important in eating than the sense of taste! Dr. Finck makes the interesting point that the reason why candy is so much more appetizing than plain sugar is that sugar makes no appeal to smell, while vanilla, chocolate, wintergreen and many other flavors give the sense of smell a chance. This brings up the fact that there are *two* ways of smelling—*inhaling* and *ex-*

haling. When we eat we not only *inhale odors*, but the food is also savored and smelled from the mouth through the interior nasal passages.

The natural enjoyment of food through the sense of smell is unfortunately much curtailed today by our so-called "civilization." We do not live in an age when flavor has the same chance as before, because of our mechanical preparation and storage methods. Poultry, so great a favorite because of its distinctive flavors, is sold from cold storage, undrawn, with resulting lack of flavor, if not taint. The canneries—most of them—cannot preserve true food qualities. Delays and cumbersome distribution methods have greatly interfered with the flavor of fish—one of the most delicate proteins.

It takes real vigilance and skill in buying, and good intelligent home cookery to bring forth a meal which preserves food flavors at their best. The general present tendency toward taking the easiest road to meal preparation, leads straight toward tastelessness and insipidity.

23. Appreciating Food's Natural Flavors.—The dreadfully bad habits many men have thus acquired, in smothering good food with sauces and condiments, really defeat the cause of flavor in foods. Desperately bored with lack of flavor, they develop the habit of ignoring such foods as have natural delicate taste, largely because they do not offer as powerful a taste as they are accustomed to secure by the aid of strong sauces. Thus men will pour catsup over delicious ham, or dip oysters and clams into a viciously strong cocktail sauce, whereas these foods have splendid distinct flavors of their own. Salmon or sole and many another of the fish family has pleasing and individualistic taste and smell of its own—why not savor it? Why perfume a rose—or try to make it smell like a sunflower? Take a steak or a chop—especially if rightly grilled (see special chapter on the subject). It needs no catsup or bottled sauce to make a zestful appeal to both taste and smell.

Game is especially full of rare flavor—indeed so much so that the average woman's nostrils reject it. Women simply do not care for game—even rabbit, I find, repels many of them; and as for game that is properly "hung"—in the true old Eng-

lish fashion until it is a bit "high"—well, women shudder at the very idea! Yet, in their ignorance they will buy poultry from cold storage stock—often entirely unaware that it is a cold storage bird—which already has the second joint tainted from the undrawn viscera.

The potato is another excellent case in point with regard to natural flavor. The usual restaurant potatoes are "French-fried," or German-fried, or boiled—and in the small towns invariably boiled—a tasteless mess of starch. But the truest potato flavor comes out only when it is baked or panroasted with meats. The splendid mineral salts of the potato make the crackly skin and aroma, which is one reason why men are very fond of baked potatoes. Who could be guilty of the astounding practice I have already described of putting catsup on potatoes?

24. Sauce Addicts.—I have sincere sympathy for intelligent women who marry men addicted to using great quantities of condiments on all foods. French chefs, too, would sympathize, as nothing irks their souls so much as to see an American male, a true "sauce addict," dump condiments upon a dish which has already been properly seasoned. On the other hand the French chef himself overdoes the sauce idea. He puts into sauces: lemon juice, mustard, vinegar, yolks of eggs, garlic, onions, shallots, olive oil, orange rind, truffles, cream, mushrooms, wines, meat extracts, anchovies, carrots, spices and herbs. But as a rule he has at least a slight sense of proportion and fitness in the use of sauces, whereas in my opinion the true Anglo-Saxon table "sauce addict" is just a plain savage. A wife who married a man in this condition is to be condoled, but a wife who drives a man to this state with her tasteless cookery, has perpetrated a real social crime.

Some men can slowly be cured of their sauce habit, but many are hopeless. They may stop when a doctor after noting its effect on their livers, sternly commands them, but even doctors frequently fail to dissuade men from such perverted appetites.

Men often bring this state upon themselves by being suspicious and unappreciative of the special dishes their wives place

before them. It is very difficult to deal with "food obsessions" both in adults and in children, and an astonishingly large number of people have them.

24. Appetite and Savor.—The person who cannot savor food should regard it as cause for an examination of himself. A poor appetite is one of nature's first alarm bells when there is anything whatever the matter. Even a minor emotional disturbance or excitement will almost instantaneously kill the appetite. Every mentally and physically normal human being needs to savor his or her food, and I am one of those who believe that neurotic and twisted mental states are also reflected in a person's savoring of food, especially the sense of smell. A very nonchalant, indifferent attitude toward food, if it is habitual, had better be closely investigated. A very highly sensitized, appreciative attitude toward food is invariably accompanied by a high sensitivity in all other departments of the brain. As a well-known editor friend of mine remarked to me at dinner recently, "it is a remarkable fact I have observed, that most writers and artists are highly sensitized to food and they are quite commonly gourmets, delighting in the exercise of their senses. And when they are breaking down or going wrong, I have frequently noticed that this sensitivity declines. This applies less frequently to women, but it is a fair rule with women, too. They are often ascetic, but I suspect that women who are normally sensitized in all their appetites do not stay for long in the arts so frequently as the more neurotic, the over or under sensitized women."

25. "Eating with the Eyes" Instead of with Flavor.—It is a marked trait of both the French chef and the middle class American woman that they place very strong emphasis on the appearance of food. The French chef's attitude is very different however from the attitude of the American woman, because he takes equal pains with both taste and looks, whereas, the American woman is all too often satisfied mostly with looks.

Housekeepers, for instance, will invariably buy the nice, red, smooth-looking western apples which are never very flavorful and sometimes tasteless as so much pulp, in preference to less smooth and colorful eastern apples which have far more

taste. Also, they have unwarranted color prejudices. Offer them chum salmon—which is actually better than pink salmon—and they will think something is being put over on them, because salmon in their mind must be pink. It is the American woman's passion for whiteness which is responsible for the dangerous vogue of white bread. It is also responsible for artificial coloring in butter, since butter is really naturally yellow only in May and June.

Dr. Harvey Wiley, staunch old he-man champion of good food—many times criticized “eating with the eyes” instead of with flavor and savor. Even the Department of Agriculture has tried to wean American women from being so ill-balancedly eye-minded in their relation to food; calling attention for instance to the habit of buying nuts on an eye basis.

It is not only that women often *select* foods from an eye standpoint whereas they should do so on a flavor and savor basis; but they so often build on a basis of good eating or even nourishment. Even our sweet old grandmothers were “show-offs” with their food, but their error was in loading the table until it groaned. They strove to make an overwhelming display of hospitality in this way. The modern woman knows better than this, but she too, has her method of “showoff,” which is usually the “dressiness” of her table; the napery, the silver, the china, and the method of serving or dishing the food.

What every man knows is that he cannot get a square meal out of this type of cookery. He despises the little patty shells, the trick garnishing methods borrowed from the French, the decorative assorting of foods to make “color schemes” on the table, and the various lady-like methods of making sandwiches or serving various foods. Most men like food well enough not to toy with it, and they do not relish the idea of “eating with their eyes.”

The situation was once much worse, of course, before the pure food crusade, as unscrupulous men were catering to women's eye weakness in matters of food and selling artificially colored foods. Prof. Lewis H. Allyn of the Westfield, Mass., Board of Health undertook a campaign to steer women away from this color-mindedness about food, and one of his graphic

methods was in regard to peas, which were of course colored to make them seem very green. He startled women by pouring some hydrochloric acid upon canned peas, while in the can, so as to test it for the presence of copper, and then stick into the can also a steel knife, which very shortly became *plated* with the copper in the peas! Even so it was hard work preventing these color-charmed housewives from serving these coppered peas and copper-plating their husband's stomachs! Fish dyed to make them seem well smoked; jams dyed with red ink or salicylic acid, "maraschino" cherries (a particular favorite of the ladies) dyed with coal tar dyes, and a great many other atrocities are due solely to this passion among women for color and good looks. In canned peaches or tomatoes women want the cans to contain the fruit well shaped, whereas this means of course picking and canning it *unripe*—insipid, hard, tasteless. Women buying even fresh fruit and vegetables are also constantly demanding the shapeliness of *green* fruit, instead of the softer shapeliness of *ripe* fruit; cheerfully serving hard, half-green cantaloupe for breakfast, or tomatoes in a salad, when she might as easily and more cheaply have purchased fully ripe fruit. Often, indeed, women are the victims of pure ignorance and habit—they just do not know any better, and what is more disquieting, are so little interested in flavor and savor in food that they never experience a personal reaction and never learn. Some fruits, like bananas, ripen satisfactorily if picked green, but pineapple, for instance does not. It does not have the sugary content it acquires if left to ripen on its stem. That is why pineapple canned is really better than fresh pineapple. It is remarkable how many women consider a banana "spoiled" after the skin turns black-spotted and soft. They naively consider a banana ripe when it is yellow and hard—largely, I believe, because it "looks better."

Let us eat with our brains rather than with our eyes—but preferably with our very best sensitivity to flavor and savor!

26. Some Details of Flavorsome Tidbits, Male Style.—Nothing is more important in cookery that pleases men than the emphasis upon good flavor; flavor, if anything, accentuated. In the old days of the high class news bar or buffet, there was

to be seen striking demonstration of the male emphasis upon flavor, carried, unquestionably to an extreme, but clearly indicating the craving for flavor.

The editorial page of the *New York Sun*—with years of gourmet tradition behind it—not long ago expressed nostalgia for one of the most noted of these old New York bars—the Hotel Belmont bar, a great male hang-out twenty years ago. Here—as free tidbits for its patrons—were spread all the flavorful things men had proved they liked: “Bowls of crackers and cheese, olives plain and stuffed with peppers, plates of anchovies and sardines and stalks of celery offering their yellow hearts to him. A waiter lifting a silver cover revealed a battery of fried oysters whose coats were of cracker dust consolidated by white of egg, browned to a crisp yet retaining the oyster in all its pristine succulence.

“Would he have a cup of hot clam juice and select a few soft clams to dip in that sauce in which mustard, butter and poetry had been divinely united? In the next niche he could find a roast turkey steaming in royal magnificence and ready to surrender its white meat or a drumstick as he desired. As a counterbalance to flavor, the next platter held a fine joint produced by the hogs and hickory of Virginia, or perhaps a ham from Prague or Westphalia. Pickled lambs’ tongues, pigs’ feet, salami and cervelat or a taste of *paté de foie gras* could be had on a nod to the waiter. Potato salad, chicken salad, and on occasion shrimp or lobster salad, were all in the vast bowls that rose from kitchen to serving room in marching phalanxes.

“Let the cold corned beef be remembered for the tender care that brought it to perfection, as well as the holiday feasts of suckling pig and goose. Cranberry sauce and currant jelly were the American nominees in a galaxy of foreign chutneys and relishes.”

V

The Arts and the Joys of Eating

Some time ago I wrote for the New York *Herald-Tribune Magazine* a screed on "Hard Women and Soft Men" in which I lamented the now familiar lament that Anglo-Saxon men of today were not the hearty males their fathers were (nor women the soft creatures their mothers were); rather the reverse. It was reprinted in the foreign capitals, and I received many letters from fellow-lamenters. Among them were letters from Englishmen who gave the argument a new twist by describing what the he-men of yesterday ate. After reading these I was certainly fixed forever in my belief that men of today are effete and pallid creatures of a decadent civilization!

27. The Table Joys of Yesterday.—I was reminded, for instance, of Blackmore's description, in *Lorna Doone* of a meal set before the Al Capone of that day, the highwayman Tom Faggus: "A few oysters first, and then dried salmon, and then ham and eggs, done in small curled rashers, and then a few collops of venison roasted, and next a little cold roast pig, and a woodcock on toast to finish with." All of which was washed down with tankards of ale, then by Schiedam and hot water.

I shall not sicken the reader with a menu of what was

eaten in very early English days, except to say that it was also one incredibly long catalog of meat and game, of every variety known, also with not a vegetable ever mentioned. Those were the days, I should say, when men were stomachs! But they inherited it nobly, from the Romans, for the Roman gladiator was prince of them all. He tossed down a few eggs to start things rolling, so to speak, then went on to some fish. Gorged a bit with this, he sharpened up his appetite next with nightingale's tongues, Dormice and haggis (a perfectly fearful concoction which he introduced into Scotland, where it has stuck), and then proceeded to the real business of the meal, a whole wild boar, all of which he ate at a sitting, history claims, without so much as a wink! Does history lie? For the sake of our manhood, let us hope it does!

At the Saxon oblong table, covered with crimson tablecloth, the he-men of old England began with a "fish-joint" (cut out of the middle of a porpoise), and then ambled leisurely on to beef, mutton, venison, pork (both wild boar meat and common pig). At this table one and one only vegetable was known—"kalevoort," which I assume was like the kale some of us know today, and a very worthy vegetable it is.

Let us bear in mind that this was eaten with the fingers—forks did not come in until the same reign that brought the modern King James Bible version. You may thus use your imagination as to the arts of eating in those days by picturing the dainty Queen Elizabeth eating with her fingers. To do her justice, it is recorded that she disliked coarse meats and strong wines. At one dinner for men in the fifteenth century the bill of fare included veal, mutton, beef, pidgeons, rabbit, pig, capon (plus plenty of "sack" and ale!).

The pleasures of the table were surely enormously relished by those very he-men of the Scotch Highland. Fergus Mac-Ivor once gave a dinner in honor of Captain Waverly, and in addition to immense joints of beef there was on the table a yearling lamb, roasted whole, standing on the table on his feet, with parsely in his mouth. It is related that the sides of this miserable animal "were fiercely attacked by the clansmen, some with dirks, others with knives," and soon the animal was a

mess to behold and toppled over with shouts of glee. This is of a piece with the "funeral baked meats" described in "The Fair Maid of Perth," at the funeral of the chief of the Clan Quhele.

"Oh, the roast beef of Old England!" cried Fielding, and the cry has rung down the ages, even to the diners today at Simpson's in London or at the Old Cheshire Cheese, until it is a battle cry making war against French cookery, with an instinct for he-man food which will not die in the Anglo-Saxon. He rebels at calling good, honest leg of mutton "*gigot*," or the square, manly sole "*a la Cardinal*" when smothered with cheese, or salmon, served with a conglomeration of fried onions, garlic, oysters, sugar, nutmeg and what-have-you, and call it *Solemon en Matelate*; or a good steak surrounded with what Edward Spencer once declared must be axle-grease, and call it steak a *Chateaubriand*. The he-man Anglo-Saxon has always in the past starved on French Cookery. George Augustus Sala once strayed into the famous old Cheshire Cheese of London, and called William, the gnarled old waiter. "William," he said, a gleam in his eye, "I've been to France, and have had nothing fit to eat for three months. Get me a joint steak, for God's sake!"

But that, too, was three or four generations ago, and in America we are in that desperate plight where we must either succumb to eating wood pulp with library paste for dressing or go to a good restaurant and be served by a French chef—unless we know where there is a good cook who knows what a man likes, and what is more, knows how to produce it. Meanwhile the Englishman likewise bemoans the fact the "roast beef of old England" is dead as the dodo, and is in rather the same plight as we are.

28.—Why are We Not Food-Conscious?—After all, it is our own fault. We are paying, literally, "through the nose" for our absent-mindedness and specialized high-pressure civilization. The English and American man have wrapped themselves so thoroughly in what they are doing in business that what the monks of the middle ages called "the pleasures of the table" have been quite neglected and slurred.

Many men today do not really know what they are eating, and they docilely accept the most atrocious food, scarcely conscious of what it is. How many times I have observed the typical American business man at lunch or at dinner, ordering and eating as if in a trance. Observe it yourself the next time you lunch with a business acquaintance. You sit down at the table, and at once the talk begins about business, of course. The waiter comes, waits for a few minutes, and as neither you nor your lunch companion give any sign of proceeding to the business of ordering, he goes away. You finger the menu but do not look at it—still talking business. Again and again the waiter comes; finally with determination rudely breaks into your conversation to ask what you will have. He may even have to thrust the bill-of-fare into your reluctant hands! And yet it is lunch or dinner-time and you are supposed to have a disposition to eat!

Now comes the pathetic part. Your friend is true to the standard hard-driving type of American business man. He frowns as the menu is thrust into his hands, and gives it a nervous, impatient glance, shifts uneasily in his chair, and heaves a sigh. This dreadful business of ordering food! he seems to say. He may unhappily waver, and knowing he must choose *something*, he may end his misery suddenly by saying, "Oh, just give me a steak and some coffee." Or else he may ask, hopefully, "What are *you* going to have?" You inform him what dish you have picked. "Good!" he says, relieved as a woman at having her mind made up for her; "make it two, waiter." And the instant thereafter he plunges back into business. If the waiter brings him quite something else than what he ordered, he will eat it and never know that there was an error. If he is served atrociously cold or over or underdone or otherwise unsatisfactory food, he never dreams of protesting. He plods patiently through whatever is set before him—for that is his gastronomic lot in life—at his home, as elsewhere.

The man who drops business as he sits down to the lunch table, who gives himself up to fun and small-talk, who spends five minutes examining the menu and talking to the waiter about the food, who talks to his companion about the food,

and who savors and relishes it, eating slowly and with at least half of his attention on his food—this kind of man is a very strange object to the hard-driving type of American business man. It seems almost as though he would be ashamed of himself if he found himself thinking about his food.

The grave error of such a man is that he does not put himself in the proper relaxed state for the enjoyment and digestion of food. He is passing by one of the major pleasures of life, and regarding food as something one must stuff oneself with at regular intervals, to provide fuel.

This is a picture of a certain type of American business man—a type which, happily, is slowly disappearing, at least from our large cities. There are now more and more business men with a humanistic outlook on life, who are more traveled and cosmopolitan, more informed as to the values of life. These are the men who are alive to the fact that food is a stimulation and an adventure, that table talk is important, that cookery is a noble art, and that as never before the gourmet has a great opportunity to enjoy the pleasures of the table, in this age of a vast variety of food brought from everywhere for the delectation of man. These are the men who understand the great tradition of hospitality, merriment and mental stimulus connected with the dining table. These are the men who are determined that the silly indifference of many modern women about food shall not, today, at the very apex of the gourmet's opportunity—emasculate food and the joys of eating and dining table hospitality.

29. The American Evil of Food-Bolting.—One of the results of the hard-driving business idea in America was of course food-bolting; rapid eating. It is quite incredible how rapidly many men dispose of a meal. I have many times lunched with one of this type who in five minutes had disposed of his blue-plate luncheon, and was nervously shifting in his chair, ready to get up and go. I had only just begun! Such a habit is a reflex muscular action from the fast work of the office, and it obviously indicates a failure to relax or change pace.

Now, I am all for a "quick lunch" in the true sense, which means also a *small* lunch. Owen Young, one of our great busi-

ness men, takes a "quick lunch," standing up, too; but he eats only a small amount. There are Wall Street men who eat only an apple for lunch. There is nothing to criticize in a real quick lunch. But a lunch which is both quick and *heavy* is a catastrophe, to say nothing of a waste. The great Gladstone himself first called attention to the harm of bolting food and the need of eating slowly, while in America Horace Fletcher made a cult out of the idea, until the word "fletcherize" meant chewing food exceptionally long. But I am not trying to make Fletcher converts; merely endeavoring to make more people *conscious* of their fast-eating habits. Many do not even know how rapidly they eat, and permit the waiters (who naturally get more tips if the time people spend at the table is cut short) to push them along. American waiters have the insolent habit of taking your food away from under your nose the moment you relax or drop your knife or fork. It is apparently their job to rush you, and the "three-hours for lunch club" founded by that gentle gourmet Christopher Morley would give them a brainstorm. The two-hours-for-lunch habit of the French seems ridiculous enough to American business men, although to the new breed of business men it is by no means novel.

One does not need to "fletcherize" and thus properly mix saliva with food swallowed, if one has the right mental attitude toward food and eating—savoring the food one eats—with eye, nose and taste—gathering its values, anticipating its pleasures, and accompanying it with freshness of mind and idea, such as good conversation provides.

In this connection we should remember the discoveries and opinions of Professor Pawlow of St. Petersburg some years ago, based on actual experiment, that digestion in the stomach is not—as we have all supposed—started automatically when food comes into it. The gastric juice so necessary to healthy digestion does not flow until appetite, keen interest in food, gives the cue. As Professor Pawlow says, "a due conception of the importance of eating should be disseminated in wider circles. How often do we pay attention merely to the nutritible value of the food, placing a higher value on everything except taste!" It is fairly certain that our American practice of absent-mindedly

cramming some food down our throats in a great hurry, usually while reading a newspaper or talking business intently, is a positive detriment to digestion. If we want to take the first step toward civilizing ourselves we must delight more and longer over our food.

30. Good Conversation Plus Good Food.—It is a peculiar and significant thing that men have always been tremendously fond of mixing good food and good conversation. The Romans were fond of it, and the idea that they were drunken at their feasts is not really correct, as they drank the juice of the grape freshly pressed and mixed with water. Thus their conversation did not get maudlin as soon as some would have us believe.

It was of course in old England in the days of Dr. Johnson that conversation and eating reached its most celebrated apex. At Mrs. Thrale's the dinner table talk was a vast delight and a literary treat; but so it was at the many "coffee houses." Later the English Club took its place, and anyone who knows something about English Clubs during the past century knows that there the fellowship of men was probably at its highest. At the English universities there was great talk also, around the board. Following the English example, there was good conversation at Harvard University in America in the earlier days—and even today, at "bull sessions" and such more informal talks as are held at "Old Copey's" rooms, for example—but it has not so invariably centered around the dining table as in earlier times. Oliver Wendell Holmes has reflected in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" the delightful bringing together of good talk and food, which is so perfect a human combination. Longfellow, of the same period, said "a single conversation across the dinner table with a wise man is better than ten years' study of books."

But even today men seek good talk with their meals. The banquets which are held in our large cities are beyond anything ever known before in number. At least 2,000 are held in New York alone in a single season. The "lunch clubs" are now a national institution; millions of men who are members of Chambers of Commerce, Advertising Clubs, Kiwanis, Rotary,

Exchange, Lions and other luncheon clubs meet once a week or so around the table. The quality of the food as well as the quality of the "talk" may leave much to be desired from the point of view of the more sophisticated, but at least it is not petty gossip or purely personal chit-chat—it is talk on subjects, ideas, events, and affairs. It is a thousand times better than bolting food in dull silence alone, and hastening back to work. The general relaxation and stimulus which comes from dining together and matching ideas together, however incompetent, is a male impulse as old as man himself, and is indulged in even by the truck-drivers or chauffeurs or steel-workers squatting somewhere with their lunch boxes. Man seems to know by instinct that he will digest and enjoy his food better if it is mixed with talk. Even Homer linked the two by exclaiming "discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind"—and so did our modern writer, O. Henry, by advising that we "inject a few raisins of conversation into the tasteless dough of existence."

One reason, I think, why good conversation has declined, and why our younger generation has preferred to throw rolls at each other rather than develop good talk at the table, is because it is extremely difficult, in an age of super-sophistication, to tread the delicate tight rope which is necessary to avoid the epithets "too serious," "affected," or others still worse. It is doubtless true that the old masters of conversation like the famous Dr. Johnson with their "upon my word, sir," and "I pray you, sir" would seem very affected in a group of modern sophisticates, but then it is equally true that some of the crudities of so-called sophisticate conversation would heavily jar upon the ears of Dr. Johnson! People nowadays are often too timid to hold any real conversation, being afraid of the sneers of others; but as a matter of fact good conversation is so rare that anyone who has ideas, however inexpert, and who talks about them, gets a fairly decent hearing. The average person hungers for live conversation, on subjects of common interest, and it is pathetic to see how people at a table will welcome anyone who will assume the conversational leadership and keep the conversational ball tossed about neatly. Most people are not conversational leaders but followers at best, and they *want*

someone to lead. They will listen, even to technical experts hold forth on their specialties, which is a severe test.

31. Modern Dinner Parties.—There is no more severe indictment of our age than the decline of the dinner at home. It is a far more serious social catastrophe than we ordinarily think. It is the outward and visible sign of the destruction of the family as the social unit, and the substitution of the individual. This puts dining more and more on a restaurant or hotel basis, or on a *tête-à-tête* basis in a one or two person apartment. When we live as individuals, dinner parties become unwieldy if not impossible. Dinner parties in restaurants or hotels tend to make conversation a lost art, except the conversation of one person to another. Unfortunately, a law in human nature tends to limit seriously the conversation of one individual with another. It tends to become either too personal or too casual, if the two people are of the opposite sex and too specialized if the people are of the same sex. Even if there are two couples the limitations are still too severe. We thus too rarely obtain the dinner conversation which is really general, between the ideal number of six to a dozen people.

No more pathetic sight is to be seen in modern times than the efforts of two or three couples to dine with each other, lacking the vital spark of good conversation, and often good food as well, and depending stupidly upon cocktails and liquor for "pep," but failing usually to accomplish the reputed stimulation. They endure boredom under a mask either of semi-intoxication or the bravado of "wise-cracks." Usually the men are glad enough to escape the boredom by huddling in a corner to talk business, while the women form another huddle to talk feminine specialties. Bridge is only another form of escape, producing a patter of its own that passes for conversation.

The serious lack is a common conversational ground and technique, which, I contend is best developed at the dining table over good food, because there the two sexes are held together at the table, preventing the sex separation so invariable in the American parlor. Thus the conversational topics are leavened so that they become more human and interesting, since an entire tableful constitutes a mixed audience. Personal and petty

matters in this way seem insipid, as they should, and the general level of conversation is almost sure to rise, especially under good leadership. A two-edged exaltation and enjoyment then is realized which makes the occasion rank far higher than the desultory, individual tête-à-têtes possible later in a group gathering not around a dining table, protected by the walls of a home, with food served graciously and unobtrusively, and so catering to lively conversation. Nothing could be more destructive of good dinner conversation than the restaurant or hotel dinner party.

Children grow up nowadays without often knowing what a dinner party is like, except the crude roll throwing, childish boisterous type which is entirely conversationless. Well might we pity such a poverty-stricken conception of a home. Said a very well-known woman writer to me not long ago, "I shall never cease to thank my father for challenging our brains at the dinner table when we were young. I never have been able since to content myself with the animal-like feedings of people, to whom a dinner is more like a lunch counter with no relation to the mind." Thus speaks the genuine dinner-educated person, and it is no matter of surprise to note that this woman is famous not only for her writing but for her good conversation and her hospitality and good dinners as well.

Social life in modern times is admittedly a problem. But it is only increasing the problem to endeavor to separate the ancient siamese twins of good conversation and good food, by hotel entertaining and whittling down the home to a stark chair and a bed, with the dining room and kitchen slurred to a vanishing point. It becomes a question whether adequate social life and a meeting of minds is not worth whatever sacrifices they may cost. The city tends powerfully to separate us all into air-tight caissons without proper social communion. The dinner-table, and breaking bread with friends and acquaintances in the privacy of home are human values more or less irreducible, and mean much to a really civilized society. As E. H. Harriman once remarked, "I don't care how great our misunderstandings and oppositeness of view may be, if I can get

my feet under the same table with a man, I am always confident that we can find some agreement."

Nor should we fail to recall that, as Premier Aristide Briand of France put it so historically, "between a pear and some cheese, the great pact to outlaw war was agreed upon between nations, by men with their feet under the same dining table."

VI

Masculine Diet in a Business Age

"See that man over there?" asked a doctor friend of mine I was dining with, pointing to a man we both knew who was eating at a table nearby.

"He thinks he is the furniture business; and he's eating without much thought about his food. But actually, *if he knew his business*, he may be said to be *in the food business*."

"What do you mean?" I asked, at such a curious statement.

"Just this," replied the doctor, "his furniture business is, or should be, a very minor matter to him. *He is going to die* if he doesn't grasp the fact that he must from now on be in the food business primarily, and give at least as much attention for sometime to come to his food as he does to his furniture business. It would be a breach of ethics to tell you precisely what's the matter with him, but suffice to say that unless he goes into the food business instead of the furniture business he is done for. But I have very serious difficulty making him see it. He's like thousands of other men."

What has made me remember this incident vividly is that just one month later the club mourned this man's death. Obviously he never did consent to "enter into the food business."

It reminds me of George Bernard Shaw's dictum that "at 40 a man is either a physician or a fool"—meaning of course that if at this time of life a man has not made himself as alert as a doctor to his own food needs and reactions, he is a doomed simpleton. I agree with him perfectly.

Let us grant it freely—men have a food problem in these modern days; or one might say a *diet* problem. This problem is the result of a great shift of type of labor that men do. How seldom we take time to remember that it has been only a very few generations—often only one or two—since most men were doing physical labor. The shift of the population from production to distribution, from farm to city, has been startlingly rapid. Whereas about 80 out of 100 men a few generations ago were working *with their muscles*, now scarcely 35 out of 100 works with their muscles. Most of the inventions of science and the development of civilization have been aimed at replacing men's muscles. The factory worker is often today *more sedentary than his wife doing housework*. As for the farmer—well, he no longer swings the scythe; he no longer works in the furrow after the plow, and he no longer binds the grain or threshes it with flails. More and more men's occupations are *sedentary* occupations.

32. Changing Over to a Sedentary Diet.—Now, a sedentary man is a wholly different man than a muscularly active man, from a food standpoint. The difference is a little like the difference between a *stationary* engine, and a locomotive. The fuel and power problems are quite different.

Why do we not wake up to the fact that in the last forty or fifty years, because of their inventive genius, men have reversed the entire age-long habits of life? We do not have to work much physically to keep ourselves. Our digestive apparatus was formed during the millions of years when men fought and labored hard and lived in the open, eating a diet vastly different from our present day food. Two other things make matters much worse.

First is the fact that instead of eating the coarse grains which primitive man ate, we have gradually made finer and finer flours, manufactured more and more concentrated foods,

prepared more and more devitalized foods and cooked them more and more completely, with more and more condiments, sauces and artificial stimulants to the appetite.

Second is the fact that we have even ceased *walking*. Twenty years ago men did still *some* walking, but today the automobile and other easy transportation systems have made walking, for vast numbers of men, completely obsolete. If you will mention golf and hiking clubs to me, I will reply that, excellent as these are, they take in but a tiny fraction of men. Our interest in athletics has increased, yes, but our interest is mostly a *fan* interest—from a seat on the grandstand.

Being one of those men who prefer to live in the country the year around, even though I work in New York City, I find that when I take walks on the country roads of Long Island I am astoundingly exceptional. I have never in fifteen years met but one other habitual walker (and he an Englishman), and this includes the lowest as well as the highest class of people living on the island. Car after car whizzes by me on the road, many of whose occupants who know I own two cars, consider me "a bit cracked" for choosing to walk, whatever the weather. There is never a pedestrian on any road anywhere anymore—nor a bicycle. In the suburbs people use the automobile to go three blocks to bring ice cream or a newspaper. The situation has become far more general than fifteen years ago. Even the children consider it a hardship to walk five blocks to school and want to be chauffeured, and parents who never thought anything of asking their children to walk to school now must transport them to and fro, inculcating early the never-walk habit. We have become so used to it that the dangerous enormity of the thing escapes us.

33. The Disagreeable But Necessary Digestive Facts.— Why dangerous? Because we are blissfully unaware that man's complicated digestive system simply cannot stand the fatal, sudden combination of (1) change to sedentary work, (2) eating of concentrated, fine and heavy foods; and (3) giving up even walking. Those 27 feet of small intestine, the colon or large bowel and the rectum are not pretty objects to contemplate, but they can ruin a man faster than any serious disease. No wonder

my friend Dr. J. H. Kellogg, grand old man of food and health, founder of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium, who at 78 is pink-skinned and hearty, harps constantly upon *the colon* until you wonder why he can't choose something more pleasant!

But harken to his plain facts: we eat too much food of the type that leaves no residue, and as a consequence the colon and rectum, do not fill sufficiently. We have therefore too few, sometimes no natural movement of the bowels, and develop the attendant evils such as forming the habit of taking cathartics. When one realizes that even a normal time for food to pass in at the mouth and out of the bowels is from 63 to 134 hours (which is much longer than people generally suppose to be normal) and then understand the toxic poisons developed and spread in the system when food stays in the system 200 or more hours, one begins to grasp why Dr. Kellogg talks colon, colon so much, and why other doctors do the same.

If we are to enjoy food and enjoy health at the same time, we must be intelligent about ourselves. To me nothing is a more sickening, even disgusting sight than the typical tourist from the "sticks" who visits New York—or Paris—and who stuffs himself with the rich food these cities so adeptly provide (to say nothing of liquids and other forbidden fruits) and then depends on violent cathartics and other artificial aids to clean house. You can see these low creatures by the thousand taxied about the town from one night club to another like so many stuffed Strassburg geese or bloated frogs, the tell-tale whites of their eyes sick with the filth of it.

Let no one suppose that because I have written a book on food enjoyment that I am advocating making men into swillers of food and drink, or into coarse gluttons, or that I condone piggish excesses. I am a humanist in philosophy, endeavoring to hold to that excellent Greek standard "nothing too much." As a matter of fact gluttons do not savor and enjoy food except in an animal sense. Bulk is their ideal, like the pitiful creatures we read about who for a ten dollar bet compete to see who can eat the most eggs or frankfurters or doughnuts.

When I use the word *gourmet* I do not mean *gourmand*. The gourmet delights in especially good food, but does not

necessarily eat vast quantities of it; whereas a gourmand is just a glutton. These words are often confused. Liking good food should include an appreciation of the whole digestive reaction; not merely *palate* thrill, but a general sense of physical satisfaction, yes, down to the colon! Why try to balance a palate thrill against a stomach ache?

Primitive man was not only obliged to exercise and thus compelled to digest his food and use up the energy it creates, but he had to eat the kind of things which filled the colon and rectum; green and leafy food, fruits, coarse grains, and the tissues and organs, even the bones, of animals and fish, not only the muscle part which we eat. Steffanson, the arctic explorer, found that the Eskimos ate the heads of fish with their soft bones and to keep healthy he did the same. It was because of this that an all-meat and fish diet kept him well. The newspaper dispatches which said that an all-meat diet had proved healthy to Steffanson were therefore somewhat dangerously misleading. The Eskimo in winter is compelled to be very sedentary; he would quickly ruin his health if he ate injudiciously. The coming of the white man with his white bread has indeed brought ruin in health to many Eskimos.

34. The Meat Problem.—Let it be distinctly understood that I am no health faddist and have no fixed theories to advance. A sense of proportion is the best guide. Therefore I approach the subject of meat without prejudice. Meat has a great abundance of flavor, and is a food which I doubt that man will ever give up.

Should he give it up? I do not think so, if he will content himself with a limited amount. The real difficulty with meat is that it decomposes so fast, and for this reason is actually not adapted to the length of man's intestines. This is proved by the fact that meat eating animals have a 15-foot intestine, as against man's 30-foot intestine.

When one faces the fact that even *savage* man, active as he is, has a digestive system not primarily fitted for a full meat diet, one may figure it out for oneself that *civilized* man, with his lack of physical work, his other concentrated foods and his automobile riding, is *doubly* unfitted. What are we going to

do about it? The answer isn't really difficult: use meat in moderation, properly supplemented with other foods, if you want to avoid "auto-intoxication," kidney trouble, uric acid, arthritis, rheumatism, gout, etc.

Have you ever seen women fuss over their men-folk and place great quantities of meat before them, saying that "they need it to keep up their strength?" Somehow there has developed the idea that "he-men" are eaters of "red meat" and plenty of it. It is not true, of course. The hardest fighting soldier, the toughest-muscled man in the world today is the Jap—and he lives on a vegetable diet, as do the giant Russians of the steppes or the giant Sikhs of India who live largely on vegetables and grains.

But it is almost a folly to talk of making us over into vegetarians, like George Bernard Shaw. Somehow, we just never do it, even when we are aware of its value. We are addicted to flavor, and we despair of finding it without meat. It can be found of course, but the real truth is that it takes unusually good cookery to make a tasty meal without meat, and unusually good cookery is precisely the thing we lack today on a broad enough scale. Those who live for a time at Battle Creek Sanitarium and like the vegetarian food, and vow they will continue to be vegetarians, soon fall from grace after struggling with the food that they are able to get. The average "vegetable plate" in a restaurant is a dreary affair, usually overloaded with two or three starches, such as potatoes, spaghetti, corn, etc. all on one plate!

A *once a day* meat habit is the only safe course—and without fooling oneself by having fish in place of meat. for fish has the same characteristics as meat. And it is well to make sure that we eat more of the meat than just the flesh; eat also the gristle, tendons, skin, heart, etc. What is more, eat other kinds of meat than flesh; eat kidneys, liver, brains, lamb fries, sweetbreads, tripe, etc. They are not only very tasty, but they are a most important factor in sound meat-eating. If you are one of those men who are addicted to steaks and chops alone, wake up not only to the food delight but the food *need* for other

parts of the meat than flesh. Inquire sometime why dogs eat bones and you will learn something.

35. This Talk About Vitamins.—The talk about vitamins is somewhat like the talk about relativity or the fourth dimension, rather abstract; but even so it is hardly a matter to joke about. If you had been a sailor three or four hundred years ago and had come down with scurvy, vitamins would mean much more—that is, if you realized that scurvy attacked you because you were eating food which had no vitamins. Three or four centuries ago shipping authorities realized something was wrong and by law supplied lime juice to all sailors.

Vitamins are subtle elements in food which apparently we cannot do without. But there are various classes of vitamins, and they have been identified as Vitamins A, B, C, D, E, etc. The first three are very particularly important—important not only for children but for people of *all* ages.

Vitamin A—is in milk, cream, butter, green vegetables—spinach, peppers, string beans, liver, cod liver oil, egg yolk, carrots, tomatoes, etc. It makes people live longer, be more vital, resist disease and germs better, etc.

Vitamin B—is in milk, fruits, vegetables, yeast, beans, eggs, whole grain cereals. This vitamin is particularly important to a gourmet, as it definitely assists digestion, gives nerve strength, vigor and soundness.

Vitamin C—is the one that prevents scurvy, keeps the general health in good order. It is found in tomatoes, raw carrots, lettuce, salad greens, oranges, lemons, limes, grapefruits.

Vitamin D—is the element which we hear a good deal about now, as it comes so definitely *from sunlight* (natural, or the carbon arc lamps). The sunlight does not put Vitamin D in the body, but it starts its formation in the food already in the body. Bone growth, good teeth and general health cannot be had without Vitamin D, because it supplies calcium and phosphorus. It has been noticed for centuries how wonderful are the teeth of the African negroes or the Egyptians; and how poor are the teeth of the English. The answer is simple: England is so foggy that there is little sunshine; whereas in Egypt

and Africa there is a great plenty of it. Pregnant women and young children need sunlight very greatly. In fact the entire reproduction-system of both men and women positively need vitamins for health and vigor, prolonged to old age.

In view of these facts it would be great folly to eat without paying attention to vitamins. The modern type of gourmet therefore intelligently guides his taste with his brain, and sees to it that he eats lettuce at every luncheon (certainly at every dinner), and fresh fruits for breakfast; also vegetables at least once a day. With the facts so remarkably clear, it is suicidal to do otherwise.

36. Keeping An "Alkaline Balance."—I now come to a new development, as yet not so widely known, which I consider exceedingly useful and important. It is no fad—I repeat that I have no use for food fads; it is thoroughly scientific. It is particularly important *for men*. The point is this: The body is after all a system of chemicals and chemical reactions. In healthy and normal state the body is always definitely tilted toward an *alkaline* state instead of the opposite, an *acid* state. This has long been known, and doctors have for years understood that illness and disease arise from an acidosis condition. For instance, the first thing a doctor prescribes if you have a common cold is half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in water, or some bottled table water like White Rock, which is alkaline. Four or five doses of this at two-hour intervals will normally bring your body back to an alkaline state. Your mother many years ago knew this, for she administered common kitchen baking soda for colds—an old remedy, being pure bicarbonate of soda. Hot lemonade, another old remedy, accomplished the change over to alkaline, as citrus fruits all have alkaline reactions (despite a mistaken belief which was widespread that oranges, lemons and grapefruit have an "acid" reaction).

An appalling number of evils arise from tilting the body over to an acid reaction. Headaches, sour stomach, nausea, sleeplessness, acid sweat, weakness, high blood pressure, even kidney trouble, heart disease, stomach ulcers, gangrene and apoplexy, all follow in the wake of a diet with too much acid reaction, by

which is meant that after the food is burnt up, the "ashes" of it have either an acid or an alkaline reaction. Therefore *what food we eat* is what determines the degree of the alkaline reaction, which if tilted over toward a prevailing acid reaction, reduces dangerously the alkaline reserve in the blood. Anybody should be able to understand this simple matter, especially anyone who has ever studied the least bit of chemistry. All chemicals are either alkaline or acid or neutral.

Very well, now let us see how the various foods line up according to this point of view. First we will dispose of the neutral ones—sugar, cream, cornstarch, tapioca, butter, lard. These foods must of course be watched for another reason (overweight), but so far as this alkaline acid reaction is concerned they have no effect either way. The danger-foods—that is, acid reaction foods which will do harm *if they are not balanced by alkaline foods*, are as follows, *in the order of their strongest acid-forming qualities*:

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. oysters | 9. pork |
| 2. egg yolk | 10. pike |
| 3. chicken | 11. frogs' legs |
| 4. haddock | 12. eggs |
| 5. rabbit | 13. rice |
| 6. beef, lean | 14. crackers |
| 7. veal, lean | 15. bread. |
| 8. oatmeal | |

The wise man will commit these to memory, and never eat these foods, without also eating the same or greater proportion of some of the alkaline foods, which I now list, also in the order of their high alkaline reaction:

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. lima beans, dried | 8. cantaloupe |
| 2. beans, dried | 9. chestnuts |
| 3. raisins | 10. lettuce |
| 4. almonds | 11. potatoes |
| 5. beets | 12. peas, dried |
| 6. carrots | 13. oranges |
| 7. celery | 14. currants, dried |

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------|
| 15. lemons | 18. cauliflower |
| 16. bananas | 19. cabbage |
| 17. peaches | 20. apples. |

These new facts will check up with the experience of most people, as they do with mine. I recall more than one dinner of oysters, mainly, and the definite acid reaction, requiring a dose of bicarbonate of soda. But half a dozen oysters eaten with plenty of lemon, and followed up by vegetables and salad, but not a great quantity of meat, balances up.

The practical thing is to be sufficiently "food conscious" to select a dinner which does not pile up the acid reaction foods higher than the alkali reaction foods; in fact to eat quite sparingly of any acid-reaction food.

37. Proteins and Starches at the Same Meal?—Not quite so well authenticated as the foregoing, but worthy of serious consideration are some recent researches which indicate that we can aid digestion *by not mixing proteins and starches at the same meal*. It seems that the digestive juices which are needed to digest proteins are not at all friendly to starches when they are included in the meal. In other words these two types of foods "fight each other" during digestion. I must admit that my personal experience, which has often puzzled me, before I knew this point, corroborates the new findings. Henry Ford has spent a lot of money aiding in these researches, and now has himself adopted a diet adjusted to these principles.

But what a surprise and a change they bring about. Good-bye to the old, old formula "meat an' potatoes,"—chicken and rice, sausages and griddle cakes, yes, and even meat sandwiches. Meats are proteins and potatoes and bread are starches. But I have for years instinctively known something was wrong with these ancient combinations, for I have never quite liked them. Old Lord Sandwich, the Englishman who invented the sandwich as a convenient way of eating while playing cards, now is called on the carpet, after heaven knows how many trillion billion sandwiches have been eaten by a mistaken public!

Being conservative regarding food-fad ideas, I merely offer Henry Ford's new "discovery" for verification from personal

experience. I cannot say that the idea has been properly verified as yet. One feels a slight dizziness at the complications which the new principle introduces, some of us are sure to go "berserk" and damn the whole crew of food specialists. The born gourmand, the lover of eating, is especially likely to show his teeth and growl at the nutrition experts. He thinks they are a lot of old grannies anyhow, whose ideal it is to reduce eating to a prepared capsule that you swallow with a glass of water and a grimace and then consider yourself fed. Over their dead bodies only will these gourmands let the nutrition experts pass!

But, really, it is not quite as bad as all that. Visit, if you have one, your up-to-date Uncle John on an up-to-date farm, and watch him feed his cattle and hogs. It is a startling fact that our live stock in America is far more scientifically fed than the people who own it and feed it. They fuss over the food for the livestock with the greatest care, and go into exactly such details as I have described for human feeding. Nor have I ever noticed that the livestock has a poor appetite or hates its food; on the contrary it is beautifully contented, and healthy as few humans are! We are now beginning to suspect that it is just as important to feed ourselves right as it is a litter of hogs!

Let us go back now to this new development which the astute Henry Ford, always keen on technical advances, has pledged himself to. It is not a difficult rule to understand, if you understand which foods are proteins and which starches. You will decide that today you will eat a *starch* luncheon, let us say macaroni in tomato sauce, and a starch or a fruit dessert, or a lettuce and tomato salad. Or you will decide on a *protein* lunch (bearing in mind that starch builds energy and protein builds muscle), and have a lamb chop and some cottage cheese, and some lettuce and tomato salad.

At breakfast, you will give up eating oatmeal together with an omelette, or sausages together with pancakes, or even hot biscuit or potatoes together with eggs. You will decide, again, on either a protein breakfast—bacon, eggs, coffee with cream; or a starch breakfast—breakfast food, with sliced banana, toast or biscuit. But in each case orange juice or grapefruit is a good

accompaniment—preferably swallowed half an hour before the breakfast (so that it has time to change in the stomach to its alkaline reaction).

The dinner probably presents the most difficult problem, because it is so universal to serve meat with potatoes, and to eat bread. But it may amply repay anyone for the trouble, if he will make the break and try out Henry's plan. It is surely better than having ill health thrust upon you by the prevailing state of food ignorance. Your dinner then would, as likely as not be a protein dinner. Eliminate the bread and the potatoes and eat two forms of protein; a course of fish, then a course of meat; or a course of meat, and then cheese for dessert. But put grapefruit at the start, or a fruity dessert at the finish, and also, don't fail to eat a salad, also one or two of the "watery vegetables" (spinach, beets, carrots, cauliflower, cabbage, etc.). It becomes much less difficult once you make your mind click automatically. If you find yourself facing a set menu, then choose what part of the menu you will eat according to this principle, and let the rest pass by.

In other chapters I take up separately the question of lunch and breakfast, with menus. But I must admit that I have not had the capacity nor the temerity in this book to make all the recipes I give conform to this protein-starch separation plan. The plan must first be better-authenticated and make more converts.

38. Eating Enough "Roughage."—Suppose we turn now to the other important factor in a man's diet—"roughage" (fibrous residue-containing foods that help to keep the intestines moving healthily). I have already spoken of it incidentally, showing how even the meat and fish eating peoples, who have no chance to get vegetables or other roughage, save themselves by eating fishhead bones, tendons, organs, etc. (Eskimos even eat the eyes of the seal.) It is suicidal for any people to try to get along either on lean meat or a diet of fine concentrated foods, or both. "Roughage" is vitally necessary. Doctors say that about half the sicknesses they meet will come from the foolish practice of trying to get along without enough roughage. If a manufacturer is told by his engineers that one-half

of his breakdowns come from failure to use a certain size of coal, you can imagine how fast that manufacturer will burn up the wires to get that coal. In principle the roughage problem is precisely on a parallel with this illustration.

Men are often curiously stubborn about food, as every intelligent woman cook knows (as well as the doctor). They will get the steak and chop habit so firmly fixed in their minds that it is hard to dislodge. If at the same time—as some doomed men have—they have also acquired a prejudice against vegetables and salad, all you can do, usually, is to watch them commit food suicide, like the man I described at the beginning of the chapter.

Men's unfavorable reactions to vegetables are based, unfortunately, on bad vegetable cookery. Put before him vegetables cooked by the waterless cooker method and he will slowly come to like them, for they will be served with their own juices intact (instead of having been poured down the kitchen sink!).

One thing you can say for men, however, concerning "roughage": they have loyally stuck up for cabbage and sauerkraut, onions, pickles, etc.—despite the delicate sneers of ladies who have over-sensitive nostrils. Corned beef and cabbage is often voted the most popular dish in America among men, and I would say—for myself at least—that it is more because of the cabbage than because of the beef! The more hearty appetites of men have preserved these vegetables against the notorious disapproval of women, yet there could be no more excellent "roughage," to say nothing of vitamins. In the middle ages workers at the loom often stopped work to reach out for a handful of sauerkraut. Up to twenty years ago sauerkraut was far more important an article of roughage than today. It was made and put away in huge tubs for winter use, and was about the only roughage other than onions, beets, and turnips and a few others available from December to May, excepting canned and dried fruits. Today most communities are able to secure greens and fresh fruits and vegetables the year around, and a far greater plentitude of good canned vegetables and fruits.

Cut down the meat, and spend the money saved on fresh fruits and vegetables the year around is golden advice.

Fruits are quite as good roughage as any vegetable, and it is a foolish man who lets a single day pass by without eating at least one piece of fruit, and at least one green or fibrous vegetable. The wise man eats them at practically *every* meal, *every* day. Then you obtain a *natural* number of *natural* movements of the bowels—to say nothing of the food values of the fruits and vegetables.

We have heard considerable about bran, as a valuable roughage item, but it is now realized that this is not a wise regular diet item.

39. Over-Eating and Under-Eating.—Surprising to say, there are even among men as plentiful examples of under-eating as over-eating. It is notorious that women under-eat more or less habitually—contracting what has been called “housewives’ headache,” by going downtown to shop on an utterly inadequate breakfast. The women who went to France during the war also ran up against the same thing, and had to learn to eat more, since they were more active; more out-of-doors.

But men are often in the same difficulty. That is why the government lifts the average man’s “intake” of food when he joins the army from the level of 2,500-3,500 calories up to 5,500 calories. Quite an advance! But the army work is just about that much harder than average work; and requires the extra fuel-energy. A football player will use up about 8,000 calories during a game. Due to our increasing sedentary occupations men have been cutting down their calories remarkably in recent years. Germany before the war was eating about as much as we were—both nations were unusually well-fed, consuming about 3,650 calories per day. I believe that since the war, due to increased food knowledge and the reducing mania there has been considerable reduction in the average, although Dr. Alonzo Taylor believes that about 10% of our population eats over 4,000 calories, without needing it. I would add that probably another 10% eats less than it should—below 2,500; even below 2,000. This is because of a loss of appetite due to wrong eating; a lack of even a particle of exercise, complete

living indoors, poor health, and a tendency to travel on "nerve" and on coffee or alcohol. It is a "vicious circle"; the less food they eat the less they want, the smaller their stomachs become, so that they feel "full" when as a matter of fact they haven't enough food in them.

Some, of course are food faddists, and deliberately hold down to a small "intake." There is Dr. Alfred Owre, of the University of Minnesota, for instance, who walks six or ten miles a day, and has tramped thousands of miles, all on 2,000 calories per day, which he believes is sufficient for a man not over 140 pounds in weight. But Doctor Owre is himself a nutrition specialist, and he selects his food with great care and intelligence. I have no doubt that for him, with his regular habits and fixed work, or someone like him equally clever and knowing 2,000 calories per day are just neatly enough; not too much or too little. The average man, I fear, would find a 2,000 calorie diet entirely too low, and even dangerously low.

People differ considerably. The ideal thing is to have a test taken of your "basal rate of metabolism," which will indicate your minimum requirement in calories while lying in bed. This gives a basis of calculation and it is then possible to set a fair quota of calories for one's type. Some of our business-obsessed men are, in particular, guilty of the under-eating vice, because they are so neurotically intent upon business that they do not permit appetite to register upon them; eating impatiently, as a matter of form, and in a great hurry. True, vast numbers *over-eat*, but I am considering now those of the opposite tendency. While it is often said, and no doubt truly, that under-weight is better than over-weight, still, in men of middle age, a small amount of over-weight would seem to me to be more sound than a small amount of under-weight; particularly as the heavy bone structure of some men, and their racial type, makes it really more normal that they be slightly "over-weight" according to "standard" tables than under-weight.

As for *over-eating*, I offer no excuse for it, and every man should set his mark honestly and intelligently. I would like to inject a new objection to it—in keeping with this book, which stresses appetite and food *enjoyment*, rather than dull

and dry nutritive science. The reason is that over-eating is very likely in time to dull food enjoyment, and therefore the true gourmet is against it. You can't "savor" food and love it, if you habitually over-eat, because the palate becomes overloaded and *blasé* with sensation. The tasting organs become tired and dulled. It is said that tea tasters can work at their trade only a certain number of years, and even then must strictly limit the number of cups of tea they may taste per day, otherwise their fine discrimination quickly becomes blunted. This is a perfect analogy to the savoring of food. The Greek humanist motto of "the golden mean"; of "nothing too much," must be invoked by a gourmet if he isn't to become a gouty, rheumatic, burnt-out gourmand. 4,000 calories or more is obviously too much for a modern office worker type of man, or even for a modern mechanic or factory worker. An office worker has need for very little over 2,500 calories—3,000 at most.

Here is a fairly authenticated standard of calories for men of various occupations and activity:

<i>For man doing strenuous exercise or muscle work (laborer, farming athlete)</i>	4,150
<i>For man doing light muscular work (mechanic)</i>	3,600
<i>For man active on his feet but not doing muscular work (outside salesman)</i>	2,800
<i>For man doing sedentary desk work, who walks less than a mile per day (executive, clerk)</i>	2,450

There is of course a wrong impression that limitation of calories means limitation of food enjoyment. Nothing could be more erroneous. Within 3,000 calories, or even 2,500, a day's meals may be rich with taste, varied in appeal, and a feast not perhaps as spectacular as the banquets Oscar used to serve at the Waldorf in the gay nineties, but certainly, quite as delightful, and I believe more so.

40. Genuine Reducing Technique.—We have seen more noise and silliness with regard to reducing in the last twenty years than is necessary to run a comic strip for that length of time. The women, in particular, have been objects of pity and scorn in their hazardous determination to drop weight.

But men have also had their silly season with the reducing idea. Irvin Cobb has delightfully described them, as has Samuel Blythe. The Hollywood "18-day diet" was the last toy balloon exploded when one of its practitioners dropped dead from undernourishment.

The most sane technique—one which does not make a gourmet shudder at such a fate as to be obliged to follow it, and one which is fully authenticated—is a diet which simply *cuts out the fats*, rather than the carbohydrates, and which thus compels the body to draw for its necessary fat element *upon the fat-tissues of the body*. It is a remarkably simple and logical plan, and apparently it works. If the trouble is that the body is receiving—and storing at many conspicuous places—an undesirable amount of fat, then why not starve the body on fat and fat alone, so that the body will turn to its over-loaded storehouse of fat when it needs some? Nothing could be more Scotch or canny!

The technique is to avoid eating practically any fat but not stop eating other food elements, except to eat in moderation. Men have been known to lose 20 pounds a month safely on the basis of cutting out virtually all fats and living on only 1,000 calories a day; but a certain amount of exercise is important under this plan, to help "burn up" the fat. The needed extra calories (since 1,000 is obviously too small) nature takes from the patient's "corporation," arms, neck, legs, or other fat-storage places.

What kind of meals does a man get on this strategic reducing diet? Well, it goes something like this:

Breakfasts: Half cantaloupe, or orange, or half grapefruit, or small dish rhubarb. One egg with two slices bacon; or one moderate dish puffed rice or corn-flakes (with only skim milk) in place of bacon or two eggs without bacon or cereal. One slice bread or toast, with very small pat of butter; coffee or tea without milk or cream, but with sugar.

Lunches: Three lamb chops, with plenty of carrots, and peas, one-half head lettuce; one pear, tea or coffee without milk or cream. Or three slices of chicken, with creamed squash and string beans; a salad of asparagus with lettuce, vinegar and *min-*

eral oil dressing; fresh fruit; one glass skim milk or tea. Or cottage cheese, with spinach and asparagus; artichoke salad with lettuce and vinegar and *mineral* oil dressing; and baked apple. Or sirloin steak with broiled onions; celery, and Swiss chard; with fresh fruit and tea. Or cold meats, asparagus, skim milk for dessert. Or broiled or planked bass, small serving string beans, and head lettuce salad; with sliced banana and ing, with baked potato; cabbage salad including lettuce, celery, pepper; and a sliced orange with tea.

Dinners: Tenderloin steak, small serving, with mushrooms, with stewed tomatoes including celery, asparagus salad with lettuce; medium slice watermelon and tea. Or, half broiled chicken, mashed potato, beet greens, cucumber and tomato salad, half cantaloupe, and tea. Or baked ham, two moderate slices, with baby lima beans, squash, cucumber and green onion salad, with baked apple and tea. Or fish, medium portion, brussels sprouts, tomato salad, fresh pineapple, glass skim milk, tea. Or, roast beef, moderate slice, spinach, string beans, asparagus and lettuce salad; sliced peaches, glass skim milk, tea.

Such menus ought to satisfy any normal man, and obviate the scourge of reducing agonies which have raged like a plague. There is certainly not enough in these menus to *stuff* anyone, I'll grant you, but they are surprisingly ample. The serious point to watch is—only a tiny pat of butter, no cream, and only skim milk; and only *mineral* not *olive* oil. It is astonishing to know that such menus are really only about *one-fourth*, or less, the number of calories eaten by the "sincere feeders," as Irvin Cobb would call them. It is not really enough to keep a man who is very active, and it is *not* a normal man's diet. Even so, the reducer may still feel plenty of epicurean joys, even if second helpings are "out." The ration for vegetables is only three heaping tablespoonfuls. The cutting out of all starches, sugars, *and* fats is a fatal road to reduction, and we should now have witnessed its disgrace and retirement.

VII

The Breakfast Problem

A short time ago a small town New England minister broke out into a rather startling chastisement of his flock. "Which will you choose?" he cried, "Jesus or baked beans? So many of this congregation and others in New England follow the old habit of having baked beans for dinner on Saturday night, and many of them on Sunday morning warm up the beans and have them for breakfast. Then they come to church and the gospel naturally sounds dull to them, because they are chock-a-block with beans. Give up your beans for Sunday breakfast!"

It is a most moving plea—and only New Englanders will realize what a conflict this dominie stirred up in his congregation's breast. New England—and some parts of New York and Pennsylvania—has always subscribed to a heavy breakfast; if not baked beans then pork sausages, or hot cakes, often both; and doughnuts, too!

41. The Passing of Meat for Breakfast.—The meat-for-breakfast cult is by no means American, however; it is both English and German. I should say that it exactly corresponds to climate. The cold of New England and England and northern New York, particularly in rural districts where the house is

so often stone-cold in the morning, strongly encourages food for breakfast which will provide bodily heat. In Pennsylvania among my own Pennsylvania Dutch people the famous scrapple, or potwurst or sausages or fish or fried cornmeal mush have been very popular for breakfast during several centuries past. Out in the colder middle western states, in rural districts meat or pancake breakfasts have also held sway.

But the meat-for-breakfast belt is narrowing all the time, and is thoroughly doomed. Its doom was struck with the introduction of better heating systems in homes, and again by the drift to the cities and indoor work, and still again by the patent breakfast food development. Finally our new knowledge of human feeding has shamed it more and more out of existence.

Calvin Coolidge, it will be remembered, was induced to drop his New England sausage and hot cakes breakfast conferences while he was in the White House, by the indifference if not incapacity of his guests toward partaking of so over-substantial a meal in contradiction of their habits. Frankly, I think sausages and hot cakes are a barbarous breakfast. It is too heavy and uncomfortable an intake of food, and it violates the new principle I have mentioned—it is a protein and a starch at one meal.

Even hot cakes and syrup are rather heavy and are also declining. Buckwheat cakes and maple syrup are still regarded by many as a genuine he-man's breakfast, and doubtless for muscular workers out-of-doors they are quite fitting (or would be if grapefruit or orange juice were eaten just half an hour before, and thus taking the curse off the acid reaction of such a dish).

Many of us have difficulty with the selection of satisfactory food for breakfast. For years before anyone thought that starch and protein breakfasts were unsuitable I sought vainly for an explanation to my reactions to certain breakfast combinations. I would eat (after grapefruit or orange) a starchy cereal and then eat eggs. Long ago I also ate sausages or ham. I experienced the warning acid-reaction, and then for a few years experimented with all kinds of combinations. I cut out the meat, but retained the eggs—and still the reaction continued

to arrive, as regularly as my commuter's train arrived in the city, an hour after breakfast. I cut out the grapefruit, on the mistaken idea once so common that because it *tastes acid* it has an acid reaction. Still came the acid reaction! Then I cut out coffee, suspecting it, or the cream in it. I even for a time suspected the purity of our milk supply.

Now it is quite, quite clear! I cut out everything but the eggs, which I always ate with bread; whereas of course eggs and bread make the above-mentioned incompatible protein and starch combination. It seems perfectly startling to divorce eggs from bread—and no doubt many will utter defiance to the edict; but so far as I am concerned, there is no doubt about the matter. Keep your eggs away from starch and you will enjoy them. Eat grapefruit, or orange juice (preferably, I repeat, half an hour before sitting down to the eggs) and restrain that impulse to mop up your egg with toast or bread, silly as the idea may seem. Poached eggs on toast are "out," for the same reason. And of course so are starchy cereals and eggs or meat, or eggs and hot breads or pancakes, or even eggs and hash-browned potatoes (another old-timer!).

One who will sniff at this new Henry Ford principle of diet and refuse to give up his old breakfast habits is quite possibly right. I advocate it only for further experiment.

42. The No-Breakfast, or Two-Meal-a-Day Idea.—Before we pass on to the matter of a really enjoyable, *healthy* breakfast let us discuss the no-breakfast idea, or as I would call it, the just-a-bite breakfast idea. There are many enthusiastic converts to this plan, and I confess that years ago while living in Chicago and commuting from Evanston I tried it for a year, largely because I found breakfast so inconvenient to get, as a bachelor. My plan was to eat an apple or an orange and call it breakfast. I then ate, promptly after 12 noon, a fairly good lunch. I must confess that it was an excellent idea except that for an hour after the "fairly good lunch" I felt a bit heavy-minded. Obviously for a mental worker this was too treacherous, so I abandoned it, only to spend years, as I have depicted, finding out what is a satisfactory breakfast.

The two-meal-a-day plan is certainly not a modern in-

vention. The Zulus and the Mooris, despite a fairly active outdoor life, do not eat more than twice a day, that being a custom centuries old. In some other savage countries there is really only one meal a day, but there is much intermittent eating of fruit, chewing of "betelnut" and breadfruit. The hours for eating have always been shifting, for the Romans in Cicero's time took breakfast at 3:30 a. m.! They lunched at noon and had their *coena* at anywhere from 3 to 7 in the afternoon. On the other hand the gay King Louis the Fourteenth rose for breakfast around noon, and then took dinner at midnight. Even in England several centuries ago Froissart mentions trying to see the Duke of Lancaster at 5 p. m. "after His Grace had supped." Oliver Cromwell ate his principal meal at 1 p. m., while in 1751 the Dutchess of Somerset set her hour for dinner at 3 p. m.!

Thus it is clear that two-meal days have doubtless been familiar to many; breakfast often being, as now in France, the merest tidbit of coffee and rolls. In our own lifetime we have seen the main meal of the day shifted from noon to night, although there are still many rural and small town places where "dinner" means a noontime heavy meal. It is possible that large numbers of our sedentary modern population are now actually gradually adopting a two-meal system, making of lunch only a very nominal bite; like the apple or sandwich eaten by many Wall Street workers, or the chocolate malted milk at a soda fountain, or ice cream sundae eaten by so many young women stenographers.

Even the French operate what is, to all effects and purposes a two-meal system, for certainly a French breakfast of coffee, or chocolate, with some rolls, is an Anglo-Saxon man's idea of absolutely nothing to eat! Few things irritate the American or English traveler in France more than the inability to get a breakfast in the land of cookery!

The two-meal-a-day plan is really a very wise one for mental workers, but our time schedules are not very friendly to it. The ideal two-meal-a-day schedule is for breakfast at about 10 a. m. and dinner about 5 p. m. This is the schedule sometimes observed on Sundays, and it is entirely agreeable.

Many men who study their food needs are aware how unsatisfactory a three-meal Sunday is, particularly with the extra effort the cook puts into Sunday dinner! My own Sundays, before adopting the two-meal-a-day plan, were digestively uncomfortable. I felt annoyed at myself for having imbibed so much food. Under this two-meal plan, I feel more fit. If at 8 p. m. I find a little void has developed (perhaps after some sets of tennis, or swimming), I take some tea and cheese toasted on crackers, or their equivalent.

For week-days the two-meal-a-day plan is rather impractical for a commuting business man, and I favor breakfasts such as I shall now describe, together with a thoroughly light lunch.

43. Tasty Breakfasts That are Healthy.—Now that I have solved my own breakfast problem, after some years of experiment, I may be able to pass along a few acceptable hints.

First as to fruits and fruit juices. They are positively tonic and cleansing, and it is very much worth while to go to the trouble to arrange to take this part of the breakfast at least twenty minutes before the rest of it. (Indeed a complete fruit breakfast, I suspect, is the absolutely ideal breakfast.) Oranges can be squeezed the evening before, and the juice even taken to the bedroom ready for drinking *immediately upon rising*. Grapefruit juice is equally valuable, and may incidentally now be purchased already squeezed. The new freezing processes are going to provide good service soon on all fruit juices. I do not know any gourmet sensation more delightful than drinking down, as soon as I rise, either one of the mellow golden citrus juices. It knocks that famous dark brown morning taste "higher than a kite," and sharpens the appetite for the breakfast. Even if you are traveling you can arrange to have your pre-breakfast awakener served to you.

What to eat for breakfast? Some men—and I am one of them—like to *standardize* breakfast; never, if practicable, varying it. Here are some alternatives:

1. *Fruits to eat* (after the fruit juices taken earlier): Melon, prunes, oranges, apples, banana, apple sauce, sliced peaches, rhubarb. These are equally good (except the banana) whether you choose a starch or a protein breakfast.

2. *For Starch Breakfasts* (not to be eaten with any proteins): Light pancakes (see recipe on page 95), any cereal with milk or cream; corn meal mash, fried potatoes with bacon.

3. *For Protein Breakfasts* (not to be eaten with any starches, not even bread or toast in any form): Sausages, liver and bacon, cottage or gruyere cheese, eggs in any form, fish, meat, beans or any other protein food.

I contend that here is latitude for any man, even though it cruelly separates life-long friends such as eggs and bread, sausages and hot cakes and eggs and fried potatoes (which new rule, I repeat, the reader may wish to break). From this collection, the heartiest eater may find what he wants.

44. Traditional Breakfasts.—But I must not linger too long on the matter of "scientific" breakfasts, or my reader will be impatient. For our model of breakfasts we began with the English, although nowadays the English are copying us; taking up our packaged breakfast foods. There was a special quality about the old English breakfasts, however, which has always had a strong male appeal, because it was "hearty." During the last century, and going back for two or three centuries, English breakfasts have boasted assorted fish, sausages, chops, kidneys, which in more recent years have tended to disappear in favor of *eggs and bacon*. (In England they reverse our phrase "bacon and eggs.") And, let it be known, it was often home-cured hog—a bacon not nearly so light as our paper-thin slices of today.

Even Dr. Samuel Johnson had good words for the Scotch breakfast, while Sir Walter Scott has described in *Waverly* a breakfast hard to resist: "He found Miss Bradwardine presiding over tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, both of flour, oatmeal and barley meal, in the shape of leaves, cakes, biscuits and other varieties, together with eggs, reindeer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon and many other delicacies. A mess of oatmeal porridge, flanked by a silver jug which held an equal mixture of cream and buttermilk."

Well! Alongside of this my grapefruit and egg seems a poor man's breakfast!

The stolid old-type Britisher, as well as some counterparts

of him in America, goes in sometimes for quite remarkable breakfasts; as amazing as the New Englander's baked beans. He will eat curried eggs, fish balls, kidneys, broiled mushrooms, or a "grill" sauce made of the legs and wings of turkey, pheasant, partridge or moore hen, over which has been poured a sauce made of mustard vinegar, or Devonshire cream! Real old-timers go in for Westphalian ham, reindeer's tongue, "bloaters," halibut steak, cold grouse, freshly caught trout—but I must draw the curtain upon this living remnant of the old Saxon banquets!

However, there is one breakfast dish which an Englishman I know told about, and which is an excellent combination.

Asparagus with Eggs: You take the heads of cooked asparagus, cut them into small pieces, mixing with the well-beaten yolks of two or more eggs. Flavor with pepper and salt and keep stirring as they stew. Add a pat of butter. Serve on some crisped slices of biscuit or oatmeal crackers.

Evidently asparagus with eggs is a good combination, for Edward Bok, the famous editor, says that it was served in his Dutch home. The way it was done in this instance is different however, and it was a favorite dish of Bok's for years. The plan is to put the asparagus in a double boiler, upright, fill with water to the tips, but not over them, and cook them by steam. They are served at the table with hard-boiled egg which has been put through a ricer, seasoned with nutmeg. A separate dish of hot melted butter is provided. There is no question but that asparagus and eggs are an ideal breakfast combination.

Fin'an Haddie: And then there's Fin'an Haddie, a Scotch dish of a later date than Sir Walter Scott's time. It is really a very good protein breakfast—so don't eat it in addition to your corn flakes. "My English friend has two recipes; one the simple broiling process (which I prefer), and the other a *steaming* process. According to him, you put the fin'an haddie in a hot pan, pour boiling water over it, cover and simmer for 10 or 15 minutes. Drain, serve very hot, buttered, with a sprinkling of cayenne pepper, and (according to him) the inevitable English Worcestershire sauce. Whenever I feel like having a

somewhat more substantial breakfast than ordinary; a digestible protein breakfast other than eggs, this is what I prefer. It is a favorite among men because of its flavor.

There is one recipe I consider the best: Materials: three lbs. fin'an haddie, one-half tablespoon chopped shallot, one tablespoon chopped green pepper, one-half tablespoon chopped red pepper, one-half cup butter, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon paprika, a little cayenne, four tablespoons flour, one cup cream, one cup milk.

You soak the haddie in the milk for an hour, then bake it moderately, and make flakes of it. Cook the shallot and pepper in butter for five minutes, stirring all the time; add the condiments, mixed in the flour, stirring until nicely mixed, then pour in the milk and cream while stirring. Bring to a boil and put in the flaked haddie. Serve on crisped biscuits or on hot plates.

There is another old Delmonico recipe which calls for cutting the fish in strips, put in a pan and cover with cold water, heat slowly to boiling point, let stand in hot but not boiling water for 25 minutes; drain and rinse. Make flakes of the fish, add half cup heavy cream (or evaporated milk) pour over hard-boiled eggs thinly sliced. Season with cayenne, add butter, sprinkle with parsley.

45. An All-Fruit Breakfast.—Particularly in hot weather I relish an all-fruit breakfast, and choosing the fruits judiciously I find it very nourishing and comfortable. Start with the orange juice or grapefruit, or with some other fruit juice. Then choose from among the many available seasonable fresh fruits, such as rhubarb, strawberries, blueberries, peaches, raspberries, pineapple, cherries, pears, apples, etc.—*but be sure to include banana, or dates or dried figs.* These have starch and body; they will not leave you an hour or two later with a feeling of having had no breakfast. Pick the banana as *ripe* as possible; don't mind the soft spots. Eat generous helpings of these fruits, and eat *nothing* else. You will be surprised how delicious a feast it can be, and how good a hot weather breakfast diet. Even in winter such a breakfast is feasible and healthy, using stewed or preserved fruits, but always including banana, dates or figs.

A Milk-and-Fruit Breakfast: There are a number of variations on this, and all very healthful. As most men do not drink milk at any other meal, and as an adult should have a pint of milk a day, a milk-and-fruit breakfast is a particularly fitting one. The combinations are endless.

With Stewed or Preserved Fruits: Prunes and cream; dates, nuts and cream; peaches or apricots and corn or rice flakes; prunes and apricots and cream; bananas and corn or rice flakes; figs and dates and corn flakes; stewed pears and prunes and cream; seedless raisins and rice flakes; preserved blueberries or raspberries or loganberries and cream, or with corn or rice flakes; preserved plums and cream; rhubarb and cream.

With Fresh Fruits: Blueberries and cream, or with rice or corn flakes; strawberries and cream; strawberries with corn or rice flakes; blackberries, cherries, raspberries and corn or rice flakes, apples, nuts and cream.

46. Kidneys for Breakfast.—For those who insist on a meat breakfast I recommend the kidney. As I have elsewhere told, we eat far too few other meat parts than steaks, roasts and chops, and leave the values of other organs to waste. A kidney breakfast is in the best he-man tradition; centuries ago Englishmen began to relish kidney for breakfast and still do. Even though we are veering away from meat for breakfast, men relish occasionally during the winter a well-planned kidney breakfast. Try it for a Sunday morning leisurely late breakfast, with the Sunday dinner not scheduled before 2:30 or 3 o'clock at least.

But be sure to eat grapefruit or orange juice also, and finish off with a dish of apple sauce, a stewed fruit. If possible eat some spring greens, or onions with it, or a little left over spinach or other watery vegetable. *Then* you'll have an enjoyable breakfast, which will not prove a boomerang!

My English friends have some nice recipes, steeped in tradition, which have pleased millions of Englishmen. The instructions are: Fry a few rashers of streaky bacon and into the fat place the lamb kidneys, which have been skinned and split, split side downward. (It is well to take out the center tube, but not the little piece of fat.) Some cooks drop the kidneys after they are split, into boiling water to sear the outside and to

keep the gravy in the kidney. Fry the kidneys gently on both sides, constantly turning them. The fire should not be too fierce or the kidneys will harden. When cooked turn onto a hot plate, pour a little water into the frying pan and roust around with a fork. In this way you get excellent gravy. Serve the kidneys with a sprinkling of chopped parsley and be sure to use English mustard with them.

But if you ask how *I* like them best, I will select another English method, the skewer method. You skin and split the kidney, not quite through. Open it, run it on a skewer so as to flatten it out; a half a kidney, then a piece of bacon, then a small tomato, and so on in series. Broil on the skewer, and ah, what a breakfast! You can do virtually the same with a broiling grid.

47. My Favorite Omelets.—Probably the most universal form of eggs for breakfast is *omelet*. But what a difference there is in omelets! Some are made with milk—which is the great omelet crime. Milk makes custard instead of omelet! Some are not browned properly; some are not made in the right fat (bacon or butter or chicken fat or Crisco); some are made over too hot a fire, some are not made in clean frying pans, and others are served with potatoes—which is the *new* omelet crime!

The names of omelets are legion, jelly omelets (which I abhor), cheese omelets (fair), Spanish omlets (good), ham omelet (excellent), all the way to almond omelets (who cares?); but the omelets I like, and which I believe most men like best are: cheese omelet, orange omelet, oyster omelet, mushroom omelet, spinach omelet; lobster omelet (the latter a Japanese delicacy). Any one of these makes a protein breakfast fit for the gods.

There's nothing complicated about them. You simply make a good plain omelet and "fold in" the orange slices, or the mushrooms (cooked) or the oysters (parboiled and cut in halves). In the case of the spinach omelet, of course you spread on a platter finely chopped, seasoned and cooked spinach, and then beat three eggs, add three tablespoonful of water, one-third tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful each of red and

green peppers cut in strips, one tablespoonful of cooked ham in very small pieces. Then you heat your pan, pour in one and a half tablespoonsful of olive oil, and cook the omelet.

As for the cheese omelet, you beat the eggs slightly, then add a half teaspoonful of salt, a bit of cayenne pepper, melted butter and one tablespoonful of grated cheese (sharp American, or gruyere, or parmesan). Cook until firm, but do not stir. Sprinkle with grated cheese.

The lobster omelet is the prize of the lot. You peel and thinly slice an onion, cook it for five minutes in a teaspoonful of butter. Then you scrape, wash and cut into small pieces a stalk of celery, add it to the onion; put in two tablespoonsful of chicken stock, a teaspoon tip of sugar, a teaspoonful of soya bean sauce (the kind served in Chinese restaurants; can be obtained in bottles) and about a third of a cupful of lobster diced. Butter your omelet pan, put one-half of the above mixture in it, add one egg, beaten slightly, spread it over the pan and cook; and then make another panful with another egg. Here is flavor, and here is food value, par excellence!

48. Philadelphia Scrapple.—I have refrained from saying, until now, anything about Pennsylvania Dutch cookery, on which I was raised. Their scrapple is on a par with southern fried chicken or any other prized and widely known sectional dish. For a breakfast, delightfully half way between a "meat breakfast" and a cereal breakfast, scrapple must be elected by acclamation, for it is the only candidate. It is a potted concoction made of corn meal and liver and other organs. It thus combines a starch with the special vitamins of liver and other organs, and provides a meaty flavor without the difficulty of a heavy protein.

Again, however, it is the manner in which you eat it which counts. To my taste it should be *grilled*, with tomatoes, and eaten after grapefruit or orange juice, and followed by some stewed or fresh fruit. If it is fried in grease, the corn meal in it absorbs too much of the grease and renders it heavy.

49. A Potato Breakfast.—For some reason men relish potatoes for breakfast, which is why they are so invariably served with eggs, meat and other dishes for breakfast. But as I have pointed

out, it so often mixes a protein and a starch, which a number of us are now avoiding. Doubtless many men simply can't divorce potatoes from meats and will go on through life to the bitter end so mixing them; but for those who can and will make some changes I suggest that they try a potato breakfast.

There are many ways to do it. Personally, I am very fond of fried potatoes, and properly done they are delightful. The great fried potato crime is, of course, trying to fry raw potatoes. Naturally you parboil them for one minute in salted water, after slicing them. My particular fondness is for potatoes sliced in very thin—paper-thin—slices. One delightful dish is made as follows: After parboiling drain them on a towel. Fry them in deep fat and drain onto a piece of brown paper. Then melt three-fourths of a tablespoonful of butter in a hot *iron* frying pan (no, madame, aluminum will *not* do) add three-fourths of teaspoonful of finely cut chives, stir until the potatoes have absorbed the butter.

I like fried potatoes *with onions*, as does every other he-man, but for one of my potato breakfasts I like a combination of potato, onion *and tomato*.

Why not try potato pancakes if you like substantial breakfasts? The recipe for it is given elsewhere (see index). They are one of the most delicious forms in which potatoes can be cooked.

50. An Intelligent Sausage Breakfast.—Instead of giving up sausage breakfasts (which we are very near doing) let us civilize the sausage instead! There are a lot of men who because they like the splendid flavor of sausages, can't bring themselves to renounce them.

Very well; then let us renounce the erroneous method of eating them. Let us cut out the potatoes and the breads usually eaten with them; remembering that sausages are protein. Lay off the cereal. Start in with grapefruit or orange juice. Then have the sausages fried, expertly. Run a fork several times through each sausage before putting them in the pan; then pour on boiling water enough to cover them and cook 15 minutes. Drain the pan and put it back on the fire and fry till brown.

Fry some apples to go with the sausages; or broil some tomatoes. Then you have sausages worth eating, with an accompaniment which will take the "curse" off of them. And if you will eat some stewed fruit afterward, you will feel as if you have breakfasted amazingly well. Drink tea with lemon that morning, instead of coffee and cream; or take your coffee clear. Otherwise you take in too much fat.

Broiling the sausages is another good idea; I often split them open the long way with a sharp knife and put them in the broiler with tomatoes. And *don't* eat hot cakes and maple syrup with sausages—the cakes and syrup are a meal in themselves.

51. Suggestions for Vegetable Breakfasts.—Suppose we now consider *vegetables* as candidates for breakfast; vegetables rather more prominent in the meal than merely as folded up in omelets?

Here are some of the possible dishes: egg plant on toast; fried tomatoes; tomato hash, with soft-cooked eggs, scrambled sweet pepper, vegetable hash, mushroom hash on toast; green corn fritters. The fried tomatoes, if made with a brown sauce, with bacon is a particular breakfast favorite of mine, served on toast.

52. Something About Cereals.—There is much lore about cereals for breakfast, and the American patent breakfast cereal is today feeding a fair part of the world; but I am not going to enter into the subject deeply, for the simple reason that the manufacturers have been very informing in their advertisements. I will suggest that Irish and Scotch oatmeal is a man's winter-time favorite, for good taste; and that cracked wheat with raisins and top-milk is also a most delightful and valuable breakfast dish.

The bran fad has gone to smash, somewhat. It was never suited for men's taste anyway, and doctors tell me that a very constant bran diet is not good for a man; which is what I had rather guessed anyway, remembering the bran my grandfather used to feed to his cattle! Hulled wheat, washed, soaked eight or ten hours, boiled for ten minutes, in salted water, in an uncovered dish, and then boiled in a double boiler for six to

eight hours, is a very fine food—but who wants to go to all this trouble?

Pearl barley with dates makes a good breakfast cereal. You boil it in salted water for ten minutes, and then cook in a double boiler for three or four hours. This is a little less onerous—but one begins to see the reason for the breakfast food barons! Hominy grits, graham mush, and cracked wheat are all good; but there is no tendency in these days to spend hours of time preparing for a man's breakfast!

53. Cornmeal Mush and Syrup.—Here is a starch breakfast which is very satisfying, and when well done, a most savory delicacy. You start by boiling the corn meal properly—moistening a cup of corn meal together with one tablespoonful of flour in cold water and turning it immediately into *actively boiling* salted water. You *stir constantly* and cook in a double boiler for three or four hours. Then when cooked you pour the mush into oblong bread tins, and when cold slice into one-half inch thick slices. These are baked in a *buttered* pan, until brown. Notice it is baked, and not fried. To make sure of its being nicely browned you brush the slices with milk or cream during the baking. Use maple syrup, or real blackstrap molasses; but if not available make a sugar syrup with mapleine.

By prefacing your corn meal mush breakfast with grapefruit, orange juice or stewed fruit in plenty, and by *not* eating eggs with this breakfast, you will be able to eat heartily of the sweet-smelling, nutty-flavored slices.

54. Griddle Cakes, Hot Breads, etc.—Of all the habits of Americans for breakfast the griddle cake or hot bread is the most chance-taking with health, as it is even more dangerous than the meat-for-breakfast mania. America is by no means the inventor of hot breads, however, for they were eaten even in Queen Elizabeth's time. Hot breads are most indigestible, generally, and when—as is usually the case—they are eaten with eggs or meats—you have a double risk, the risk of starch and protein together, and the acid reaction and doughy indigestibility of the hot bread.

But as I hope my reader has observed, I am all for having your hot cakes and eating them too, beating the dietetic devil

around the stump, with intelligence. There is no gainsaying the fact that griddle cakes, hot biscuits, hot corn bread, batter cakes, and butter cakes, are a temptation to the nostrils, however leaden they become after swallowing.

How is the hot cake devil to be circumvented? Well, by taking the curse off of it, for one thing. The decided acid reaction produced by the usual heavy intake of pancakes is of course the work of the white flour. So, the trick is to use white flour mixed half and half with *lima bean flour*. Lima beans are the most alkaline food known; a perfect opposite to white flour. At the suggestion of Dr. W. D. Sansum, director of the Potter Metabolic clinic at Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital, the Lima Bean Growers Association of Oxnard, California, now makes a lima bean flour. This flour will make fine pancakes and you can eat plenty of them. Make hot biscuits and muffins with it, too, and even non-acid reaction bread.

But that is not our only resource. By cutting out all proteins (eggs, meat, etc.) at the breakfast when you plan to eat griddle cakes or hot breads, and by eating plenty of stewed or fresh fruit with the meal, you need not have any sense of error in eating these hot breads.

I am now going to give a word to Scotch oaten cakes, which I think are a delicious delicacy (low in acid reaction, and high in food value: legend has it that the brawn of the Scottish people was produced by it). Two cups of steel-cut oatmeal and one cup of white flour is mixed with half a teaspoonful of salt. Chop in the butter, mix with cold water to a stiff dough; knead and roll out round into very thin cakes, and then cut into quarters. Bake it in the oven directly under the broiling flame (but not too near) until brown; turning the other side.

These cakes are splendid on which to serve food as you would toast, but they are good food in themselves; far superior to the doughy hot breads, and as savory.

As for *waffles*, here again is a case of a great and popular delicacy which brings on indigestion if not circumvented by intelligence. You can do this in one of two ways. If you have the lima bean flour already spoken of, mix it equally with white flour. But if you have not the lima bean flour, try the

method used at the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium. Instead of using baking powder use one teaspoonful of baking soda and get from a drug store 80 minims of hydrochloric acid (C. P.). Don't be afraid of it—it's no more harmful than vinegar. You mix and sift one and three-quarters cups of flour with the soda, add the milk and the well beaten yolks of two eggs to *one-half* of the flour mixture. Stir in the acid; add the remainder of the flour mixture, and a tablespoonful of melted butter; then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Here, then, is a triumph of man's brain, for you will not get the old acid reaction; the uncomfortable feeling of having eaten well but suffered for it afterward!

Incidentally this scheme of using baking soda and the hydrochloric acid is just the thing for any hot breads, such as muffins, coffee cake, Boston brown bread, nut breads, corn cake, etc. And what a delight some of these muffins are—whole wheat raisin muffins, graham gems, rice muffins, blueberry muffins (my favorite), date muffins (a second love) and many more.

VIII

The Lunch Problem

I do not know any phase of a man's food needs so urgent as the lunch problem. The Frenchman, not having had any breakfast to speak of, boldly locks the door of his place of business at exactly 12 o'clock noon and stays out lunching until 2 o'clock—and he lunches very amply indeed. But unlike the American business man he does not do business in a "high-powered," highly-gear'd fashion. Also he goes to his business earlier, stays longer and dines later.

Many older men have never cut loose from the old-time custom of having the substantial meal of the day at noon. Their boyhood memories are associated with heavy noon meals, and they never quite feel that they are satisfactorily fed on a "light" lunch. A long time ago, the famous "autocrat of the breakfast table"—Oliver Wendell Holmes—was adopting the "luncheon" idea in place of "dinner" at noon (a misnomer anyway, because the word dinner is a derivation from the Norman "dix heures" meaning six o'clock). Holmes said "This luncheon is a very convenient affair, it is informal, and can be light or heavy, as one chooses."

And why shouldn't a mental worker take a light lunch—

in view of the recent experiments of Dr. Francis G. Benedict, director of the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution? These tests showed that the highest type of mental worker sitting at a desk doesn't use as much energy as the maid who dusts off that desk! He also found that half a salted peanut or one oyster cracker contains enough nourishment to keep a high-powered mind going for a whole hour. This quite explodes the notion that one exhausts oneself by mental work and therefore needs plenty of food to re-charge mental energies. Good-bye to that error! Hail to lunches befitting the modern version of the cave man—the cave being a room in a skyscraper, and the man being a well-dressed business executive working for seven hours only at mental tasks, or as my friend Herbert Casson puts it, "just pushing papers!"

55. The Meat-for-Lunch Problem.—The American business man hasn't been very intelligent about his food until recent years, and often he is the crass slave of custom and habit. He eats meat for lunch because any meal without meat seems to him unsatisfactory and outside his routine habits. Thus on a hot day you may observe men ordering a meat lunch, when you know that they probably had meat for breakfast and will have meat for dinner. Often such men realize that they should eat less meat, but hate the trouble of deciding what to eat in its place. Usually, however, it is because meat flavor is the only flavor that makes any meal interesting for them. This, then, is the genuine lunch problem—to find food that one can enjoy without eating meat, because all authorities are agreed that meat *once* a day is enough for any person not engaged in active muscular work. Meat or other protein foods like eggs, cheese, fish, is muscle building, and sedentary workers don't need much muscle building foods. It is thus *up to business men to respect facts as much in their diet as in their business.*

But I speak up in behalf of the man who insists that he is not keen about eating lunch mechanically, as one stokes a furnace; he wants food enjoyment, and he is perfectly right. The unfortunate fact stares him in the face that as soon as he excludes meat, he is in a slough of mediocre or poor cookery, since it takes more cooking skill to make a good meatless meal

than one with meat. On the other hand, if he seeks exceptional cookery, in a club, hotel, or other good restaurant, he is at once tempted by the splendid variety of meat dishes offered.

Many a man enters a restaurant at lunch time fully convinced that he should eat "something light"—and then falls from grace as soon as he looks at the appetizing menu. Somebody will one day write the psychology of the menu card! If one does not look at a menu card at all and simply orders fruit salad, clams casino, or some other low-calorie dish, he is saved; but as soon as he looks at the menu and is enticed by the description of "ready" dishes—Westphalian Ham with Spinach, Lamb Cutlets a la Russe, Fricassee of Rabbit with Noodles, Calves Liver with Apples and Onions—well, the game is obviously up, and meat wins! He may even then make some miserable compromise with his conscience by saying: "well, there's spinach with the ham, that's safe," or "didn't Helen tell me there are lots of vitamins in calves' liver?—and apples and onions are certainly harmless." So the days go by with meat winning a much higher lunch score than it is entitled to, for alongside of these alluring meat dish names, the words "fruit salad" or "vegetable plate" sound as intriguing as the appeal of ground-gripper shoes to women addicted to chic French heels!

56. Restaurant Lunch Competition with Home Dinners.—There is no doubt but that American hotels, clubs and restaurants, because of their alertness and improved food standards, have helped to complicate this problem by the simple process of making their lunch menus so attractive. Men will very frequently join a club, solely because of the convenience of lunching there. Increasing numbers of men are consequently members of clubs where fair-to-middling if not expert chefs are employed, and many restaurants in the large cities offer an extraordinarily improved cuisine compared with ten or fifteen years ago.

Thus American business men of the better-paid classes—and even skilled mechanics—are each year being made aware of good and appetizing food standards beyond the standards served in their own homes. Their zest is often keener for lunch at

their favorite club or restaurant than it is for dinner in their own homes! Restaurant and club cookery has definitely and actually out-pointed home cookery, increasing the subtle difficulties of the lunch problem. In Chicago it was so pronounced half a dozen years ago after the invasion of the California cafeteria idea that many better class families on the North Side adjourned when father returned from business to the cafeteria tray-in-hand line, thus almost doing away with cooks and cookery in the home.

Under such circumstances, father's luncheon is likely to be his favorite meal, for I defy any man to stand up and say that he prefers to eat his dinner in a cafeteria. He doesn't, as a rule, prefer even the best restaurant in the world to his own dinner table provided he is served good food there,—excellent dishes, meeting his advancing standards of comparison. In other times a man subconsciously looked forward to "a good dinner" in his own house. It was a high point of the day toward which his appetite and his emotions adjusted themselves. He could readily endure a "quick bite" for lunch if he knew that there would be a delicious well-planned dinner awaiting his return at night. The lunch-at-the-club idea, and good restaurants have changed this.

57. The Right Ideas for Lunch.—Very well, asks the reader, what is the answer to the lunch problem? The first answer is to acquire the right state of mind, for of all poor lunch companions, the men who are "dieting" under protest make the worst. The meat-for-lunch men hate him. He sits nibbling his crackers and milk so virtuously while they gorge on sauerkraut and pigs' knuckles that they ache to tuck him away in moth balls!

No, do not wear the martyr's robes when cutting out meat and replacing hearty dishes with more lightsome luncheons. Go into the enterprise as you do the adoption of a new model office labor-saving machine and get fun out of it. You certainly do not expect your clerks to mope around mourning for the old letter-press or the old wooden filing cabinet after you buy the new and more efficient product. Why anyone should weep over the adoption of a more fitting modern diet I do not know

—unless he is content to be out-of-date with his body while up-to-date with his office systems. I do not like “duty-diets,” and I do not know any man who does. The thing for an intelligent man to do is to find foods that delight him, but foods that also help him keep fit.

The all-starch luncheon is one of the most fitting. Starch is an energy producer—and it is energy-producing carbohydrates you seek, not muscle-producing values. Not long ago I heard that Toscanini, the great orchestra leader, always and invariably has the same lunch—a large plate of spaghetti and an orange. I tried it for a week—being inordinately fond of real Italian spaghetti, cooked freshly and briefly (*al dente*)—and I found that it was about the most satisfactory lunch I had ever tried. I cannot promise to follow Toscanini by eating it every day, but it is a poor week for me that does not embrace at least two such lunches. Notice that this combination prevents the protein-starch duel in the stomach which dieticians are discussing. The orange supplies vitamins and their balancing alkaline reaction.

My next best answer to the question is the vegetable luncheon, or a fruit salad with a soup luncheon as a winter alternative, and a milk-and-cracker luncheon any hot weather “best bet.”

58. Some Suitable and Seasonable “Starch Luncheons.”—The macaroni and the noodle family are first class luncheon suggestions. Not only can you eat spaghetti with any one of half a dozen sauces, but you may select macaroni in an equally wide variety of dishes. If you live in a large city where there are high-class Italian restaurants, find one which serves spaghetti *a la carte*. Ignore their *table d’hotes*—just ask to have the spaghetti made *al dente*—so different from the soft, pasty mess ordinary restaurants serve up as spaghetti—and choose your own sauce to taste: tomato, marinara, mushroom, “Caruso,”—but never cheese sauce or “white sauce” such as that with which the home cook so often ruins these delicate palatable foods. On any one of these you may sprinkle snappy grated parmesan cheese, but if you want a sauce for spaghetti that is divine, ask for clam sauce. This does not mean a lot of whole clams

dumped into the spaghetti, but bits of minced clams in a most tasty, flavorful tomato gravy.

Spaghetti and macaroni are heightened in flavor by the addition of onions, mushrooms, peppers, minced livers or plain butter as well as the popular tomato. I do not like white sauce with it, in fact, hate it. I like macaroni baked, with tomato sauce, or crispy with top bread crumbs, or cooked with ham, *if* the ham is used largely in very small diced pieces for flavor. The same is true of macaroni *au gratin*; it is good if a small amount of cheese is used for flavor only.

There are, however, plenty of other acceptable starch luncheons. A vegetable soup and a fine baked potato with broiled tomatoes; a lettuce salad and a rice pudding, are samples of simple but man's-size luncheons which will not leave one hungry. In summer-time take your fill of a green corn-on-the-cob luncheon, eating a lettuce and tomato salad on the side.

Potatoes served in various appetizing ways—"savory potatoes," candied sweets, jumbo baked for instance—are really an entire meal. Few of us know all the changes that a good cook can ring on potatoes. Crossing the Atlantic on the French Line recently, I was never served potatoes the same way in all the twenty odd meals!

At times I have even found a most satisfying luncheon composed of so ordinary a fare as a soup or chowder and some genuine whole wheat bread. Select your soup for body—let us say a Russian cabbage soup, Italian minestrone, or mock turtle, and accompany it with plenty of very good whole wheat or whole grain bread, sweet butter, and some jam, and it will provide you a delicious, substantial luncheon.

Before ceasing mention of bread for lunch, let me say that at one time—openly and unashamed—I found the famous old "bread and milk" combination a delightful hot weather lunch. This is not essentially different from milk and crackers, of which I am still very fond, as are many other men. A luncheon of toast and hot milk with butter and paprika or even with cinnamon, is much more delightful than it sounds. A meal consisting of a thick soup served in a tureen, and ordinary toast or split and toasted butter cakes—plenty, piping hot,

fresh and crisp—with jam, guava jelly, or marmalade—I ask you, what better lunch? Or make it muffins, or corn meal bread if you are not fond of toast.

One may be clever by ordering meat dishes, and not eating the meat but *getting its savor*. Take meat pies, for instance. Often at lunch I have ordered a beef-and-kidney pie with vegetables and left the beef (sometimes not the kidneys) entirely untouched. It is just fibre anyway, after its juices have been cooked out of it, but the flavorful crust in the gravy and the vegetables were delicious. You can play this dastardly trick at lunch on any one of the meat pie family and defy the lightning to strike you. Stick to your no-meat-for-lunch guns—but be clever! Remember that there are some perfectly legitimate no-meat pies; for instance Mushroom and Potato Pie (see index).

Rice is another particularly appropriate starch luncheon dish, and lends itself to many treatments. Rice pancakes, Indian rice and curry sauces, or rissoto, the Italian dish. Turkish “pilaff”—all these are perfectly delightful. Spanish rice is one I am particularly fond of (see index). Then there are rice and tomato croquettes and rice a la Riston (see recipes in index).

58. A Waffle or Pancake Lunch.—In the winter a starch luncheon would be easy by choosing waffles or griddle cakes—but without meat. Make a meal of the cakes themselves, and if you can have them prepared as suggested elsewhere, so as to take the acid reaction away, you may eat heartily. Potato pancakes are a special favorite of mine, but there are many other interesting kinds of pancakes—try them. There is green corn or celery pancakes, rhubarb griddle cakes, squash or pumpkin pancakes, etc., all delicious home luncheon dishes. Here is the *Potato Pancake* recipe: Wash, peel and grate six medium potatoes, add the yolk of two eggs, two tablespoons fine dry bread crumbs, and three-fourths teaspoon of salt. Fold in the whites of the eggs, whipped stiff. Drop by tablespoons on a hot greased griddle and fry till brown, both sides. Serve with applesauce.

This is the how of *Green Corn Waffles*: Separate two eggs, beat whites stiff, and yolks until lemon-colored; to the yolks add one cup milk, one tablespoon melted butter, three-fourths

cup of green corn kernels cut fine, or grated; stir in one and a half cups of flour, sifted with two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon sugar, one-half teaspoon salt; fold in egg whites, bake on hot waffle iron.

I wish I could add many more recipes. *Sweet Potato Waffles a la Creole*, for instance, comes to me from a New Orleans source and is one I must not pass by. Put through a sieve two cups of mashed sweet potatoes, add two eggs, yolk and whites beaten separately; mix well, add one-half cup of sugar, beat until very light. Add one cup melted butter and beat again; then add two cups milk and mix well. Now add four tablespoons flour or enough to make a binding batter. Eaten with real maple syrup—say!

Personally I like waffles in combination with vegetables in a sauce; a Creole sauce for instance which contains tomatoes, chopped sweet pepper, shallots—or waffles with just a plain meat or chicken gravy or with creamed chipped beef.

Finally, before we leave the subject of luncheons in which starch foods are predominant, I should like to mention bananas. There is, for instance, *Fried Bananas*. It is a curious fact, but most people have never heard of this dish, despite the truth that bananas are far more digestible when fried, baked, or otherwise cooked. The raw banana is *uncooked* starch, the fried banana is *cooked* starch, and therefore both more palatable and more easy to assimilate. Baked bananas are delicious and should be served much more frequently in the home where they are particularly liked by children. I suggest a luncheon of a good thick soup, fried or baked bananas with a stewed juicy fruit dessert.

59. Vegetable Luncheons.—As a change-off from a starch luncheon, a vegetable lunch is, of course, the thing. The “vegetable plate” is the most usual attempt to get away from a meat luncheon; but men rightly despise some of the tasteless fibre offered them in the name of vegetables. Vegetables to remain flavorful should be steamed or simmered in their own juices or in a waterless cooker. But the errors do not stop here. Often a so-called “vegetable plate” consists of spaghetti, potatoes and stewed corn (three starches in a row), spinach and baked beans.

This is a thoroughly unappetizing and unbalanced combination; enough to cure a man forever from "vegetable plates." Any plate combination should include several juicy vegetables such as—cauliflower, brussels sprouts, beets, cabbage, asparagus, tomatoes, or spinach; and if there are beans or a portion of macaroni there should be no potato, and vice versa.

Frankly, the vegetable lunch should be reformed, for its possibilities are great. At present, in most restaurants it represents a mere dishing out of any haphazard servings, often far from fresh. In eating places where real care is given to vegetables, the difference is startling. Instead of a vegetable lunch, it is often wiser to order simply three portions of selected vegetables, such as baked beans—red cabbage—spinach; or beets—stewed corn—cauliflower; or baked potato—cabbage—stewed tomato; or boiled onions—macaroni—spinach.

A *main vegetable dish* for lunch is perhaps after all the most desirable, if it can be had! There are many, many tasty delicious dishes and it is a pity that so few are available in restaurants, which so invariably separate the menu into main dishes or meat, with merely small side orders of vegetables. In large cities, particularly New York, a reaction against this custom explains the surprising vogue of the vegetarian chain restaurants or the popularity of chains like Foltis-Fisher, Trufood, etc. The Childs' experiment in vegetarian dishes was not at all a genuine experiment; there was no real vegetable variety offered and no skill, taste or invention in preparing them; nothing even approaching true vegetable cookery—and they deserved to fail.

I can provide only a few of these fine, savory dishes, such as *Baked Tomatoes a la Naples*: Wash six tomatoes, take out and chop centers. Combine pulp with six tablespoons chopped cooked bacon, one tablespoon olive oil, one-fourth teaspoon ground allspice, one-half cup soft bread crumbs, one onion, minced. Season with salt and pepper and replace mixture into tomato shells. Put them in buttered muffin pans, with a teaspoon of hot water in each; sprinkle with grated cheese and coarse bread crumbs. Bake 30 minutes in medium oven, and serve with brown sauce.

Baked Cucumbers: Peel three large cucumbers, slice in thick rings crosswise, simmer five minutes in salted water. Arrange them, in a baking dish, like sandwiches, with three-fourths cup of minced, sautéed mushrooms between the rings. Then take three tablespoons fine cracker or bread crumbs, two teaspoons cheese, one-third cup milk, salt and pepper. Pour this mixture over the cucumbers and bake until tender.

Mushroom Hash: Heat two tablespoons butter in thoroughly clean frying pan, add three cups chopped, peeled mushrooms (separating caps from stems) and one tablespoon minced onion. Saute this for five minutes, stirring meanwhile. Add two cups cooked and chopped potato, salt, pepper, one-fourth cup milk or soup stock. Mix well, and cook until brown on bottom, like hash. Fold over and serve with chili sauce. *Also Mushroom and Potato Pie:* Sauté three cups of mushrooms, diced large in two tablespoons of butter; add one and one-half cups of brown sauce. Heat this; then line a baking dish with mashed potato and egg beaten together. Fill the center with the mushrooms, cover with more potato, sprinkle with one-half cup grated cheese and bake in a hot oven.

Vegetables En Casserole: First you caramelize a teaspoon of sugar, then add two tablespoons of butter and a cup of sliced onion, and sauté the mixture for five minutes. Add two tablespoons of flour, one shredded green-pepper, one cup of diced celery, one cup of chopped fresh or canned tomatoes, one cup of shredded carrots, one and one-half cups of diced potatoes, a cup of diced mushrooms, one cup shredded string beans, or lima beans, a teaspoon of salt, and bake one hour.

I have given enough of these main vegetable dishes to indicate what a treat there can be in vegetable dishes for lunch. There are scores more of such, and I find them rich with taste and entirely competent to fill a man—but never to clog him and slow him up, as luncheon meat dishes do. If you are a member of a club and are never offered such main vegetable dishes on your menu, go to the steward or the house committee and kick good and plenty! Don't be intimidated into eating meat dishes for lunch, either by the club management or your table companions.

60. Protein Luncheons.—In a separate class—according to the newest dietary information I have mentioned—should be lunches in which protein predominates; not *meat* dishes, which I am definitely discouraging, but other protein foods.

First and foremost of these, is *beans* or *lentils*. My favorite of all of these is the *lima bean*. It has taste and the highest alkaline reaction known. I do not know a more delicious lunch-eon dish than *Lima Bean Loaf*: Combine a cup of soft bread crumbs with a pint of mashed cooked lima beans; one-half cup chopped cooked asparagus, or carrots, one-half cup chopped celery or sweet peppers, teaspoon of salt, some pepper, one-half teaspoon each of chopped onions and parsley, tablespoon of cornstarch. Put in buttered bread pan and bake until firm in a medium oven. Serve with tomato or horseradish sauce, or use chili sauce or catsup.

Next in my list of favorites is the *lentil*. Ancient and succulent Biblical vegetable as this is, it is astonishing to me how few people really know it. The farthest they get in its acquaintance is lentil soup. But if you will try this genuine East Indian dish you will call for more; *Lentil Kedgeree*: You tie a teaspoon of whole cloves, three blades of mace, seeds from 12 cardamoms, two bay leaves, three cloves, garlic minced, one inch of stick cinnamon in a cheesecloth bag, add to three quarts of rapidly boiling water two teaspoons of salt, one cup of *red* lentils, also a large onion sliced and fried tender in two tablespoons of vegetable oil. After this has boiled until the lentils have changed color you add one cup of rice, and let cook 40 minutes. Drain off the liquor (it is fine to keep for soup); steam the mixture, and serve extra hot with sliced lemon.

Baked lentils, with bacon is also a most savory dish, by the way. I must also recommend a Mexican dish—*Frijoles*: You soak a pint of red kidney beans (another sadly neglected bean!) over night and boil in salted water. Melt three tablespoons of butter or oil in a frying pan, add two sliced onions and a tablespoon of minced pepper, cook until the onions turn yellow, add the beans and fry until they crisp. Serve with chili sauce or catsup.

Of course *Baked Beans* are a prime favorite with men, and they are an excellent lunch dish. But I despair of finding served good *Boston Baked beans*, and I must provide a recipe: You soak in cold water a quart of navy beans overnight; drain and cover with more cold water, adding a quarter teaspoon of baking soda. Bring to a boil and let boil for five minutes. Drain and rinse with cold water—which firms up the beans. Then mix in the following: a large sized shredded onion, one-fourth pound of salt pork, scored, one-third cup of good molasses, one-half teaspoon mustard, two teaspoons of salt. You lay the pork at the bottom of a casserole, pour over the beans, fill with cold water to cover, put on the lid and bake for *eight* hours in moderate oven. You may have to add more water after four hours. During the last hour and a half, lift up the pork from the bottom and let it cook on top. These are beans!

After the bean family come the nuts, and I will offer only one good recipe, a *Nut and Celery Loaf*: You combine a cup of celery chopped fine, with two cups of stale bread crumbs, a cup of chopped nut meats (any kind), one-half teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one-fourth teaspoon thyme, one teaspoon onion juice, one-half teaspoon melted butter, one cup scalded milk. Make into a loaf in a buttered bread pan. Bake until well browned; about 45 minutes in medium oven—basting occasionally with butter dissolved in hot water. Serve with vegetables—cabbage, brussels sprouts, or cauliflower preferably.

Lastly I come to *cheese*. This is a neglected lunch dish. My favorite dish is *Cheese Blintzes* (an Eastern dish). Cottage cheese is particularly a delightful luncheon dish, but it is so difficult not to eat a lot of bread with it, which is the usual procedure, and this gives the sense of stuffiness. Eat the cottage cheese well seasoned, for its own sake, not as a spread on bread. Pepper, salt, paprika make it most palatable. Many men like it in milk. Eat vegetables with it, or stewed fruits; but make it your main luncheon dish, and do not hesitate to eat plenty of it.

I might go on to speak of *Salad luncheons*, but as I am treating salads in another chapter, and the salad lunch is so

obviously one good solution of the lunch problem, especially in hot weather, I will not expand on the subject.

It should be clear to the reader by this time that there is really an infinite variety of perfectly delightful food for a meatless luncheon, if you really become interested enough to think about it.

IX

Outdoor and Camp Cookery

This is an outdoor age—and we are becoming more outdoorish with every year! Actually we must, if we are going to stay a live, virile race! More and more of us are forced to spend our days cooped up in offices and stores—but there is an instinct which is driving us back to the soil in our recreations, even if our vocations make it difficult. Thus we have the tremendous movement toward the suburbs and country living by city workers. Thus we have had the gorgeous forward march of the automobile which is automatically making outdoorists of millions of people. Thus we have the amazing country club development, the hiking club development, even the pent-house development of living on sky-scraper roofs, the extension of national and state parks, municipal beaches, camp sites and many varieties of signs of “an outdoor age.”

The English have always kept themselves sturdy with sports and country living, and all English literature is shot through with outdoors, yes, even *outdoor eating*, which is my subject. Dickens' fat boy lugging his basket of provisions for an outdoor feast; Mr. Pickwick gay to the point of being overcome, both at the cricket dinner at Muggleton, and at the

"shooting luncheon" on Captain Bolding's grounds; and Mr. Wardle and Dingley Dell at the picnic after the Chatham review—all illustrate the hearty outdoor meals of the Pickwickian era of England. Tupman taking his leave of the world on roast fowl, bacon, ale and many et ceteras at the shooting luncheon,—and the immortal Samuel Weller's own catalog of the goodies provided at this outdoor feast, stay long in the memory.

"Weal pie, tongue,"—recapitulates the irrepressible Sam, "a wery good thing when it aint a woman's: bread, knuckle o' ham, regular picter, cold beef in slices, wery good. . . . And a wery good notion of a lunch it is, take it altogether." "Shooting luncheons," tea in the garden and other outdoor meals are to this day familiar in England; and what memories of eating delightfully on vine-hung terraces high over azure lakes at wayside restaurants, the very word "Italy" brings forth! Yes, outdoor eating is one of man's ideas of perfect bliss. The American man is not outdone by any other in this love for meals *al fresco*. Thousands of American men for thirty to fifty years have camped and canoed and fished in our wilds, hugely enjoying their camp meals. Now the automobile had added millions more to the list, for it has taken city families to the countryside, to state and national parks, to picnic beaches. Boy and girl scouts have been trained in outdoor cookery; the camping sites and summer camps have initiated still more persons into the mysteries of corn-roasts, bacon-bats, kish-ke-bab and other gustatory delights followed under the greenwood tree or on the shores of lake, sea or stream.

61. The New Outdoor Living Room and Kitchen Idea.—After discovering the delights of outdoor eating while on a fishing, hunting or camping trip, or even on a motor outing, most men never forget them. At the first opportunity, they manage to repeat them. One of the newer developments is the adaptation of the outdoor camp or dining place to suburban or country places. Those who have a trifle more than the usual ground necessary for a house and yard are discovering that you can have a delightful outdoor eating place, if not actually an outdoor fireplace in a very small area.

My own history in this respect is perhaps typical of a num-

ber of others. When I first acquired my two acre place on Long Island, my family became fond of setting up a few stones on the rear of the grounds and having frequent informal outdoor dinners; although "dinner" is really too formal a term. We built an ordinary camp fire, broiled some chops, bacon or steak, roasted some corn or potatoes and feasted gorgeously; for dessert toasting some marshmallows over the dying embers as twilight stole upon us. We have always cherished this kind of outdoor meal, and if we brought home a pail of soft clams or fish, we had a particularly royal feast, perhaps topping off with watermelon. Somehow it seems far more appropriate (and it is more approved by the housekeeper) to eat such things as clams and watermelon outdoors rather than indoors from a white linen tablecloth!

However, as it is not always particularly comfortable to squat on the ground to eat, we built a concrete outdoor dining table, with concrete benches at the side seating eight to twelve people. Nestling under the spreading branches of an apple tree, it was a great success. Of late years, however, I felt that the facilities for preparing food outdoors could be greatly improved, as the stooping over a ground level fireplace was conducive to backache. At the same time a simple pile of stones for a fireplace presents some technical difficulties and limits the variety of the possible dishes.

Now I have had built a specially designed outdoor fireplace, standing almost waist high, with a chimney breast, all made of field stone and concrete, and the cooking space lined with firebrick and fitted with irons. This fireplace has room for three small pots or two large ones, in a row, and a stove top at the back for simmering. Also only eight inches above the fire box level there is a slide or groove into which fits a large iron broiling rack or grid. Thus, after the cooking in pots is finished and the fire has reduced itself to red hot embers, we can do *broiling* at a lower and more convenient level.

There is of course absolutely no better way in the world to prepare food, for taste, than broiling. So well do men know this that they have invented electric ranges with special vertical broiling facilities. But outdoors, with a wood ember fire, is

the one superb way to broil because of the "wood smoke" flavor given the food. Why not, therefore, enjoy the best of all modes of cookery, in the best of all places to eat? That is the thought behind outdoor kitchens and living rooms. Our outdoor fireplace has been a great success and I earnestly recommend such "Mexican Ovens" and other models of outdoor cook stoves to all lovers both of outdoors and flavorful food. I designed further, a broad plaza near the fireplace in a cool shady place, and there on summer days we live and eat in comfort, and do not step into the house except to get supplies or sleep!

Other families I know who have space, have built beautiful outdoor living terraces, bowers or nooks fitted with tables and benches, hammocks, and some with an outdoor fireplace. One man I know has built a concrete space into which he sets electric cookery devices, but this is a little too "civilized." I like wood smoke! Still another friend of mine has discovered that there is an electric cookery outfit on wheels which is easily rolled to the outdoor living—dining room, where meals are prepared and kept hot; others I know do their cookery on the new and compact gasoline camp stoves which fold up like suitcases.

62. Outdoor Fireplace Cookery.—I shall have something to say later about cookery in primitive fashion in the real wilds. Here I wish to point out some of the food delights open to every suburbanite or country dweller who has a likely spot for an outdoor fireplace, even if it be but a heap of stones and some old tire irons for a grid, or an ordinary wire hand broiler. If he will, he can make the best cook in New York turn green with envy, even with so meager an equipment as this! For most people are astonished at the range of cookery possible on an outdoor fireplace. You can cook anything you like! If you are a bit elaborate in making your fireplace, copying a design such as used often by the boy and girl Scout camps, which has insulated cooker spaces at the rear of the fireplace,—you can do even *more* types of cooking than can be done on a city gas range!

All that is best in flavor and aroma in meats comes out when they are broiled over the red hot coals of a wood or char-

coal fire. I need not dwell on this—much of what I say in the chapter on steaks and chops has special emphasis for outdoor cookery. As for fish—you will never know fish flavor until you broil it outdoors. The most ordinary fish food is transformed and seasoned, its natural juices retained by skill with the grill. It is so simple, so handy—and more, there is some primeval satisfaction to a man in grilling foods over a fire! So many millions of his ancestors did it with a green forked stick,—that is undoubtedly why! But there is another reason: appetite, like so many other things in life, benefits from a period of *anticipation*. I have many times seen men who ordinarily have only an indifferent appetite when they enter the dining room, change into lip-smacking, joyous food-anticipation if they are permitted to have a share in these outdoor cookery rites. There is still another explanation,—the vast importance of *the nose* in appetite. An outdoor meal is *always* a rare feast for the nose—even before the cooking begins. For ages past wood-smoke is linked with food, and appetite, man-comfort, and man-satisfactions.

63. Roast Corn, Potatoes, Onions.—Let us take up some of the plain, humble foods to be made into delicacies simply by sticking them right among or over the hot embers of an outdoor fire. I think nobody will contradict me when I say that *roast corn* is king of them all. Yet an astounding number of people have never eaten it, and many have no idea how it is so prepared. You select green sweet corn, as fresh as possible (Country Gentleman, or Golden Bantam are my personal favorites); when you have built a hot fire of as hard wood as you can obtain, and the flames have died down, leaving red hot embers, you put the corn (with some of its green husks still on and its silk tassels) plumb into the middle of the embers and ashes and bury it top and bottom with more embers.

The most frequent error made in roasting green corn is failing to build a fire *large* enough so that when the flames die down there are enough red hot embers and hot ashes to cover all the ears of corn you want to roast. Of course you can also go to the other extreme and make so large and hot a fire that the corn will burn to a crisp. You must use judgment, and one

fair but rough rule is to put on the fire a pile of wood about four times as large as the pile of corn you are going to roast, the wood being about as thick or thicker than the corn. Still another error is failure to surround all the ears of corn evenly with hot embers, resulting in the corn being burnt on one side and uncooked on the other. It is a good plan to rearrange the fire, or to change the position of the corn cobs about half way in the roasting. As to time of roasting, that is really up to the heat of the fire. It may be 10, 15 or 20 minutes.

Now, there is a southern school of corn roasting which specifies that the corn be put *in hot ashes only*, instead of among red hot embers. You let your fire die down almost completely until it is a heap of gray ashes with a few red hot embers in them. Then bury your corn cobs in it. I like this way, too. There is another school which says, take off all the green corn's clothes except its underwear; that is, peel off all the green husks, down to the last white inner husks next to the ear. Then roast it in the ashes about 15 minutes. Another plan is to entirely remove the husks, skewer the ear on a sharp fork or iron stake, and keep turning it over the embers until it becomes completely "toasted" to a perfect golden brown.

You must also keep in mind that roast corn should be eaten hot enough to melt the butter put on it; and, as an outdoors meal means rapid cooling of foods, you should so time your corn-roasting that the ears may be eaten practically as soon as they are pulled out of the fire. Never was there such a sweet luscious "nutty" taste as comes from green corn roasted properly! I never wish any other main dish served with it; I want only plenty of corn and some broiled tomatoes, a cup of coffee, or a slice of watermelon, and I know I have dined on the American equivalent of food fit for a king.

Potatoes roasted in a fire are almost as much a rare, flavorful delicacy as corn. It is again astonishing how the modest potato reveals unexpected bouquet and nut-like taste which is *hinted* at in the *baked* potato, it is true, but not attained unless thrown plumb into and roasted in the arms of the fire Moloch.

The practical directions are, take medium-sized potatoes as they come—you need not even wash them, for they will go

through the fire test—and bury them in the red hot embers and ashes. The potatoes should be carefully chosen for size in relation to the size of the fire. Don't try to bake a great Idaho potato in a fire from a few sticks. It takes quite a good-sized fire to do any roasting, whether of corn, potatoes or whatnot. When the potatoes are finished they are black balls of charcoal and look utterly without food value; but stick a fork into them, and if they're soft they are ready to pull out of the fire—in 20 minutes or half an hour. As soon as you take them out of the fire, open them at the top to let out the steam which makes them deliciously flaky, then put on a pat of butter to melt.

Nobody ever told me that *onions* were delicious when roasted in the same way as potatoes. But one day I found an onion among my potatoes and decided to chance it. What a lucky chance! Ever since I have never failed to include an onion among the potatoes to be roasted. They come out a treat for any appetite! But select medium-sized onions—two or two-and-a-half inches in diameter at most, since these are not so coarse in fibre.

I have experimented with varying degrees of success on other things to roast, and I pass on a few suggestions: sweet potatoes, Jerusalem artichokes, carrots, parsnips, turnips, beets, apples of course, pears, cucumbers. There is a lot of boyish fun of discovery in testing new ideas on an outdoor fireplace. Do you know that *eggs* are delicious, baked in hot ashes? I did not until several years ago when Elon Jessup, famous camp cook, so informed me.

64. Grilled Fireplace Foods.—No less is my delight in the use of the grill at an outdoor fire. Just as the grill or "broil" is the very best way to cook meat and fish, so it is also exceedingly good for some vegetables, notably the tomato. Usually when I broil meat or fish, I broil tomatoes at the same time. I do not know a more delightful way to serve tomatoes than broiled. Onions, also cucumbers, may be broiled. I have even experimented with broiled bananas, slices of apple, orange and pineapple—the latter a delicious side dish with steaks, chops or broiled chicken.

I think there would be less sneering at "hot dogs" if they were broiled in the way I broil them, or if they were skewered as I shall describe. For broiling, I slice them open the long way, fasten the flattened halves in the grid, and broil. You will like them even if you have long ago resolved never to eat any! Broil kidneys, slices of liver, or sweetbreads; broil chicken and game. I have made all kinds of silly broiling experiments: I have broiled oysters and clams and mussels; broiled even celery, mushrooms and egg plant! Broiled hamburger steak; broiled fish cakes, broiled meat loaf slices, broiled scrapple, broiled corned beef or ham—these are all delicious beyond any other possibility of cookery.

65. Skewered Foods.—In the far east among the wandering tribes the "skewer" is a daily household tool used to broil meats over an open fire. Lamb is the chief meat used, and this is why at Armenian or Turkish restaurants their menu offers you "lamb, hunter style"—which means meats broiled on a skewer. Our boy and girl scouts, hiking clubs and summer camps have also adopted this method since every person "skewers his own" over the fire. "Kish-ke-bab" is the Oriental name for the dish. For a skewer use a sharpened stick of strong green wood about one-quarter of inch thick, or its duplicate in a heavy iron wire sharpened at the point. To make the dish you impale pieces of meat (any kind) about an inch square, alternated with a slice of onion or of bacon or both on one end of the skewer. My favorite combination is beef-tomato-bacon, using a small tomato in place of the onion. Other combinations are: Liver and bacon and tomatoes; oysters or clams and bacon; kidneys and tomatoes and bacon; ham, onion and tomatoes; bacon and tomatoes; steak and onions—all these and more are possible skewer combinations. The trick in cooking is *not* to broil your load in the flames, but *over red hot embers*.

66. Shore "Bakes."—To those of us fortunate enough to enjoy the privileges of the seashore, with real picnic opportunities (and I admit we are after all too few in number), one of the greatest of all appetite delights is afforded: to pull food out of the salty sea and cook and eat it immediately right on the shore. For a quarter of a century my family has been doing

this, and we have an uncomfortable sense of missing something if we skip such dinners for a season. A "shore supper" is our idea of absolute food perfection.

There are so many possibilities! If you fish, the regular technique of broiling fish is open to you, with the added tang of the salt both in your nostrils and in the driftwood you burn in your fire. Or you may happen to like eel-spearing at night—(a ghoulish sport with a ghostlike boat floating in the dark, pointing its brilliant gasoline or calcium lamp downward on the water bottom while a man stands poised at the prow ready to spear with a long devilish instrument of forked prongs!). If so, you will fry or broil eel—and eat one of the most delicate meats known to man.

Clams (hard and soft shelled), oysters and mussels are the favorites of my family. The soft shell clam makes a great shore feast, most easy to prepare. You simply take with you to the shore a cooking pot large enough to hold a dozen or twenty clams per person to be served; and after digging for your clams, (a gamey art in itself—to say nothing of an exercise). You wash them thoroughly. Next, put them in the pot and fill with *fresh* water up to a third or less the depth of the clams. Then build a driftwood fire and place the pot on it. The water in the pot need only come to a boil, for the clams "steam" and open in a few moments, and your meal is ready! Best of all the water remaining in the pot provides you with delightful nourishing hot clam broth to drink. You may take some home and ice it or use as a jellied clam broth for another meal. You serve the clams with dishes of melted butter at each person's plate. That is all there is to it. If you are in oyster country, you may do the same with oysters.

The *Clam Bake* is slightly more trouble. It dates back to the Indians of the New England and Atlantic States who evolved its technique heaven knows how many centuries ago. You dig a fair-sized hole in the ground and line it with flat stones. Then you build a very hot fire in the hole and let it die down to clean hot ashes and embers. On top of these you pile a layer of about three or four inches of seaweed, or if this is not available, then fresh green leaves of any kind. Next you quickly

put your washed clams on top of this, and cover them with another layer of seaweed on top. The retained heat will create steam from the wet seaweed and thus "steam" the clams. If you like corn on the cob, place corn on top of the clams, then seaweed between, and you will have steamed corn as well. (You can do this even if you steam the clams in a pot, putting seaweed over the clams, and then the corn on top.)

Here I will strongly speak up for the surprisingly neglected *mussel*, which is thickly plentiful on most of our seashores, but which has never had much attention from us Americans, although abroad mussels are considered a great delicacy. Our family cooks and eats them precisely like clams; but there is an additional dish we find very appetizing and delicious—*Mussel Stew*. You take with you some cans of evaporated milk and some onions. You steam the mussels open as you do clams and pick them out of the shells. You take their own liquor, plus a little water, together with sliced onions and, a few tablespoons of fine cracker crumbs, pepper and salt and bring to a boil. Then add the picked mussels, but do not boil more than 30 seconds or they will become tough. You separately heat the milk, (never cook the mussels in the milk), adding a little water without boiling, pour the mussels into the milk, and serve, with a sprinkling of red pepper or paprika. What a flavor! The mussel is actually as powerfully flavored as the clam. *Clam or oyster stew* is made best in precisely the same manner.

Let me also add that a *Fish Bake* is another delightful idea. Elon Jessup has worked out the best details for this. You gather a lot of flat stones and build your hot fire on them (a hole isn't necessary). After it has died down and the rocks are thoroughly hot, you cover them with about a foot of seaweed. On top of this you lay a general collection of food—clams, mussels or oysters, even perhaps some ears of corn; you take whatever fish you've caught, wrap it in oiled paper, lay it on top and then pile another foot of seaweed over the food; if you have an old cloth or piece of canvas you cover the whole pile and let it steam and bake. What food, and what a fish results, as you open the oiled paper!

This stone cookery method is surprising. You can actually broil a steak or fry an egg on a hot stone over which a fire has been raging. Indians and other primitive peoples used this method of cooking.

66. Outdoor Fish Cookery.—There is so much man-made lore and legend on the subject of cooking fish outdoors that I must indulge in some of it. Take Donald Hough's method first. He dumps the fish in boiling water for just two or three minutes, pouring away the water and replacing it with cold water. With his hands under the water he skins the fish and *bones* them. These pieces he dries, rolls in corn meal and then fries them; he swears it is choicely good and friends of mine agree although I have not happened to taste it.

Baking fish is another excellent appetizing method, if you have baking facilities (now provided so often for campers in camp shacks, or public camps, or by patent camp stoves). The head and tail of the fish are left on, the stomach filled with stuffing (cracker crumbs and grated onions for instance), and then sewn up. A few small pieces of bacon or salt pork larded on the sides increases flavor. Dr. Moody's plan is to cut a thin strip of bacon and put it in the trout's belly cavity, sprinkling with pepper and salt. He bakes his trout outdoors without an oven, simply by using two heavy frying pans, one atop the other, covering the whole with live red embers, and letting it bake for 25 minutes. Here's male cooking ingenuity for you! but I recall that my wife, when we camped in the Adirondacks on our honeymoon, went Dr. Moody one better—she actually made a *three-layer chocolate cake* with this same two-frying pan scheme!

There are two other very primitive but effective methods of cooking fish outdoors as well as old Indian customs on the subject. The first is the *clay method*. Without bothering to clean or scale your fish, you gather some handfuls of soft clay and completely encase the freshly caught fish in it. Even a soil which is a mixture of clay and loam will do. Then you give this precious parcel a slow heat treatment near the fire to bake the clay hard. When this is accomplished you put the parcel into the red hot embers and ashes, for 30 minutes to two hours,

according to the size of the fish and the size of your fire. Marvelous to relate when you crack open your bricked meal the scales of the fish come off with the clay, and the bones come out very neatly, too! The heat shrivels "the innards" that you ordinarily clean out, so they drop out easily. Clean your fish first—if you prefer, but do leave on head and tail! If you are an epicure, stuff the belly cavity with bread or cracker crumbs, onion, small pieces of bacon or pork, pepper and salt. If you like a little extra fuss, wrap the fish in poplar leaves before you bury it in the clay. This, sirs, is an epicure's dream of taste!

Now for the green cleft stick method, which is positively hoary with age. Probably the Cromagnon man in France used it thousands of years ago—which should be a sufficient recommendation for any modern he-man. You simply make a grill out of a forked green stick, fasten on, and broil your fish. Need one elaborate?

The ancient gypsy method which stems back many centuries, is the wet leaf method, something like the seaweed method. You gather some large green leaves, preferably grape leaves, wet them, wrap them around the fish, and bury the package in the embers. You may have it on the word of Dr. Breck that this method (a combination of both steaming and baking) is the last word in the woodsman's art of cookery. If it is a particularly large fish, wrap it *first* in oiled paper. Incidentally, you may even wrap the fish in *newspaper* (around the oiled paper), wet it well, stick in the fire and get quite as good a result! Or use brown butcher's paper, smeared with butter. Or if you are as fussy about it as is Miles Bradford, you will tie a lot of sprigs of sweetfern onto the first layer of oiled paper, and then three or four sheets of brown paper once more on the outside.

By the way, Bannister Merwin urges that instead of the seaweed plan of cooking fish over hot stones, simply use *balsam twigs*, placing the fish between two layers of it with not even oiled paper around the fish, heaping hot embers and ashes over the whole pile! The taste of balsam baked into the fish—what better recommendation!

Now finally, we work up to the most imposing of the outdoor fish methods: *Planked Fish*. It too, has a sturdy mannish origin; don't believe anyone who tells you the French invented planked food,—it was our good friend the Redskin. It sounds a lot more difficult than it really is. Certainly the "planked" food served you in a fancy restaurant is enough to scare away, or incite the scorn of any he-man cook, with its ruffled skirts of mashed potatoes and various other petticoat inventions,—but genuine he-man "planked food" is marvelous.

Just split your fish down the belly and lay it open. Get your axe and cut a large piece of heavy bark. With your jack-knife cut some little wooden pins. Lay the flattened-out fish on the piece of bark, pin it fast with the wooden-pins, the skin side of the fish lying against the bark. Pin some slices of bacon or pork to the upper part of the fish, so the juices will flow downward. Stand the bark with the fish up on end before a smacking good wood fire. Test the fish with a sliver of wood after 15 or 30 minutes and if it goes into the fish easily, your fish is ready for your palate, and said palate is due for one of its masterpieces.

67. Outdoor Game Cookery.—I might of course continue at great length about outdoor campfire cookery, skipping from fish to rabbit, from rabbit to wild duck, and from there on to deer, moose or even bear; but obviously I must limit myself. So few men will be able even to broil venison or a bear steak in the Canadian Rockies that I must not indulge myself.

Tying up with the previous paragraphs about clay baking of fish,—the forest rangers of the west, some guides, and a few knowing men use this method for *wild fowl*. They clean the bird but do not pick it. They make first a clay or clay-and-loam mixture (some even do it with mud). Putting a slab of bacon inside the fowl with a sprinkling of salt and pepper, and covering the opening with feathers, they encase the fowl in the clay. In a hole in the ground they build a fire, and when the embers are red hot they bury the package in them. Atop of this they put more earth, making a complete burial! In one hour, your shovel presents you with your dinner! The meat is more tender than any cook stove could make it. Another

variation on this is to pluck the bird, encase it in a thick flour and water paste, and also bury it.

Fowl thus roasted in its feathers stems back to old Roman days—and who knows how long before, for a banquet with Vitellius the glutton included peacocks roasted whole in their feathers! But men have always liked strong, wild flavors, and I am reminded of Edward Spencer's descriptions of the "pepper-pot" meals of some of the English adventuring expeditions in India. (Shades of the old Gypsy John song, "O dip your fingers in the stew, etc.!") Brewed in a gypsy kettle which, says Spencer, "often contained so many ingredients that they beat the wit of man to describe, there was hare, buffalo, beef, snipe, quail, jungle fowl, half the neck of an antelope, some sliced onions, mango, chutney, and Topp sauce!"

Another outdoor meal Spencer describes, provided by a great Hindu potentate, included a turkey *stuffed with another fowl*, fish, a young goat roasted whole, ham, omelet, curry and pickled walnuts!

68. Some Hints for Camp Cookery in the Wilds.—Men who are frank will readily admit that some of the camp cookery they have praised tasted good largely because of the scenery, the surroundings of camp fire and trees, the joy of roughing it—and perhaps sheer ravenous hunger—rather than actual taste delight in the food itself. Pressed a little, they will admit that the ham their guide fried was leathery, and that it might have proved most indigestible except for the saving factor of vigorous exercise afterward. Also they will admit to some trepidation when they watched the guide or cook working around the camp fire, a little careless of his constantly emitted tobacco juice.

The average man who goes into the woods rather bluffly leaves it to the guide to outfit the expedition with whatever food the guide prefers, not wishing to appear a tenderfoot, and not desiring to be classed with the men who go to the other extreme of lugging into the wilderness all sorts of delicacies and "civilized grub." There is however a middle ground, a sensible position to take which greatly increases the enjoyment of any camping trip. Grub is important: camp food can be de-

licious, varied, yet simple and light in weight; and it can also be cleanly prepared and appetizingly presented.

There are, of course, two distinct classes of camping trips. There is the camp far into the wilderness requiring long carries often entirely on foot. Then there is the short-carry trip for a lesser period of time, with more feasible carrying capacity for a wider variety of food.

Speaking first of the long-carry camp and its cooking problems, let me consider some of the variety which can be accomplished with foods belonging properly to this class. Take first the question of soups. I consider good thick soup one of the solid dietary staples of camp life. Personally I am particularly fond of something I find is fairly well known to campers and which is the product of German army genius; namely, *erbswurst* (dry cereal sausage tastily flavored). This packs very small and at short notice turns into a very delicious and tasteful pea, lentil, or other vegetable soup flavored with bacon. It is full of nourishment, and its packing space and weight, like a compact sausage, is extremely advantageous in comparison with the quantity of soup provided.

On long treks with packing horses or other conveyance, I would strongly recommend that a plentiful quantity of canned soup be taken along: three varieties—vegetable, tomato and pea. Also, if spaghetti is to be used, take along some cans of mock turtle or mulligatawny. Canned soups are valuable in camp cookery not alone for soup, but as sauces. Most of the common variety of camp food is tremendously concentrated and therefore unusually in need of good sauces and seasoning. These are provided quickly and excellently by the more or less concentrated canned soups which can be thinned quickly with water.

But soups do not need to be confined solely to the canned variety or the dried variety. A delightful and appropriate "Yankee bean soup" can be made from a combination of canned baked beans plus concentrated soups, such as canned vegetable soup, or canned pepper-pot. In camp thickness in a soup is a virtue appreciated by all, and properly considered plenty of good, thick soup is a meal in itself. Lentil soup made readily from

dried lentils soaked overnight, is another most appetizing dish, especially when a bit of ham, sausage or a whole hot dog is served in it, after the German fashion.

While we are speaking of beans, I want to try to enlarge the horizon of the male camper on the subject of all legumes. The baked bean is the average camper's staff of life, I know. But he is not so well aware of the fact that there are many other members of the bean family equally available. The lima bean, the red kidney bean so universal in Mexico and South America, the small black and white bean, the French tender flageolet—the lentil, all are extremely delicious; which is a novelty to most people. Hearty and delicate too is the Carabanza bean, known as the Turkish pea. Armenian and Turkish menus serve it daily, as we do potatoes.

The common trouble with camp cooks in regard to the entire bean family is that they fail to introduce variety. For instance, beans or lentils in combination with a smoked meat is not usual but makes for change. Baked beans as well as cooked dried peas in a savory loaf form are a welcome novelty especially with a brown or meat flavored sauce. For the bean family is too frequently served without sufficient attention to appetizing sauces, pickles and sour relishes. Here, too, is where canned tomato soup (or canned Mexican chili con carne) serves a very useful purpose as an "extender" and flavoring for plain baked beans.

Most campers insist on taking potatoes on their trips; but in my opinion on the long-carry camping trips, potatoes should give way to spaghetti, macaroni and rice because of weight, space and spoilage considerations. Spaghetti, macaroni and noodles are the same food constituency as potatoes and can be served in as many or more appetizing ways,—but they pack lighter and more compactly without waste, do not require peeling, and cook in less time. All these nourishing forms of food pastes are really ideal camping foods. In ten or twelve minutes after water is boiling on the camp stove, a knowing camp cook can place on the table the most delightful dish of food, most delightfully sauced, that could be imagined. Most spaghetti

should be cooked in boiling water only nine minutes—no more and no less.

Now comes the clever part with regard to the sauce, for it is the life of any spaghetti or macaroni dish. Italian cooks prize complicated secret recipes for their sauces, but in the most simple manner you can come within hailing distance of their results and make a reputation for yourself as a wonderful cook and a worker of magic. To make a spaghetti sauce for six people, take two cans each of mock turtle and tomato soups and bring them gently to boil in a saucepan. If you are blessed on your trip with plenty of onions, add a few sliced thinly and,—*presto!*—you will have a sauce *par excellence*. If you are in a game country and depend upon game for food and have not much canned goods, you can make spaghetti with a game sauce. Wild duck makes a very delicious combination, so do other game birds, and particularly even the common rabbit.

In passing, I would also recommend that both beans and spaghetti be utilized for the practical purposes so often encountered on a camping trip, of cold food to be carried, and eaten in canoe or on horseback without stopping to make camp. Unlike potatoes, spaghetti or macaroni makes a good cold dish; so do, of course, baked beans. One of my pet camping schemes is to carry baked bean sandwiches for short hikes.

69. More Vitamins in Camp Cookery.—The average camp menu is startlingly devoid of vitamins. Doing without fresh vegetables or greens removes an important part of the diet and should be compensated for by securing vitamins in other ways. Plenty of dried onions are another compact form of vitamins. This brings me to the vitamins which can be secured via dried or canned fruits. No camp guide ever packed enough quantity or variety of dried fruits to suit my taste. I strongly recommend dried pears, prunes, apricots, peaches, raisins, apples and the small black mission figs of the cooking variety.

Such fruits are an important relief to an over-stuffing with proteins, and make for more “*pep*” in the activities of camp life or hunting. They are also excellent en route if there is little time for lunch and they are chewed long and carefully. Such dried fruits also satisfy the “sweet tooth”

craving for a dessert, in a way which is particularly safe and welcome after a meal of heavy bean proteins.

To some people it is a sacrilege to suggest taking canned fish into a fishing country; but then not all camping trips are fishing trips, and I therefore recommend these meat substitutes—kippered herring, or tuna fish,—dried salmon or dried finnan haddie and perhaps also canned salmon. These can be used cold or hot and may be served with beans, lentils, spaghetti, rice or potatoes.

70. Roadside Auto Picnicking.—This is an automobile age, and an astoundingly increasing number of people now like to eat outdoors on a holiday, after a drive to an appropriate spot. What shall the food be? In any talk on camp cookery I have ever read or heard there has always been a confusion and a glibness that left you with a very vague idea of the subject. This is due to the fact that “camping” may be anything from a society automobile lawn fête with *paté de foi gras* sandwiches and lobster served by chauffeurs and maids, down to a trek over unblazed woods in Canada, many miles from a habitation. One must *classify* camping before one can talk anything but generalities in camp cookery. For our purposes here, I subdivide motor camp cookery into the following classes:

Class I—Luxurious “sporty” Motor Camping, with all the latest devices and appurtenances, and without touring out of reach of local stores, usually for but a few days.

Class II—Comfortable Motor Camping, with no attempt to sport expensive equipment and luxuries—but also keeping within reach of local stores;

Class III—Comfortable Motor Camping, but into territory out of reach of local stores, and covering a period of from four days onward.

The cooking problem in Class I is not a cooking problem, but a packing and serving problem. With modern automobile ice boxes or refrigerator baskets, the food problem on such *de luxe* trips for a few days is one almost entirely of personal taste

and desire. With ice you can pack anything, and you simply take along what you will doing no cooking whatsoever, since you can get fresh fruit or anything you wish en route.

Coming to Class II, we arrive at our real problems. Even though you do not travel far from local stores, it is your *desire and intention* to cook en route, and you do not have perhaps the means or the desire to be served *a la the Ritz* in your camp, as the people in Class I usually prefer to. I am also going to assume that you are a group, not just merely a couple making the trip, because real "folks" are as a rule in no lack of company, and probably have a "carful." To go at this subject systematically, I will take up first the central pivot of all camp cookery, the coffee pot, and what I say anent this goes for all camp cookery, in any class. The first law of camp success is good coffee, and it is absurd to "flivver" it. You may burn and spoil everything else you try in camp, but if your coffee was perfect and delicious, you will always appear in the dreams of your guests as a ministering angel.

This is the secret: before you leave for the camping trip, make little bags of muslin two or three inches high and two inches wide, into which you put your usual coffee requirements (a teaspoonful of the best freshly ground coffee per cup desired) for one meal. Make as many bags as you expect to have meals; fill them and tie them shut, leaving six or eight inches of heavy string flow from them. *Shut these bags up immediately in an air-tight tin.*

Now, if you make camp suddenly and want your meal at once, after the water comes to a rapid, bubbling boil, tie one of the bags across the top of your coffee pot so that the bag hangs deep in the water. Let the bag steep a few moments. Then, with a good brand of *evaporated*, not condensed, milk, you will have a cup of real coffee in a jiffy, with no unpleasant "grounds" to wash out. Buy *small* cans of evaporated milk, just enough for one meal, and do not try to keep an opened can over until the next meal. Possibly you may be lucky enough to pick up real cream en route!

If you happen to be on a camp site, or where there will be two hours' time to make coffee, soak the little muslin bag in

cold water for two hours, and simply boil up the juice. If you are a systematic person, you will make coffee in the morning, fill vacuum bottles with it (hot or cold, as per the weather) and use it for lunch. You may even make the entire next day's requirements at night by the soaking process, bottle it up (after scalding the bottle) and have plenty for the entire following day.

I give so much attention to coffee because it is so very popular—too popular, I frankly believe. You would think, from the way some campers act, that it had *food* value! It hasn't. Those campers who try to live—as they may at home—on coffee and toast usually will be found getting hungry at mid-forenoon. Try to induce such ones to eat flapjacks, eggs or something else substantial for breakfast. Personally, I am all for cocoa on camping trips. It has flavor and nourishment, and it is easy to make, and there are now available some very "chocolaty" types of instant cocoa with a high per cent of butter fat.

But let us get on to the substantial part of camp cookery. What foods shall be taken along? This is what the woman or the cook of the party naturally worries over most.

As we are considering remember only Class II, at the moment, do not carry one article that you are sure to be able to get at the villages you'll pass by. Your policy should be to carry along only those things you're not certain to be able to get, those special preferences you don't want to find yourself without. For instance take along the canned goods you will require for the simple reason that the canned goods you'll find on small town dealers' shelves will not be always suitable.

I never use anything but oils and bacon fat in camp cookery. Olive oil may be too expensive or not liked—then take one of the other neutral vegetable oils such as Wesson's oil, or pure peanut oil. I find cans of such oils much more convenient than any other kind of cooking fats—and the results are better, too! You'll find your cooking lighter, more flavorsome and improved by the use of oils. If the can of oil has no good stopper in it, take some adhesive tape from your first aid package and cover the holes with it while you're traveling.

As to meats: you can have any meats you want, since you are not going to be far away from villages. By all means take along a small portable Dutch oven, or folding camper's oven, and have roast meat—as well as biscuits, corn bread, baked potatoes, casserole dishes. You will be surprised if you have a modern camp stove what speedy marvels you can accomplish with one of these little ovens. The general tendency is always toward frying pan cookery on a camping trip. I am against it. More indigestible food comes from a frying pan than from all other utensils combined! Why torture your stomach?—Why not give it a cheerful time, too? Give your party a juicy roast of beef or lamb—they'll never enjoy it quite so much as in camp. Give them chicken with gravy and dumplings. As for steak, I would consider it a culinary crime to put it in a frying pan over a wickedly hot gasoline flame, when you are right out in the open, with a camp fire over whose hot coals you can *broil* it. Get one of those broiling frames with a handle; pick a good steak, pound it lightly with a long knife, and broil it over a fire glowing with red coals. Incidentally, bacon broiled is an improvement over the frying pan and of course so is fish.

If you have children with you, they do so love "hot dogs"—and why not let them have fun with them? Get a supply from the butchers (at the last moment possible before eating, as their keeping capacity is not great in summertime) and then while the boys are getting the fire going, *peel* them, for the skins are very indigestible when broiled. Then when the fire is hot and settled down, let the youngsters take long wire forks (several of which should be in your kit) and broil each one individually. They will taste better than any hot dog ever bought from a road-side stand and will be lots safer and more digestible.

71. The "Barbecue" Technique.—Throughout the South and the West outdoor eating in large groups is very popular. They call them "barbecues." Some perfectly enormous barbecues are held at times, but small barbecue parties are also common. "Barbecue parties" are the newest social diversion; the people coming in wild-west, cowboy or costume garb. This is patterned after the old pioneer barbecue days when cowboys and

Indians mingled. The distinguishing technique of a barbecue is the roasting of meat whole. Entire oxen have been known to be roasted at barbecues.

A special barbecue fireplace is used—a pit or trench, if possible lined with stones or brick. The trench for a small group is two feet deep, two and a half feet wide and $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. The more people the larger the trench. For the grid, the best thing is metal lath; and building supply dealer has it. It is put over the pit only three or four inches above the level of the ground. The fire is built $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours before the roasting begins, so that a heavy bed of red hot embers is developed.

For an ordinary party the usual plan is to roast chicken whole (broilers or fries). If large they are cut in half. Small roasts of beef, mutton or lamb and thick steaks are barbecued.

The big barbecue cookery secret is the *Cowboy Sauce*, in which the meats are dipped before roasting, and basted during the barbecuing. This sauce is a marvelously savory one, made by boiling together gently for 30 minutes the following materials:

2 lbs. butter	2 tablespoons Lea & Perrins
$2\frac{1}{2}$ quarts water	Worcestershire sauce
1 cup vinegar	2 tablespoons tabasco sauce
$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Colman's mustard	3 tablespoons black pepper
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	4 tablespoons paprika
3 tablespoons salt	1 onion, chopped fine
3 tablespoons Texas Chili powder	1 clove of garlic
	1 teaspoon red pepper.

The "barbecuing" calls for two crews of workers of two people each. The "swabbing" crew each has a long stick at the end of which is tied a roll of clean white cloth. This is dipped into the sauce and *rubbed on the meat constantly by the crew*. The other crew of "turners" have sticks also, at the end of which are securely tied steel kitchen forks. Their job is to keep *turning the meat*.

The barbecue meat is served very rapidly and eaten very promptly or it will cool too readily.

72. Provisioning for the Wilds.—There is no more interesting or exciting task than to lay out the grub for a real woods trip. Many have been the discussions around campfires as well as around the lunch table among men who love the wilds. Each contends for his favorite grub, his theories of grub, his experiences with grub and his tricks of camp cookery. No housewives ever gathered over the backfence and discussed food with more earnestness or zest.

Some of us have gone through various evolutions leading to our present ideas. Many, like myself, at first left the grub to the guide, with a gesture of impatience or a desire to "rough it" without the slightest tinge of "feminine" concern over eats. He has picked up some romantic lingo and believes he can "live on a bacon rind and some beans" with the toughest of the bushmen; but he has not been out long on his first trip before—as R. G. Lewis describes him—he sneaks out of his tent at night and steals the sugar or drinks evaporated milk out of the can. The poor devil is hungry but he does not want anyone to know it. Of course the opposite of this man is the fusser who believes he can live as if he were at his club while in the wilds.

I cannot, of course, enter into all the many fine points of this camp provisioning art, but it may be very educative to study a list which has stood the test of rough experience. Here is a list per pound *per man per day*, which is a simple formula if you do not get confused by the decimals. You simply multiply this by the number of men and then by the number of days, and you have your grub list:

	<i>Lbs.</i>		<i>Lbs.</i>
Meat or fish	1.25	Sugar	.20
Eggs	.156	Syrup and molasses . .	.25
Lard	.08	Jam and jelly	.031
Butter or substitute . .	.15	Flour	.90
Cheese	.25	Oatmeal	.10
Fresh milk	1.25	Cornmeal	.02
Potatoes	1.00	Cornstarch	.02
Peas	.10	Rice and barley	.02

	<i>Lbs.</i>		<i>Lbs.</i>
Corn	.10	Dried and canned fruits	.25
Tomatoes	.10	Fresh fruits	.25
Onions, carrots, pars- nips, etc.	.125	Tea	.01
String beans or aspara- gus	.062	Coffee	.071

A more liberal list, calculated for thirty meals—for two men for two weeks, is one made by R. G. Lewis:

Thirty Rations: Two men, two weeks for canoe travel in northern Canada:—

<i>Article</i>	<i>Unit</i>	<i>Quantity</i>
Bacon alone	lbs.	8 —10
(One medium-sized side)		
Ham alone	lbs.	10 —12
(One medium-sized ham)		
Combined—		
Bacon	lbs.	6 — 8
(One small side or piece)		
Ham	lbs.	2 — 4
(Shank end of large ham)		
Flour	lbs.	15 —25
Baking powder	lbs.	½ — 1
(One lb. to 25 lbs. flour)		
Hard tack	lbs.	2 — 5
(This means hard)		
Corn meal	lbs.	2 — 4
Rolled oats	lbs.	2 — 4
Rice	lbs.	2 — 4
Beans, white	lbs.	4 — 6
Potatoes, desiccated	lbs.	2 — 6
Onions	lbs.	1 — 3
Butter, canned	lbs.	2 — 4
(Usually sold in 2-lb. sealed cans)		
Evaporated cream	cans	4 —10
(Medium size)		

<i>Article</i>	<i>Unit</i>	<i>Quantity</i>
(or) Powdered milk	lbs.	2 — 5
(Klim, drimik, etc. in tins)		
Tea	lbs.	$\frac{1}{2}$ — 1
(or) Coffee, ground	lbs.	$\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{1}{2}$
Cocoa	lbs.	— $\frac{1}{2}$
Sugar, white	lbs.	2 — 12
Syrup	qt.	$\frac{1}{2}$ — 1
(Buy in friction-top tin)		
Jam	lbs.	1 — 2
(Buy in friction-top tin)		
Evaporated apples	lbs.	2 — 3
Evaporated peaches	lbs.	1 — 2
Evaporated apricots	lbs.	1 — 2
Dried prunes	lbs.	3 — 4
(40-60 to the lb.)		
Raisins	lbs.	1 — 2
Salt	lbs.	1 — 2
(Buy in the bag)		
Pepper, black	ozs.	1
Erbswurst	lbs.	1 — 3
(Sold in $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. skins)		

X

Steaks and Chops as Men Like Them

If I had lived in the Eighteenth Century I would most certainly have joined "The Sublime Society of Steaks." So would most American men. It was a real organization, sponsored by Hogarth, David Garrick the actor, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Essex and many another of the top-men of England. "The Beefsteak Club," an earlier organization, led the way. In Dublin, Ireland, later, another renowned one was formed by Thomas Sheridan the writer, with none other than Peg Woffington as president. Peg must have been a man's woman, that is certain, if she could joust with the gourmands of that time at a steak club.

You can see from this old-time fascination of men for steaks that their interest in a juicy steak is great indeed. One of these beefsteak clubs lasted *two centuries*. One of these notable members said, "a man can dine only once a day, and his days are numbered—so let us have juicy steaks!" English and American men have tended strongly to echo these sentiments—to the despair of French chefs and dainty lady cooks and vegetarians. Doubtless this too is an ancient survival, as cave men doubtless from time immemorial ripped off steaks

from an animal, broiled them with green sticks over a fire and thus dined nearly as well as their descendants sitting at the Waldorf or the Savoy. In both England and America steak and chop houses abound, and in them are to be found always a predominance of men. Many clubs of men are fond of "beef-steak dinners," wearing long aprons according to tradition, and having a perfectly gorgeous time over the anticipation and the savor of steak—perhaps prepared by some chef famous for his steaks, like "Beefsteak Charlie" Chassar of New York. Men frequently say "why can't I have beefsteak like this at home?" a question their wives find it difficult sometimes to answer. There are a few pretty good alibis for wives, but not very many. She may blame the cook, or the butcher, but there is no real reason why a man can't have just as good a steak, or better, at home.

73. "Ripening" Your Steak.—Naturally, you begin with the steak itself, and of course most of the errors are made before you leave the meat shop. The "secrets" of a successful steak are mainly two. First, *good steak ought to hang in the butcher's ice box four or five weeks*. Read this line again to make sure you saw the words correctly; yes, *four or five weeks!* This is undoubtedly surprising to many housewives who have never heard of this before; but ask Charlie Chassar or any steak and chop house chef; *he* knows! You see, the butchers, even if they know this, wouldn't dare do it, as the dainty lady who comes to buy steak wouldn't like the purplish, even dark green moldy appearance of the meat. *Her* idea is a steak that looks as red as a poppy in the field, just as if it had been cut from a newly killed animal. But any hunter knows that freshly killed meat or game is *never* good, and that meat which is a little "high" is always more delicious when cooked. It is *more tender*.

This hanging in the ice box is quite a feasible thing; you simply ask your meat man to do it for you. It is called "ripening" the meat. At the end of the time the meat man trims off the outer surface and lo, your steak is a strong candidate for your favor.

74. Selection and Cut.—Of course a steak should come from the right part of the animal. Choose *sirloin* and not porterhouse or club (or "Delmonico") if you are making a steak for four or five or more people. A sirloin is cut from the beginning of the hip bone. Porterhouse is a little finer in quality, but is smaller in size, and you buy a good deal of bone with it at a rather high price.

Steak quality comes in about the following order: (1) tenderloin, (2) bone sirloin, (3) top sirloin, (4) small bone sirloin ("minute" steak). Why not buy a large sirloin, and then keep half of it for another day? In these days of good ice boxes it will keep precisely as well in your ice box as in the butcher's.

The second "secret" of a good steak is, *have it cut thick*—from one and one-half to two inches thick. Of all the miserable sole-leather one is offered it is sirloin cut half an inch or an inch thick and broiled indifferently! A thick steak will reduce the chances of failure. Don't compromise on this matter of thickness—it is vital.

I know that it seems difficult to arrange over a month ahead for hanging a steak in your butcher's ice box but if you know your man, and you can think ahead, just tell him *now* to put away a steak for you, and to call your attention to it five weeks from date! I know a man who orders a steak every three days, and at his butcher's he has, at all times—*ten steaks* hanging—all his own meat, numbered in sequence to identify them, and thus every three or four days he has his steaks, ready-ripened! Sounds like wine of many vintages; but this man savors his steaks as no vintner ever did!

75. The Trick of Broiling.—Don't be cajoled into thinking than any fool can broil a steak! "Beefsteak Charlie" Chassar will give a violent no to such a statement, and admits that many wives with whom he competes, fall down at just this point. They put the steak in a cold broiler and light the flame, he says—which is fatal. It is fatal even if the broiler is warmed for a few minutes beforehand. *The broiler should be as hot as you can make it* before you put in the steak. Light it twenty minutes or a half-hour beforehand. The reason is simple: good steak broiling is intended by very powerful heat to *sear*

and seal the meat at once so that the juices will not escape. To accomplish this, the steak must be *turned* three or four times during the first few minutes, so that the searing will be accomplished on both sides. Then you broil until the steak is brown-crustcd to the depth of about an eighth of an inch. It must reach that delicate point where the inside is *rare but not raw*. Nobody civilized wants to eat raw meat, yet some people seem not to know the difference. Your knife will tell; the steak resists the knife in a pulpy way if it is raw. Your eye can tell too, for raw meat is purplish in color.

Incidentally, I advocate rubbing salt and pepper and a bit of English mustard into the steak before broiling.

O. Henry, the famous author, used to say that the way to properly broil a steak was to pick your steak and then walk slowly through a very hot kitchen! Which was O. Henry's whimsical way of telling you to have your broiler piping hot and to do your broiling fast. And the famous short story writer knew better than most men what good eating was. I can recall lunching with him at Allairs, a New York restaurant, where he spent much time, and giving the waiter most astoundingly detailed instructions, as from a master. Writers have ever been fond of steaks. The Writers Club of New York, of which I am president, was founded many years ago in Keene's Chop House in New York, over some steak.

Broiling a steak over hot coals is of course traditionally the correct way. I like to do it over red hot wood or charcoal embers; but that is an idiosyncrasy. A gas broiler is a very fair substitute, but it should be rubbed with suet. The entire broiling process should not—with gas—take more than 15 or 20 minutes if it's a two-incher; 12 minutes if a one and one-half incher. The searing alone should take three minutes for each side and do not stick a fork into the steak to see if it's done! That lets out the precious juices.

76. Serving a Steak Properly.—You are not finished with a steak after you have selected, ripened and broiled it properly. You have still to *serve* it as a good steak asks and deserves to be served. First of all, put it on a *hot* platter. What ineptitude to serve a fine piping hot steak on a cold plate!

Warm your platter well; melt butter on it, and when you flip your steak upon this platter, turn it over to let the butter touch both sides.

As for methods of garnishing—I am not going to bother with such lady-like details. It needs—for me—only pepper and salt; and if parsley or water-cress and lemon-slices are added I will not object. But I am one of those who object, strange to say, to potatoes in any form with my steak. Every man to his taste, and most men, out of habit, picture potatoes, baked or French-fried, with their ideal steak; but I am not fond of mixing meat and potatoes, as I have already told.

77. Mushrooms or Onions with Steak.—I like mushrooms or onions with steak, and so do most really discerning steak eaters. The mushrooms are sautéed in butter and served a-top the steak. That is a combination whose elements do not compete with each other, as in the case of potatoes and steak, in my humble opinion. The larger the mushrooms, the better, for my taste; but if very large they should be halved.

As for onions, I select Bermudas, peeled and sliced fairly thin. You separate the rings, cover with boiling salted water and cook in an uncovered pan until tender. Then drain and put the pan back on the fire to dry the onions, adding a teaspoon of butter which cooks them to a delicious brown. Season and put over the steak.

Another plan is to soak the onion rings in milk for half an hour, drain and dip in flour. Put in a frying basket and give a boiling deep-fat dip. They come out a rich brown; you drain them on paper, sprinkle with salt and pepper and let them ride in on the steak!

78. Steak from a Frying Pan.—If you must fry (“pan-broil”) a steak, grease the pan with suet and make the pan sizzle with heat. Fry five minutes on one side, and five minutes on the other; longer if it’s a two-incher, of course. Be careful to pour off the fat into a dish from time to time.

When the steak is done, make a gravy of the leavings in the pan, by adding water and flour and salt, and stirring meanwhile.

79. Planked Steak.—Somehow or other men have ceased thrilling over planked steak. I believe the French chefs did it with their pastry bags of mashed potatoes fixing ruffles on the edge of the plank!

But here is how to do it: the plank must be of oak or maple, and heated until it smokes and then rubbed with butter. You broil your steak, fairly lightly, and lay it on the plank. Fix your do-dads around it—potatoes, onions, tomatoes, stuffed peppers or what-not—and put it in a very hot oven for a short while.

80. "Club" Steak.—This is a term used for a method of preparing a steak that has some merits. You cut your sirloin steak *four inches thick*; a pound per person. Take a roasting pan, put in a cup of cold water and lay in the steak. Rub salt on it, and put the roasting pan under the broiling flame, after pre-heating the oven. Broil for 15 minutes, and then turn and broil 15 minutes more. Slice this steak, then pour melted butter over it and serve piping hot.

81. Steak Sauces.—Some men like sauces with their steaks. I do not; but here are a few such sauces. There is "Devil's Sauce" for instance (sharp). Take equal parts Worcestershire and butter, a tablespoon of chopped onion, and half a tablespoon of English mustard (dry). Cook five or ten minutes, and serve in a separate bowl.

Cavanaugh's, a New York restaurant, where the Writers Club met for years, had a sauce which was distinctive and a favorite with men. You put three tablespoons of butter in a pan with the steak juices. Add half a teaspoon of English (dry) mustard, and one teaspoon of Worcestershire or A1. Beat with a fork over the fire until the butter is melted and then pour over the steak.

82. A Rump Steak "That is."—Now, what about the lesser steaks? Is it too easy to forget that there is good steak meat besides tenderloin! A lot of us men are rather lop-sided in our preferences, and as a result lose a lot of fun. A rump steak cooked over hot salt is a dish for epicures, for instance; a deliciously tender bit of meat. Some of us are tremendously fond of it.

Fill a dripping pan, of a size to hold the steak, with rock salt and heat it to the very nth degree. Fill another pan also with salt and heat it likewise. The salt in both pans must be as nearly afire as it is possible for salt to be. While it is reaching this stage, trim the steak, which should be about an inch and a quarter thick, and wrap it in stout oiled paper, taking care that no openings are left for the juices to escape. Then place it on the hot salt in one pan and cover it with the rest of the hot salt, cover with a close-fitting lid and leave for half an hour; then remove the lid, salt and wrappings and serve the steak and the delicious gravy from it on a hot platter, seasoning it to taste.

83. A Novelty: A Swiss Steak.—Why not venture still farther? I can testify to this dish as most appetizing. It is prepared from a thick slice from the round, at least one and a half inches thick. Place it on a heavy board or table and with the rim of a very thick saucer pound into it half a cupful of flour, turning the meat often, so that all the flour may become incorporated. Then season well with salt, pepper and paprika. Melt a tablespoonful of fat in a hot frying pan and brown a sliced onion in it, add meat, cook for ten minutes, turning often, and when browned pour in one cupful of boiling water. Cover the frying pan and simmer until tender. Serve the steak with two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup and a quarter of a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce added to the gravy.

84. The Chop.—Because they are smaller, chops are liked more by women than steaks, which are often too much for the ladies in the portions served at steak and chop houses. Men like chops, but they frankly prefer English style chops; which is to say *thick* chops; "two inchers," like steaks.

The technique for chops is virtually the same as for steak. An English mutton chop dish also calls for mutton kidneys broiled with the chop, which is a very nice combination.

There are also such things as stuffed lamb chops, with minced onion and pepper and mushrooms; there are veal chops casserole, baked pork chops, etc., but aside from the broiled chops, there isn't much further to say.

XI

Fish, Oysters and Clams as Men Like Them

How men smack their lips over good sea food! Looking around with boredom for a place to eat men turn their feet invariably, next to a "chop" house, to a sea food restaurant. The nationwide reputation of New Orleans as "America's gastronomic capital" is based entirely on its reputation for sea food. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, as well as New York as noted for sea food, and men never tire of it.

Now that the new freezing processes are in operation and will shortly make fresh fish widely available, we should have a still greater revival of interest in sea food.

I hope it will mean greater sensitivity to sea food cookery, because no form of food spoils so rapidly, has a more delicate flavor or can so easily be spoiled by wrong cookery. Just as one must take the greatest pains not to contaminate or lose the flavor of tea or coffee while making it, so it is with fish. It is a dastardly crime of ignorance to treat fish as just so much flesh or pulp, and drown it in heavy sauces or flavors. You are then simply eating sauces, not fish!

There is an appalling lot of ignorance about fish, and women

are not fond of serving fish in the home, because they are so unfamiliar with it, and it is not so simple and handy to buy or to cook. Of all the silly food habits I know it is to buy fish only on Friday, even if one is not a Catholic. There is a great abundance of fish, and it would be still cheaper if women would consent to buy more of it and prepare it. There isn't the slightest doubt of men's strong love of fish foods. In such cases, where men profess indifference to fish, you may be sure it is because they have not had appetizingly cooked fish.

85. The Succulent Oyster!—It is amazing how popular the oyster is among men. In "oyster towns"—Baltimore or Philadelphia—for instance—there are literally thousands of places, some of them mere counters, at which vast numbers of oysters are eaten, by men who never tire of them. You would think that after a time they would turn to other foods—but the oyster holds them loyally. Walt Whitman, the famous poet, when he lived in Camden, ate oysters practically every day. "Oyster bars" are now popular with men. The savor and flavor of the oysters is like nothing else in its power to stimulate appetite.

And there is good reason why, because oysters, more or less like milk, are more nearly than most foods self-sufficient as a diet; needing only starches and fats to give them balance. They are rich in Vitamin C and in iodine. Nowadays oyster beds are guarded by the Federal Public Health service.

The trouble is that most men do not eat oysters in sufficient variety of cookery. The oyster stew, fried oysters and raw oysters are about the extent of the average man's intimacy with oysters. I shall never forget my delight when for the first time I became acquainted, in Norfolk, with *Roasted Oysters*. And yet, how simple! You simply keep the oyster in the deep half of the shell, season with salt, lemon juice and paprika, and sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs; and then bake in a moderate oven, but *only* until the edges of the oysters begin to curl. They *must* be eaten very hot, so don't take all of them out of the oven at once. Elsewhere (see index) I have given a recipe for making a stew.

Why not try *Broiled Oysters on Toast*? You simply broil them lightly on a gridiron, and place them on thin slices of buttered toast. Then pour over them a sauce made of one-half cup of cream, teaspoon of grated onion, a little lemon juice, salt and a dash of tabasco sauce. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Then there's "*Pigs in Blankets*"—another ravishing delicacy. You drain off the oyster liquid, wipe the oysters dry, and lay each oyster across a thin slice of bacon. Sprinkle with paprika and chopped parsley, and then roll the bacon around the oyster and secure it with a toothpick. Brown these slowly in an oven—and see if you do not consider yourself gorgeously banqueted!

I am also fond of *Oyster Chowder*. You chop 50 good-sized oysters. Prepare one cup of nicely chopped celery and two cupfuls of cold boiled rice. Put a layer of celery in the bottom of the saucepan, then a layer of rice and a layer of oysters. Season with salt and pepper. Repeat these layers until all the materials are used. Pour over one cup of boiling water. Cook slowly for 25 minutes. Beat the yolks of two eggs with one cup of milk; add this to the chowder, stir carefully for a few minutes, and serve hot.

Another dish I like is *Baked Oysters*. You take 12 large oysters, one-half pint cream, one teaspoonful of anchovy extract, a little grated cheese and grated lemon rind, one tablespoonful of butter, a few bread crumbs, seasoning of salt, pepper, and paprika. Put the butter into small saucepan with the cream, stir over the fire until thoroughly hot, then add anchovy extract and lemon rind. Put half of the mixture into a small buttered baking dish and lay the oysters on it; sprinkle over the cheese and bread crumbs. Then pour the remainder of the sauce over; season with salt, pepper, and paprika; sprinkle some more bread crumbs and cheese on top, and bake in a brisk oven until nicely browned. The dish is then ready for serving.

As for *Fried Oysters*, I was for a long time prejudiced against them, because the fat produced an uncomfortable reaction in me. Then I discovered that the average restaurant fried oyster is badly treated, and if the oysters are fried *at home* in

the proper manner there will be no reaction. You select the largest oysters, rinse quickly and lay carefully on a colander to drain. Dry quickly and gently with a soft cloth, handling as little as possible. Take a steel fork and catch it in the eye of the oyster, dip in egg and then in fine cracker dust, being careful not to use too much cracker dust as it tends to disguise the flavor of the oyster. Use two eggs for a dozen and a half oysters. Beat them, add a pinch of salt and a tablespoon of boiling water. Have ready a frying pan, not too deep, with plenty of smoking-hot olive oil, to which add a little butter to aid in making the oysters crisp and brown. Put in only enough oysters to cover the bottom without crowding. When brown on one side, turn over.

Just one more oyster recipe—*Oyster Paddies*. Don't mistake me I did *not* say *patties*—which is something else again, of the female gender! You take one pint of mashed potatoes, add one beaten egg and a little minced onion, form into cakes, split cakes with sharp knife, lay two or three oysters on lower part, and replace top. Bake in moderately hot oven until paddies are brown, garnish with parsley.

Curried Oysters: Here's a dish for gourmets! You take four dozen large oysters, draining the liquid into a saucepan, after straining to take out pieces of shell. Wipe the oysters dry with a clean towel. Put in another saucepan a tablespoon of butter and melt it; add two tablespoons of flour, stirring constantly to smooth—do not let it brown. Add a half cup of cream, a cup of whole milk, to the boiling oyster liquid, and then stir all this into the flour, avoiding lumps by constant stirring. Let boil two minutes. Then take one-half teaspoon of good curry powder and a pinch of cornstarch or flour and rub smoothly with a few drops of cold milk. Stir into this the oyster juice, season with cayenne pepper, salt, chopped thyme, a bay leaf, and as it boils up, drop in the oysters. Let them cook no more than three minutes and serve with rice. Sprinkle parsley over the oysters. This dish is one of the glories of New Orleans.

Everything, and every recipe that I have given for oysters may be applied to *clams*; I often vacillate between these two

loves! I am inordinately fond of steamed soft clams, with melted butter.

I will add one or two special clam recipes; *Minced Clams, Bengal Style*, for instance. What a dish! You cut off the tough necks of a couple of dozen medium-sized *hard shell* clams, and simmer these necks in their own clam liquid, with a cup of cut celery for ten minutes. Strain, and throw away the necks. Then chop the soft bodies of the clams into medium-sized pieces and cook them in butter, to which has been added half a teaspoon of curry powder—for two minutes. Add the clam liquid, some paprika, some salt, some parsley, and beat without cooking for a short while. Then serve it *on boiled rice*.

A wonderful variation on this is to make a minced clam sauce with tomatoes, and serve it *on spaghetti*.

86. The Famous "Bouilla Baisse."—There is perhaps no dish in the world quite so famous. New Orleans has made it famous here, but, bless you it was famous long before New Orleans copied it. Thackeray wrote a ditty about it:

*This Bouilla Baisse, a noble dish is,
a sort of soup, or broth or brew
A hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could out-do.
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern
soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at Terre's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouilla Baisse.*

It is a dish which requires gastronomic courage for the average person, who is suspicious of all stews and mixtures, (having had such a rough time in his life with them!) But why not Bouilla Baisse? Its enemies never dare claim that it isn't savory: they are merely stricken with fear at its fearful and wonderful construction. A real he-man adventurer falls for it, hook, line and sinker—but never the fearsome stay-at-home who has never ventured far away from some wife's mediocre cookery.

You take any variety of fish you can secure—three or four kinds—about a total of six pounds, and remove all the bones

and skin. But the fish must be of fairly near the same consistency, so that when you cook them together they will finish together. A tough fish may require longer cooking, whereas a delicate fish should not be cooked so long. You take three-fourths of a pound of onions, two cloves, some garlic and a sprig of parsley (chopped fine), two bay leaves, herbs, two ounces of carrots, a teaspoon of olive oil. You put the vegetables at the bottom of the pot and the fish on top. Put in two quarts of water and bring to a boil, after which you simmer gently for half an hour or so. Then you serve this agglomeration in a deep dish, the fish piled high in the center without breaking them, and pouring the gravy over it. The creole touch is to put a small lobster in its shell atop the whole dish. Using both a spoon and a fork, you attack this famous gourmet's dish, and enjoy yourself.

87. Fish Broiling.—I am convinced that broiling is by all odds the most appetizing way to cook fish especially those fish which have fat in them, such as mackerel, shad or bluefish. Therefore let us look at this matter of fish broiling with especial care. The fish should first be wiped with a damp cloth, brushed over with melted butter or drippings. It should be broiled with head and tail on and the broiler should be greased with butter before placing it. It should be *turned* two or three times while it is broiling, and when about half done it should be salted. The broiling should be from 10 to 20 minutes according to the thickness of the fish or the heat of the fire. If you are broiling whitefish or cod or scrod, which are fat-less fish you should *baste* the fish with butter frequently. Elsewhere I give special directions for outdoor cookery of fish.

88. Sauces for Fish.—While normally I am "agin" sauces for fish, particularly the heavy sauces which make all fish taste merely like the sauce, still there are some lighter sauces which are good. But a sauce of savory butter and lemon goes a long way toward satisfying me, particularly with the fatless fish. With sole, cod or scrod and a few other varieties I admit that a light sauce is delightful. As the French are so expert at sauces, any cookbook will tell you how to make sauce *Meuniere*, *Bearndise*, *Hollandaise*, *Maitre d'hotel*, *Remoulade*, etc.

89. Fillet of Sole Marguery.—Here is a famous dish with a famous sauce. George Rector, who is one of America's foremost gourmets, and at one time one of our great restaurateurs, performed all kinds of gumshoe work prying away from the Café Marguery in Paris (now, alas, a second rate place) the recipe for *Sauce Marguery*. It is now private property no longer. My friend Julian Street, the writer, claims *Sole à la Marguery* as his supreme favorite, and this is his recipe, wherefore the white wine! You take sole (or flounder), lay it in a pan that is buttered, and pour on a glassful of white wine. You season it, and boil for 15 minutes, and then take out the juice, mix it with the yolk of an egg and about two ounces of sweet butter. Beat slowly until thick, and then mix in your taste-makers—a few shrimps, oysters, mussels and mushrooms, and cook. Glaze in a salamande two or three minutes and then serve.

90. Shad Roe, Broiled or with Celery or Tomatoes.—Men like shad roe—but it is a terrifically concentrated food, and they experience reactions from it, because they do not eat the right things with it. To really enjoy shad roe it should be broiled like a steak. Ray Long, famous editor of *Cosmopolitan*, has a particular, pet way of eating it broiled. You wipe it, dip it well in melted butter or bacon fat, and broil for five minutes on each side. Then you place it in a buttered baking dish season with salt, tabasco, paprika and Worcestershire. Put a few more little pats of butter on it, add some hot water, cover tightly and bake for 15 minutes. Garnish with crisp bacon. This is a fine way of doing it—provided you eat a lot of watery vegetables and some lettuce and tomatoes at the same meal.

There is a way to cook vegetables with it. You cook the roe in boiling acidulated water for 20 minutes and then drain. Plunge the roe into cold water, drain, remove the membrane and separate it into pieces. In a pan with three tablespoons of melted butter cook these pieces for ten minutes, after which add a tablespoon of butter, half a cup of cut celery, some lemon and onion juice, salt and pepper. Served on toast this is delicious.

One of my favorites is to broil tomatoes at the same time

you broil the roe. Mackerel roe, by the way, is equally delicious; and cod roe, which may be purchased canned, is also a tidbit, to be cooked like shad roe when that is not in season.

91. Fish à La Commodore.—One of the most lip-smacking fish recipes I know is a favorite of Captain E. A. Salisbury. You get a good sizeable fish, like bass, rub in plenty of salt and pepper, open the fish in three places and put a clove of garlic in each opening. Then you slice six large onions and six small green peppers and six large tomatoes. Cover the bottom of your baking pan with olive or other oil, together with a tablespoon of butter. Let this get hot, put in the fish and cover it with the vegetables, sliced, with salt and pepper. Cook until the vegetables are done, about an hour, but baste frequently, adding some Lea & Perrin's sauce to the basting when about half done. I say! this is fish after my own appetite!

92. A New Way to Cook Trout.—Captain Salisbury recommends cooking trout by dipping the fish in beaten egg, salt and pepper, and then rolling it in flour (why not corn meal?) and drop into a properly hot deep pan of Mazola Oil. Pull out when brown. The trout flavor comes to you in a sealed carton, so to speak.

93. Baked Stuffed Fish.—I like a stuffed fish. Leave it whole, and put the stuffing in the cavity which has been cleaned out, and then use toothpicks to close it up. For the stuffing use a cup of bread crumbs, one-third teaspoon salt, one-sixth teaspoon pepper, one-fourth cup melted butter or bacon drippings, a beaten egg, a teaspoon minced onion, a teaspoon each of minced onion and parsley, and a tablespoon of chopped pickles. Mix these thoroughly. If the egg does not provide enough moisture, add a little hot water or fish stock (made by cooking the bones and trimmings of the fish).

94. "Gefillte Fish."—Those people who do not live in a place where some of the merits of Jewish cookery are available at restaurants, surely ought to make the acquaintance of a famous dish (perhaps "Potash and Perlmutter" have made you acquainted by hearsay with it already). It is a real delicacy. I have obtained a genuinely good recipe for it. You take trout, pike or pickerel, scale and thoroughly clean, remove the meat,

but do not injure the skin (which you lay aside). Chop the meat in a chopping bowl. Heat a quarter pound of butter in a spider, add two tablespoons of chopped parsley, some soaked white bread. Remove this from the fire and add a grated onion, salt and pepper, pounded almonds, the yolks of two eggs and a little grated nutmeg. Mix all this thoroughly and fill the fish-skin with the mixture, shaping it fish-like. Boil this for an hour and a quarter in salted water, containing a piece of butter, a celery root, parsley and an onion. When done thicken the sauce with the yolks of two eggs, and add a few slices of lemon. Let me say in no uncertain tones that this dish is one of the great finds of the culinary art. It is just as good ice cold with lettuce as hot.

95. A String of Special Fish Recipes.—I will now provide a hand-picked set of fish recipes for which I can vouch. There is for instance, *Fillet of Sole à la Mouquin*: Many of us regret the passing of some of the best restaurants in New York, such as Mouquin's, a great hangout for men who liked good food. It had a dish which was a joy, and I can provide the recipe for my readers. You thoroughly wash and pick over a pound of spinach, put it over the fire with no more water than clings to the leaves and cook for ten minutes; then drain and chop it fine. Have ready the fresh fillets of flounder, halibut or white-fish. Cover with warm water, adding a slice of lemon, a sprig of parsley and a bay leaf. Simmer for ten minutes and drain. Put the minced spinach into the bottom of a buttered baking dish, place the fish on top, cover with a cream sauce, adding a tablespoon of grated cheese, and brown in the oven.

Fish à la Sauerkraut: Here's a dish I am fond of, but find that few people are acquainted with it. It is a delightful way to eat sauerkraut, one of the most valuable of vegetables. You fry an onion in butter or vegetable oil, add sauerkraut and cook. Boil your fish in salted water, then bone and shred. Fry two more onions, minced, in butter or oil, put them in the kettle with the fish, add two egg yolks, steam for half an hour, and serve with the kraut.

Turkish Style Baked Fish: I am an internationalist in appetite, as the reader may have noted, and I do not care how far

I go to get a good bit of food. The Turks have many things I do not envy them, including harems, but this dish is one I wish I could have more often. You take perch and stuff it with steamed onions to which have been added a well beaten egg, two tomatoes cut up in pieces, some bread crumbs, chopped celery, and salt and pepper. Bake until browned.

Another Turkish variation, called *Fritada*, which one of my friends speaks well of, is made by steaming the fish and bone, and then taking four large tomatoes cut up, adding chopped parsley, some scallions or leeks cut in small pieces, some celery, salt and pepper and pour well beaten eggs. Mix all this with the fish and form like an omelet. Put in a pan greased with olive oil and bake until well browned.

Fish "Mulligan": Let a real outdoorsman speak. Stewart Edward White considers this dish the prince of good things to eat, but he would like you to do it over an open fire. He takes a kettle half full of cold water and puts in any fish, (or clams if you like), cut in chunks; and he throws in after them half a dozen peeled potatoes and three onions, and some salt and pepper. He brings this slowly to a boil, and then adds a handful of pieces of bacon or salt pork, and then lets the mess simmer until the potatoes fall apart. He would also toss in a can of corn or some left-over rice (or almost anything, apparently), including a lot of pieces of stale bread or hard tack. Then he dissolves a tablespoon of flour in warm water and stirs it in for thickening. He cooks this again slowly until hunger assails him too hard, and then he says it tastes divine. I leave it to you!

Scallops, Shrimp and Lobster: These are all great favorites with men, because of their taste. Fried scallops in particular are often eaten, usually with sauce tartare (which I don't like). I have the same experience with the ordinary restaurant fried scallops that I have with fried oysters; they leave their cards with me afterward in a manner I don't like. It's the fat, of course; they have been fried wrongly or are not perfectly freshly fried.

Fried Scallops should be thoroughly dried, rolled in slightly beaten egg, then in seasoned bread crumbs, after which they

should be rolled in the egg and crumbs *again*. As to the fat in which they are fried: use a deep fat thermometer and don't throw in one scallop until the temperature reads 350° F. If there is no thermometer handy, the fat should be hot enough to brown in exactly one minute a piece of bread dipped into the fat. Then you drain the scallops on soft absorbent paper, and serve with parsley and lemon. Chili sauce seems to me the best sauce for them.

Scallops and Rice: The French name for this is *Scallops au Diable*, but I'm not living in France. It is one time, however, when I think the French sauce is very appropriate. You melt one-fourth cupful of butter, heating it without browning. Then you roll your scallops in flour, shaking off what won't cling and cook them in the hot butter. Add one-half teaspoon of mustard, one-eighth teaspoon cayenne pepper, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one-half cup chili sauce, one teaspoon lemon juice, one tablespoon minced parsley, a few drops of onion juice, one-half teaspoon of mustard. Cook for five minutes and serve on rice—but, mind you, rice which has been steamed to make the grains dry after cooking, so that it isn't the sorry, soggy mess rice usually is.

Curried shrimps with rice are also very delicious.

Fried Shrimps: It was the Japanese who taught me the vast deliciousness of fried shrimp. I had, like most Americans, eaten shrimps in only one or two ways, such as in a salad, or à la Newburg. I pass this on to you, and my appetite glows even as I write. You may use either fresh or canned shrimps, but naturally the fresher they are the better. The Japs, after shelling them, leave on the little tuft at their top. You roll them in flour, then in slightly beaten egg and then in flour again, but lightly. You fry in deep fat, but please use the deep fat thermometer and fry at precisely 375° F.

Now, supply individual dishes at each plate, in which you pour some soya bean sauce which has been heated with some lemon juice in it. Tell your fellow banqueters that the technique is to seize the shrimp by its little tuft, dip it into the dish of sauce. The hotter they are eaten the better. What a feast!

Baked Shrimp: Another dish that is a feast; a New Orleans delicacy. You boil the shrimp in the regular way, and then butter a deep dish and make a bottom of grated bread crumbs or cracker meal. You stew a dozen tomatoes in some butter and pepper and salt. Put a layer of tomatoes in the dish, then a layer of crackermeal, then a layer of shrimps. Continue until you have four or five layers, with cracker meal on top. Put little pats of butter around and bake until brown. Again I say, what a feast!

I will not say more about *Lobsters*—except to set down my conviction that there are only three ways to eat lobster; cold, broiled, or à la Newburg. *Lobster Boats* are good, but I am not thrilled.

I have not touched crabs so far, but I will give one old Charleston recipe, *Stuffed Crabs and Mushrooms*. You put in a pan on the fire two tablespoons of butter and when melted add a cup of mushrooms, sliced or chopped. Put the mushrooms to one side, add to the butter a tablespoon of flour, blend, and then add one-half cup of cream. Blend until thick, remove from fire and add one pound of cooked crabmeat, juice of half a lemon, a teaspoon of capers, a teaspoon of chopped parsley and the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Put the mixture into the crab shells or in a buttered casserole and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Another old Charleston dish is delightful—*Baked Shrimp and Tomatoes*. You take two pounds of shrimp and remove shells. Then make some baking powder biscuit dough and line a deep dish with it. Place in it a layer of shrimp with pieces of butter, pepper, salt and mace or nutmeg sprinkled. Then put in a layer of stewed tomatoes, adding the same spices, and then cover with a very thin biscuit dough cover. Then on top of this another layer of shrimp and tomatoes—with biscuit dough on top. Bake in a very hot oven for 45 minutes and serve hot.

Green Corn and Shrimp: is still another Charleston delicacy. You grate the corn from six cobs, beat the whites and yolks of three eggs separately, add the yolks to the corn and

beat. Then add a tablespoon of melted butter and pour gradually some milk while beating, and then two teaspoons of sugar, one-half teaspoon of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt and two pounds of shrimp. Then fold in the egg whites stiffly beaten. Bake in a buttered casserole for an hour in a slow oven, until brown.

There is a Polish way of cooking fish I can vouch for. *Pike Polonaise* let us call it. You select a fresh pike, weighing about three pounds, cut off the head and remove all scales without breaking the skin. Carefully take off the entire skin, without cutting it, and set it aside. Take the meat off the bones, remove any bones that may be in the meat and pass it through a food chopping machine.

Soak two and one-half rolls in milk, squeeze dry, grate an onion, carrot and parsnip and add to the meat. Season well with salt and pepper and blend the entire mixture well together. If the filling should be too hard add a little water or milk. With this mixture fill the skin, mold it back into the original shape and place in a fish boiling pan, if possible with a double bottom.

Cut any desired vegetables, like carrots, parsnip, beets, etc., into little stars or simply into regular cubes and place in the pan with the fish. Add a small quantity of water, cover tightly and boil on a slow fire for one hour. Decorate the fish with the vegetables and serve with horseradish sauce.

XII

Special Dishes That Men Smack Their Lips Over

There is a very decided lukewarmness among men for special dishes, stews, hashes or "concocted" foods of all kinds. At the same time they seem to realize that this is a rather stupid attitude, and often try a lamb stew or some other dish. But the truth is that unless a man eats in a first class hotel or restaurant he is taking too many chances. He gets what I call "steam table left-overs"—foods with all their freshness gone because they are many hours old and are technically speaking left-overs and virtually yesterday's warmed over food. There is of course no need for this, and it is too bad that men in this way are led to concentrate on steaks, chops, ham, eggs, etc.

Another reason why men are unacquainted with a wide variety of delightful dishes is because the restaurants do not make odd dishes; it does not pay. They cling to "standard dishes." This is proved by a research made into the dishes most preferred by men. Here is how the vote stood:

1. Steak or Roast
2. Eggs
3. Ham

4. Baked Beans
5. Corned Beef and Cabbage
6. Chicken
7. Hash
8. Stew

Stew and hash are at the bottom of the list of meat dishes, and bear out what I have said. Even baked beans far out-distances them. The range of knowledge of dishes for most men is pitifully limited. Their wives cook very few dishes beyond the regular routine (often because of their husband's habit of suspicioning all new dishes), and they do not patronize first-class restaurants or hotels where unusual dishes are served.

There is, however, a very considerable body of men, whose number is constantly increasing, who are widening their food horizons, and who are not as habit-ridden in regard to food as other men. They get about more; are able to afford first class restaurants and hotels, or have traveled abroad or been entertained in homes where the food is a revelation. Others have wives—lucky men!—who are “food conscious” and delight in preparing a wider range of dishes.

I am going to present here only a very few such dishes as men who are gourmets have found appetizing and enjoyable. There are of course a great many more, many of which are included elsewhere in this book. My purpose is solely to suggest some of those things men learn to like out of the home and all too rarely get in the home.

96. Some Special Soups.—Somehow, in the home, men are always fed on canned soups—tomato, pea or vegetable, and rarely on some of the soups of foreign origin which are so tasty and so hearty. While it is true that the food experts are against eating a hearty soup at the beginning of a meal, saying that it cloyes the appetite, still men persist in liking a thick soup.

Many men, including myself, are inordinately fond of *Cabbage Soup*. It is of Russian and Polish origin, and I am particularly delighted with this method of putting cabbage into a menu without seeming to drag it in by the heels where it does not fit. A man despises these watery consommés, and if he can get over

the first shock of surprise at such unusual ingredients as are in this soup he will be a life long convert to *Kapusniak*, as the Poles call it. It is as wholesome and tasty a food as was ever put in a dish and set before a king. You prepare soup stock as usual and keep ready. Cut one small head of cabbage into quarters and scald with boiling water to draw out the bitter taste which is sometimes present in cabbage. Cut a few soup greens into narrow strips, add to the cabbage and boil until tender in a small quantity of water. Chop an onion very fine and fry in a tablespoon of butter until nicely and evenly browned. Then add a tablespoon of flour, blend well, cool and add a cup of sour cream, mixing continuously. Gradually add to the mixture three cups of soup stock and then the vegetables. Heat well without boiling and serve very hot. Season with salt and pepper according to taste.

Quite equally delightful a slavie form of soup is *Cold Borsht*. My friend Julian Street, the writer—a very fastidious gourmet—has given it a high place in his regard. You take beets, wash and peel, and boil in a moderate quantity of water for two or three hours until tender over a slow fire. This brews a red liquor to which you add lemon juice, sugar and salt to taste. When it has cooled stir in the yolks of enough eggs to slightly thicken it. Take the boiled beets chop them fine and add some to the soup. Serve ice cold with a tablespoon or two of sour cream in each soup plate. I never feel so thoroughly refreshed and fed on a hot day as when I eat a plate of cold borsht. It can of course also be served hot, in which case add a bit of beef stock.

97. Various Odd Dishes.—No man ever eats for the first time *Yorkshire Pudding* with beef without realizing that he has come to a Dish! It is not a dessert at all, this "pudding"; it is served with the meat like a dumpling. You mix six tablespoons of flour with one-half tablespoon of salt and stir in about enough milk to make a stiff batter. Then beat up three eggs in a pint or more of milk and add to the batter, beating it again. Pour into a shallow baking pan and bake for an hour. Half an hour before your roast beef is ready, put the baked pudding *underneath the roast*, so that it catches the drippings.

Fried Bananas are the particular, private delight of many men who have once enjoyed them. So few seem to know them. How is it done properly? You cut some medium *ripe* bananas into *three* slices, the long way, and then dip them into beaten egg, and then dust with cracker meal. Now handle them gently with a spatula and place them carefully into a heated iron frying pan, in which plenty of butter has been melted. You fry to a rich brown, then sprinkle with cinnamon and serve with a slice of lemon. Man, you are dining upon one of the best foods a bountiful nature has offered to her favorite offspring! If you are a gentleman who prefers blonde bananas, you will not be interested in the further bit of advice to select *red* bananas, ripened to a rich brunette color. In any event you should not carry your notorious preference for blondes to the point of picking bananas for their yellowness, because from a dietetic point of view, these are comparable to drug store blondes! In a fried banana,—it is ripeness—that counts!

Roast Snipe on Toast.—This too bids for man's high favor, and when the chef of a man's club serves this he is almost cheered. If possible put a truffle in each bird, and melted butter and salt and pepper, a pinch of chopped thyme, parsley and a bay leaf and a small pinch of other spices. Bind with bacon, roast with a tablespoon of butter, for 15 to 30 minutes, and serve hot on toast on a hot dish. Make a gravy by adding a tablespoon of water to the juices, cook it for two minutes and then strain. Cook two minutes more and pour upon the birds' breasts, and the toast. Garnish with parsley, watercress and lemon.

One more of the fowl dishes—*Roast Pigeon with Chestnuts*. Here is another epicurean feast, in which the vine leaf figures. It is an English delicacy, but available to anyone. You prepare the pigeons as for roasting. Blanch the chestnuts, remove the shells and cook the nuts until they are soft, in milk and water. Drain, chop and pound the chestnuts in a mortar with the same weight of finely minced bacon. Season highly and stuff the pigeons with this mixture. Cover each pigeon with a rasher of bacon, and tie a vine leaf over the breast. Put them into a good oven for the first 12 minutes, then lower the

heat of the oven gradually, and finish roasting them. Make a sauce as follows: Boil the livers of the birds, chop them finely, mix them with a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, the butter and one gill of brown sauce. Add a thin strip of lemon peel, a little nutmeg, salt, and pepper. Boil this for a few minutes and then strain it. To serve arrange the pigeons on a hot dish, remove the string, but leave the bacon and vine leaves over the breasts, and garnish with parsley or watercress. Serve the sauce separately.

"Hunter's Style" is a name given to many good things to eat which civilized, stay-at-home men never see. It may have different names, such as Stewart Edward White's fearful and wonderful "Mulligan," or just plain stew such as cut-up rabbit with onions, simmered a long while, but "hunter's style" is a convenient handle or name for such dishes. Even the Turks and Armenians know what lamb hunter style is.

Wild Duck, Hunter's Style is easily the prince of them all, and the very name makes men smack their lips. You pick a couple of good Canvasback ducks. Pick, singe, draw, and after rinsing clean inside, wipe neatly within and without; cut off the wings, legs and breasts; then take the two carcasses and sprinkle lightly with salt and place in the oven to bake about six minutes. Then remove the carcasses and hash them up. Put them into the saucepan; add a pint of veal broth consommé, or water in lieu of either of these. Add a herb bouquet tied together, and a dozen mushrooms and three fresh or canned tomatoes and one onion, and simmer for about a quarter of an hour over a moderate fire. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, and lay in the wings, breasts and legs of the ducks; season lightly with salt and pepper, set all on a very brisk fire and let cook for a few minutes, on either side. Now add lemon juice and a half pint of Sauce Espagnole and the grated rind of a lemon. Take the gravy from the carcasses and strain over the ducks, and allow all to cook about a quarter of an hour. Then place on a hot dish and decorate nicely with croutons fried in butter and cut in dice shape.

Let us now select a special salad with actual food in it—but also with flavor. *Alabama Salad* is made with baked ham, one

cup chopped roasted almonds (or peanuts), one cup grated cheese, one-half cup grated raw carrot, mayonnaise, two hard-cooked eggs, one small onion, one celery heart diced, one tablespoon butter, salt, paprika. You mix almonds, cheese, carrots with mayonnaise. You make a paste of chopped eggs, onions, and diced celery, mixed with butter and seasoned with salt and paprika. Place thin slices of ham on salad plates garnished with crisp lettuce. Pile cheese mixture on the ham, spread and season with egg paste. Serve on rye or whole wheat bread. This is a genuine Colonial recipe of the Old South.

Hot Bacon-Potato Salad is a dish so savory and flavorful that men quite literally smack their lips over it. It is prepared with six potatoes, salt, pepper, three tablespoons vinegar, one teaspoon chopped onion, four slices bacon. You boil the potatoes, peel while hot, and shave in thin slices. Season with salt and pepper and pour over three tablespoons of vinegar or enough to season to taste. Add the onion chopped very fine. Mix well. Cut bacon in cubes and fry until a golden brown. While bacon grease is bubbling hot pour it with bacon cubes over the potato, mixing it lightly with two forks.

Avocado-Ginger Ale Salad: Here is a sophisticated combination and one which may be the chief dish at a guest meal; it is made with two tablespoons gelatine, one-half cup cold water, one and one-half cups (pt. bottle) ginger ale, two tablespoons lemon juice, one cup orange juice, two tablespoons sugar, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one cup dried canned pineapple, one cup seeded, halved white grapes, one diced avocado; guava jelly, lemon. You soak gelatine in cold water, then dissolve over hot water. Stir in the ginger ale, lemon and orange juices, sugar, salt, and cut fruits. Turn into a ring mold previously wet in cold water, and chill thoroughly. Remove to serving dish, surround with alternate slices of lemon cut into fancy shapes and tiny mounds of guava jelly.

While we are mentioning he-man salads of high flavor, let us not forget the Aspics, which are prime favorites in hot weather with men.

Sea Food Salad: One package lemon gelatin, two cups boiling water, four tablespoons lemon juice, one tablespoon onion

juice, one-half teaspoon celery salt, one teaspoon salt, one cup crabmeat, one cup tuna, one cup lobster, one cup extra sifted peas, stuffed olives, lemon garnish, few grains cayenne or paprika, parsley, lettuce, mayonnaise.

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Cool. Add lemon and onion juices, salt and paprika. Have fish well picked over and flaked small. Toss fish and peas together. Add to seasoned cooled gelatin and mix well. Turn into wet mold. Chill four hours. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. Garnish with whole choice pieces of lobster and crab, stuffed olives, fancy cut lemon, and spray of parsley.

Molded Ham Mousse: One-half package lemon gelatin, one cup boiling stock, one tablespoon lemon juice, one tablespoon onion juice, one tablespoon tomato catsup, one teaspoon mustard dressing, one-half teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne, one cup minced cooked ham, one-half cup finely chopped celery, one-fourth cup minced sweet pickles, one-half cup cream, whipped, lettuce, gherkins, stuffed olives.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling stock (water with bouillon cube or preferably ham liquor). Cool. Add lemon and onion juices, catsup, mustard, salt, and cayenne. When cold and slightly thickened, beat with rotary beater until consistency of whipped cream. Combine ham, celery, and pickles; and add to gelatin. Fold in stiffly whipped cream. Turn into wet mold. Chill three hours. Serve on lettuce with garnish of gherkins and stuffed olives. Variations: 1. Substitute minced tongue or canned corned beef in place of ham. 2. Substitute capers for sweet pickles. 3. Substitute cucumbers for celery.

Baked Bean Jelly Salad: One package lemon gelatin, one cup boiling water, one cup canned tomato soup, one-fourth cup vinegar, two tablespoons onion juice, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, two cups best baked beans, one cup finely diced celery, one-fourth cup minced sweet pickle, lettuce, French dressing.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water with tomato soup. Cool. Add vinegar, onion juice, salt and pepper. Combine beans, celery and pickle. Add to gelatin. Turn into wet mold. Chill three hours. Serve on lettuce with French dressing, and buttered brown bread sandwiches.

XIII

Odd Dishes No Perfect Lady Loves

Let us frankly admit that man is a very earthly creature. If women get any fun out of esteeming themselves as the more cultured, spiritual, aesthetic sex (a theory however unfortunately exploded), let them have it. Man in his lowly way is content to glorify food while woman glorifies Browning or admires Proust—or is more concerned about the correct fork to use than she is to put on the table a glorious dish. I am sure that such a woman was not at all excited when the poet Greene in "Arcadia" said "thy breath is like the steam of apple pyes." (This was in 1590.) Our perfect ladies of today, somewhat over-laden with cosmetics, would need to have very deep insight indeed to see that this was a tremendous compliment, for apple pie ranks *second* of all the foods men prefer! In Arcadia all men eat apple pie every day. Nor doubtless did any perfect, spiritual lady particularly enjoy Henry Ward Beecher's sermon fifty years ago when he preached on food, and announced in reverent incantations, "let the crust be not as plain as bread, nor yet as rich as cake." In such tones, even from an altar, is it fitting to speak of the sacred subject of pie!

But it is not of such mild things as pie I mean to speak,

but of dishes which women generally are even more pronounced in distaste, but which men like. They do not often get these dishes, unless they order them in a restaurant. Somehow these dishes do not lend themselves to "prettifation" on the table; and the very thought of what they are sends spiritual shudders down a perfect lady's spine. As for the odors of some of these dishes, they too do not provide a proper ensemble effect for a perfect lady's idea of home. They are, frankly, bourgeois.

Far be it from me to suggest that a perfect lady yield to the materialistic male too often in these matters; but on such occasions as she deems that he is worthy of her favors, let her permit him his brief little hour of happiness, for he is quite content to sit a little lower than the angels at the dining table.

It often seems to a man as he sits down to dine amidst the frills and frumperies of a woman's idea of a perfectly appointed table that surely man's decadence is demonstrated completely. Not only is the day gone, in Kipling's phrase, when he had "to wring his food from a desert" (or a stony Scotland or New England), but, alas, he is not even free to eat the food of today with gusto. It was only yesterday when beefsteak parties were in vogue among men, when long rows of men wore aprons while eating—which they did quite without benefit of table silver, or the modern tortures of which fork for which.

What are these dishes no perfect lady loves? I will give you a string of them.

98. Tripe—yes, Tripe!—I must admit that even among men tripe is a by-word. A man will glare at his opponent, and say "tripe!" contemptuously, as if the word alone should completely annihilate him. But for a fairly large number of men—whose number would be larger if they but knew how to get a good dish of it—tripe is a delicacy. Ben Ames Williams is now a pariah among these men because he recently attacked tripe; but there rushed to its defense a noble legion of the faithful. George Pressey speaks for all of us when he says that tripe is the greatest of sufferers among good foods. He admits that in his house there is a "matrimonial cook" who frowns on tripe, but despite the seventh commandment, Mr. Pressey con-

fesses to occasionally indulging in "extra-matrimonial" tripe. He openly admits his shame however, and tells of a Boston restaurant near famed Faneuil Hall where "tripe as is tripe" is served to gourmets such as he.

"Just say to the waitress (when she suggests that the roast chicken special is very nice today): 'Broiled honeycomb tripe, please.' There will follow a period of long anxiety and of wonderment as to the exact present location in the Far West of the creature which is, eventually, to furnish your meal of tripe; but suddenly there will appear before you a plate about the size of an old-fashioned pewter platter, and it will be completely covered by a blanket of a perfectly browned confection that will bring tears of joy to your eyes. Each little facet, or gadget, or whatever the proper name may be of the tops of the honeycomb cells, is tipped with just the right shade of brown for perfection of color and taste. At the side of your plate is a nicely baked potato, hot from the oven, deliciously mealy, and weighing a pound or less. On the other side is a plate of teacake, all brown and yellow. And near at hand is all the golden butter you can possibly use. Ah!! What finer dish could be placed before any epicure?"

None, my dear Pressey, none. If there be some noble-hearted woman who should like to know how all this happiness is achieved, I will oblige. Let us take first *Breaded Tripe*. You simmer a pound of pickled honeycomb tripe for two or three hours in milk and water, equal parts, enough to cover. Then drain off, wipe dry the tripe and cut into pieces. You then beat an egg, adding a tablespoon of water. Heat an *iron* frying pan and melt a lot of butter—a quarter of a pound—and add salt and pepper and cracker meal (make this fresh by rolling fat crackers). Roll the tripe in this meal, then dip in the egg, then again with the meal, and then put immediately into the hot butter. Add a bit of vinegar and you have the last touch.

Let us now take *Tripe with Onion Sauce*: You cook it until tender in boiling salted water, cut it into squares of about one and one-half inches. You boil five onions until tender, drain and chop them. You make three cupfuls of white sauce,

add a teaspoon of lemon juice, and put in the tripe. Simmer in a double boiler for 15 minutes. Garnish with parsley and toast.

Now for *Broiled Tripe*: Use fresh honeycomb tripe; wipe dry, dip in fine cracker dust and olive oil or butter, then cracker dust again, and broil in a greased broiler for five minutes. But broil the smooth side of the tripe first, for three minutes; that's the little catch. Put on a hot platter, honeycomb side up, and spread with butter, salt and pepper. If you have a wood or charcoal fire the tripe will be at its best.

Tripe à la Sammy Blythe: That real lover of food, Samuel G. Blythe, the writer, is one of the Sacred Order of Tripe Savers, of which Roy Carruthers is also an active member. But he has his own pet way of fixing the tripe, so give ear. The French name of this concoction is *Tripe à la Mode de Caen*. To read this recipe is a serial-story feast in itself; to make the dish an art. You take four pounds of fresh honeycomb tripe and one pound of fresh many plies tripe (the thick part). Wash in many changes of water, and drain well, and then scrape also. Then take two claves' feet, bone and cut into pieces two inches square. Put this in a large earthen pot, carefully cleaned and lined first with thin slices of larding pork. Then you add two red carrots, two white onions, in which two cloves are stuck, half of a seeded pepper. Make a bouquet of two leeks, two branches of celery, three branches of parsley, a sprig of thyme, marjoram, a blade of mace and one bay leaf. You then pour in a half pint of white wine, a pint of cider and a quart of consommé of white broth. Put in also a full teaspoon of salt and half a spoon of black pepper.

Next, you make a stiff dough with a pound of white flour and two gills of water, roll out, cover the pot closely with this dough, and put in a slow oven for 15 hours. You then lift the cover, skim off the fat, remove the herbs and vegetables. The next chapter in this serial recipe calls for chopping six shallots, or scallions, the red part of a carrot, a bean of garlic, two ounces of raw ham, an ounce of lean pork. Put in a saucepan with a tablespoon of butter and cook five minutes, stirring slightly, then pour in a half gill of cognac, and let it cook briskly until the sauce is almost dry. Now put the contents of

the pot in the saucepan, add a gill of tomato juice, mix with a wooden spoon and cook 45 minutes.

In the next chapter you dress the tripe on a deep hot dish, sprinkle with fresh parsley and serve very hot with toasted *French* bread. The end of this story is very thrilling if you are still alive after the long process! This recipe is one of the reasons why more women don't make tripe! No lady loves this recipe for quite other reasons than distaste for the ingredients!

99. Corned Beef and Cabbage.—Here is a dish that every test indicates is among the five most preferred dishes among men; yet it is almost invariably eaten in restaurants. The famous Boston Cooking School cook book containing thousands of recipes doesn't include it at all! The dainty ladies who cook complain that they do not like the odor of cabbage in the house. There is a firm now which sells *canned* corn beef and cabbage—catering largely to the can-opening wife who wants to please her husband but does not care to cook cabbage, which is of course one of the most important vegetables in the diet.

And yet all this antipathy from women rests on a false assumption! There is no need to cook cabbage to the point of filling the house with cabbage odor. By chopping it, but not fine, you may boil it rapidly for 15 minutes and have a beautifully white cabbage. This isn't technically corned beef and cabbage, which calls for boiling the cabbage with the beef, but at least it is a compromise. The trick is to bring the corned beef to a boil, and throw away the first water, and bring to a boil again and simmer, with the cabbage.

100. Hog Jowl and Turnip Greens.—I have already referred to that prince of "sincere eaters," Irvin S. Cobb, the humorist. When he is eating his favorite dish, hog jowl and turnip greens, Mr. Cobb is not at all humorous. It is serious business with him. He has written about food so often that he is in danger of losing his reputation as a humorist, since he is always so greatly in earnest about it. The fair sex will have none of him anyway when he writes about food, for what perfect lady *could* love hog jowl and turnip greens?

Hog jowl, à la Paducah, Kentucky, where Cobb was born, is made as follows: First catch your jowl, preferably in a greased pig contest. Boil it well in salted water for 30 minutes, then add the greens and boil 30 minutes more. It is as simple as that, as befits a dish for simple men. You serve with plenty of butter for dressing, a dash of vinegar and a dot of mustard. It is permissible to use *beet* greens, but *never* spinach.

101. Collared Pigs Head.—(also known as *Brown*).—Here is a delicious tidbit, if the lady cooks will only consent to make it. You buy a pig's head, salted, and cut in four parts lengthwise. Get two extra pigs' tongues and four trotters not salted. Boil gently till very tender for about two-and-a-half hours, but care must be taken that the meat does not boil too fast, or it will become stringy and tough. When thoroughly done and the fat has been well skimmed off, remove all the meat from the bones and then put the latter back into the liquor and boil hard till it is reduced to half its original quantity. While this has been boiling, cut all the meat into small pieces and slice the ears into thin strips. Mix all the meat thoroughly, season it well with pepper and a little nutmeg, return it to the liquor, bring it to the boil and pour into basins or brawn moulds. If the latter be used, most of the liquor should be pressed out, but if basins be used, only sufficient liquor should be put into each to cover the meat, and just before it is cold the meat should be pressed down so that it goes right to the bottom. Keep in a cold place and dip the basin in hot water before trying to turn it out. Serve garnished with parsley.

102. Fish Pie.—This is a pie which few men have tasted, but which both Scottson-Clark and myself will fully recommend. It is made of the remains of any cold fish, preferably cod, salmon or halibut. Get a square sandwich loaf of bread and cut off the crust of one side about half-an-inch thick. Then scoop out all the crumb as nearly as possible. Now make melted butter of two ounces of butter, half a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt and a little cayenne pepper and thicken it with a teaspoonful of flour, which should be mixed with a little cold milk and added to the other ingredients, when they are quite

hot but not boiling. If they boil they are liable to curdle. Stir well till the butter thickens and then add a small teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, or pound up two anchovies until they are a smooth paste, and add to the butter.

Now take your fish, which should be free from bone and skin and broken into smallish flakes, mix it thoroughly with the melted butter and pour it all into the scooped-out loaf of bread. Place the fourth crust on the top to form a lid and bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve just as it comes from the oven, but garnish the pie with sprigs of parsley which have been plunged in boiling water to brighten the color.

XIV

Vegetables Cooked so That Men Won't Hate Them

I call the vegetable situation the Great American Fumble.

It is positively incredible how few American people, until very recent years, paid any attention to vegetables in their diet. I recall as a boy when I spent summers in the country, the farmers who raised vegetables sold them, *and almost never ate any themselves!* And when I think of some of the young farm children I knew (who never lived to see their 21st birthday) raised on sausages and pancakes for breakfast, meat and potatoes at noon, and more meat and potatoes at night, while all the lovely milk, fruits and vegetables so plentiful about them were never served on the table but sold, almost to the last plum, I feel both sad and indignant. Those youngsters were deprived of the greatest benefits of their country environment; and so are many city youngsters who are equally deprived of vegetables, milk and other important dietary elements.

Nor has the situation been greatly improved since vegetables are more widely cultivated and marketed, because hundreds of thousands of men still regard most vegetables as if they were something which had better be served to cattle than

to humans. How many times I see a man push aside the vegetables served him and eat only the meat and potatoes! As for lettuce, at the head table of a recent banquet of very intelligent men in New York City *I counted 10 out of 18 who did not eat the beautiful hearts of lettuce served.* I believe, too, each of the men was college bred! Again, at a dinner to admirals there was a table filled with minor navy officers, and two-thirds of these did not eat the deliciously cooked carrots served with the chicken. And yet one would suppose that fresh vegetables would be doubly welcomed by sailors on shore!

If New York men, even of the educated type, are so indifferent to vegetables, what may be expected of mechanics, laborers, farmers, small town and isolated people, who have much less chance to secure out-of-season vegetables and fruits at reasonable prices?

It is a fact that most of the rhapsodies over food that writers and famous men of the past have indulged in have glorified *meats*. Rarely have I come upon paens to vegetables! When not long ago a poet of my acquaintance spoke glowingly of the delights of eating raw cauliflower, I could scarcely believe him.

And yet the ancients were not so unmindful of the joys of vegetables. Homer's brave soldiers, when the battle ended, delighted in peas. The dish for which Esau sold his famous birthright was a dish of red lentils! Beans were considered by Shobi to be interesting enough to give to David as a present. Greek mythology is not so high and lofty as to omit saying that Achilles washed cabbages and Patrocles peeled onions! Virgil loved stewed beets. Charlemagne was enthusiastic over vegetables and raised many varieties which he sold at fancy prices. Chinese, Japanese and Italian as well as French cooking excels in handling vegetables.

103. The Art of Vegetable Cookery.—Undoubtedly the cause of this American unappreciation and neglect of vegetables has been their dreadful mistreatment in cookery. The crude idea that you just stick a vegetable in a pot, boil it, throw away the water and serve, has cost many a life and sapped many a person's vitality. Vegetables lose most of their very important

mineral salts and vitamins when boiled—and the juices should be served with them instead of thrown down the sink drain, as they usually are. Why should anyone eat a mass of flavorless pulp fibre, erroneously called vegetables? That is what men ask, as they are served—even in many good restaurants—with incredibly badly prepared vegetables. One of the best reasons I know for home cookery is that in but comparatively few eating places can one obtain intelligently cooked vegetables—and only in your own home can you really obtain them freshly cooked with their natural juices. Even some intelligent wives have failed in the right methods, aiming merely to make vegetables *look* nice on the table, but not prepare them with the distinct purpose of bringing out their flavor and their rich food values. Women often try to keep bright color in vegetables, and mistakenly use too much baking soda to do so, with a resulting soapy taste. But the best way to do this is to put vegetables into *boiling, not cold* water, to cook *with the lid off*, and to cook only a short period. A teaspoon of sugar in the water, with a little salt, and a few grains of baking soda, is an excellent idea (except for peas, beans and lentils, which should not be boiled in salted water). In cities like Chicago where the city water is alkaline, no baking soda is needed.

Attention to the color of vegetables is not in itself a fault, but there are ways to do it without spoiling *flavor*, which is the only thing that will induce men to become enthusiastic about any food. For instance the nice red color of beets can be preserved by leaving on long stems or cooking them with two tablespoons of vinegar in the water. Similarly to keep red cabbage red, so it won't become purple, add a half cup of vinegar to every quart of cooking water—and leave pot lid partly off.

The vegetables which most readily lose their flavor and color by wrong cookery are cabbage, brussels sprouts, cauliflower, turnips, onions. Carrots also become brown and spongy after long cooking. The waterless cooker is a most important modern device, because it uses the 80% water of

which vegetables are composed and preserves the important juices.

104. Baked Vegetables.—Probably the very best way to keep the flavor and juices of vegetables is to *bake* them. This seems strange to many people, who never heard of anything but *boiling* vegetables. To get the best results you bake *without* water. Unfortunately, only a limited number of vegetables can be baked. Some authorities think only potatoes, squash and starchy vegetables are good baked, but they have not ventured far enough, I am going to give a few recipes for which you will thank me.

Baked Cabbage à la Russe is the first of these. You take a good-sized head, remove the stem, and hollow out the center from the stem end. Cut away the cabbage that is close to the core and chop fine. Mix it with one and one-half cups bread crumbs (best made by rolling zwieback or thoroughly dried and toasted bread), and one-fourth cup butter and one teaspoon salt. Fill the hollow cabbage head with this mixture. Place the filled head and the remaining mixture together with four cups of milk in a baking dish, cover tightly and bake in the oven slowly for two hours. Here is cabbage, refined and delicious!

Baked Onions is another dish of which I am fond. You peel six onions and cook in boiling salted water for five minutes. Then drain, and cover again with boiling salted water, cooking uncovered, but not rapidly, until tender. Drain, place on a buttered pan and brush with melted butter and bake until browned. Another way is to place unboiled in a baking dish with a small amount of water and bake one and one-half hours. Then remove the outer skin before serving.

Baked Stuffed Cucumbers is a delightful dish. You peel four cucumbers, and cut into halves the long way. Peel one tomato, and cut into small pieces. Mix with a tablespoon of chopped onion, two cups of boiled or steamed rice, a teaspoon salt and two tablespoons melted butter. Spread cucumbers with the mixture, put in a covered baking dish and bake 45 minutes in a hot oven, removing the cover during the last 15 minutes.

Baked Beets are also good. You cut off the tops, leaving

two inches of stem. Trim the roots and wash. Choose only very young beets. All you do is place in a baking pan with a little water, cover and bake until tender.

Baked Cauliflower is another good dish, and will give no cooking odors. You trim off any withered leaves, and separate into natural divisions. Put them in a buttered casserole with water to almost cover, a half teaspoon of salt to the pint of water and two tablespoons butter. Cover closely and bake about 40 minutes.

Baked Carrots are delicious. You do not peel them, but rub them with cooking oil and dust with salt. You put them in a buttered pan, with a little water in the bottom, and bake until tender—about an hour. Then remove the skins, and season with butter and pepper.

Baked Eggplant is another savory dish. You merely put the whole "plant" in a pan with a little hot water and bake for an hour, testing with a fork. Peel it and serve it mashed, seasoned with a teaspoon of butter to each pint of eggplant, and add salt, pepper and sugar. Or you can serve in pieces with melted butter, lemon juice and parsley, or with tomato sauce.

Another way is to peel and slice it, place in buttered baking pan, sprinkling the slices with salt, pepper, grated parmesan cheese, and dusting them with flour, dot them with pieces of butter and bake in a very hot oven for 15 minutes; turning once while baking. You may use canned tomato soup poured over slices, with cheese.

Baked Peas may seem a bit strange, but try them. You simply put them in a casserole with boiling water containing a teaspoon of salt to each quart of water to cover. If the peas are not young add a teaspoon of sugar. Bake in the oven, covered, until tender. Try this when you're using the oven for other baked dishes.

Baked Jerusalem Artichokes is an especial delicacy. You take a dozen of the artichokes (they look like potatoes), wash, scrape, drop in cold water containing a quarter cup of vinegar, rinse, and then place in a casserole; pour in a pint of well sea-

soned soup stock, cover, and bake 40 or 50 minutes in very hot oven, uncovering for the last 15 minutes.

Baked Mushrooms: How seldom one gets them! You take a pound of large mushrooms, peel, leave the caps whole and chop the stems. Make a mixture of the stem pieces and one-fourth cup soft bread crumbs, one and one-half teaspoons melted butter, one-half teaspoon each minced parsley and chives. Put the caps in a buttered pan on their heads, spread with the mixture, dot with butter, pour in soup stock or bouillon water, and bake 15 minutes moderate oven.

Baked Parsnips is something I am particularly fond of. You select good-sized ones, scrub, remove spots and bake in their skins exactly as you would potatoes, about one to two hours being necessary. Then remove skins, pour melted butter over them and serve hot. You will be a friend of the lowly parsnip forever, and no one need ever again speak slightly to you of "buttering your parsnips!"

Baked Squash or Vegetable Marrow: Now here friends is a heavenly dish when rightly done! You use tender young plants, cut in halves, scoop out coarse seeds, place in a pan in a very little hot water and simply bake until tender. Then chop the soft part, adding a teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon of sugar, a tablespoon of butter, a little pepper. Or serve with grated cheese or chili sauce. This is for *summer* squash, for either the "patty pan" or the hookneck variety. For *winter* squash, you cut into three such squares, sprinkle with salt, pepper and sugar, dot with butter and bake 30 minutes in a covered pan; then uncover and bake until tender, serving with melted butter.

Baked Turnips is probably nearly unknown; yet they are very sweet when baked with unsuspected richness of flavor. You use unpeeled medium-sized turnips, and bake on the upper grate of a moderate oven for two or more hours. Then peel, dust with salt and pour melted butter over them.

105. Broiled Vegetables.—Here is something decidedly novel. I discovered it for myself first in outdoor cookery, casually sticking some vegetables in the grid together with meat; but I have since learned that there are others who have developed the broiled vegetable idea. It works with any vegetable firm enough

to be cut and placed in a broiler, over or under the heat. Don't omit oiling the broiler or grid or they will stick. Broil carrots, cucumbers, eggplant, even cauliflower, onions, Jerusalem artichokes, mushrooms, parsnips, turnips, etc. (after pre-cooking).

106. Pressure Cookers, Waterless Cookers, etc.—I particularly approve of the waterless cooker method of preparing vegetables, as it uses no water and preserves the flavor of the vegetables most delightfully. The waterless cooker has been improved and developed, and there is even now an independent electric cooker, attachable to any socket. You can cook cauliflower or cabbage without odor in these new cookers. Vegetables have almost enough water in their own plants to cook them.

107. Vegetable Cookery Timetables.—As the length of time vegetables are boiled has a great deal to do with flavor, it is important to follow a timetable. Remember, vegetables should always be started in boiling water. The timetables herewith are the results of recent experiments at the University of Chicago.

For Boiling this is roughly the timetable:

<i>Vegetable:</i>	<i>Amount:</i>	<i>Minutes to boil:</i>
Asparagus	2½ small bunches	{ tips, 5-10 butts, 20-25
Beans, green with tops (young)	4/5 quart	30-35
Beets, without tops (old)	5 medium-sized	40-60
Brussels sprouts	2/3 quart box	9-10
Cabbage, green (loose head)	1 medium head	6- 8
Cabbage, white (compact head)	1/3 medium head	8- 9
Cabbage, red, with tops (young)	3/4 medium head	20-25
Carrots, without tops (old)	11 small carrots	{ young, 20-25 old, 30-40
Cauliflower	1 medium head	8-10

<i>Vegetable:</i>	<i>Amount:</i>	<i>Minutes to boil:</i>
Onions, white	6 medium-sized	25-35
Onions, yellow	6 medium-sized	20-25
Parsnips, without tops . . .	3 medium-sized	25-30
Peas, green	2 quarts	20-30
Potatoes, Irish	3 medium-sized	25-30
Potatoes, sweet	3 medium-sized	15-25
Rutabagas	2/3 medium-sized	25-30
Spinach	1/2 peck	8-10
Spinach	3/4 peck	4- 5
Squash (Hubbard)	1/6 medium-sized	20
Turnips, white, without tops	3 medium-sized	20-25

For Steaming or Pressure Cooking:

<i>Vegetable:</i>	<i>In Steamer:</i> (Minutes)	<i>In Pressure Cooker</i> (Minutes)
Beets	60-90	{ Young, 15 Old, 30
Carrots	{ Young, 25-30 Old, 40-50	Old, 10-15
Parsnips	35-45	
Potatoes, Irish	30-35	
Potatoes, sweet	25-35	
Spinach, young	8-10	
Squash, Hubbard	20-25	

108. The Art of Cooking Peas or Carrots.—The pea is another of the finest vegetable foods nature has ever provided. The French have long been “pea conscious” with their “petits pois,” known the world over. Yet most of the time we are offered peas that are like nothing so much as little lead bullets. Most of these are canned by some bungling cannery to whom they are just so much filler to keep the machines going,—although there *are* good canned peas! Green peas are the real delicacy, and if young and tender, don’t use the boiling method

at all, but *simmer* them in a saucepan, using one and one-half tablespoons of butter to a pound of shelled peas. Put also into the saucepan a teaspoon of sugar, an onion, some thyme, a bit of celery, or a small head of lettuce. You stir often, and after a while add salt, pepper and a scant tablespoon of flour—some peas!

If you must boil peas use only enough water to cover; add also a teaspoon of sugar to the pound of peas, and a whole white onion or two minced shallots, a bit of thyme or bits of chopped celery. After ten minutes' boiling, add salt and pepper. When the peas are tender, drain, reserving a cup of the water in which they boiled. Simmer a few minutes in a saucepan, adding a tablespoon of butter and flour. Just before taking from fire mix the yolk of an egg with one and one-half tablespoons of cream, and beat it into the peas.

Try carrots made in this way (Creole chefs do it with great effect). You cut them lengthwise into strips, about the thickness of a lead-pencil. You put in the saucepan a tablespoon of water to a pound of carrots, sprinkle sugar over them, and stir carefully at intervals. Carrots come out of this process quite glorified.

XV

Salads That Men Can Endure

The salad problem is a very real one in a modern man's life. It has been—and is—uphill work to bring most American men to the point of eating salads at all. As one man of the old school—an Englishman, who is particularly prejudiced about salads—says, he “feels like a rabbit when he's munching this green stuff.” If he had his way, he would put very little else on the table besides meat—and then he would finish with a suet pudding! Heaven help man's dietary ignorance! Many animals have better sense! Man's brain was invented by nature to be a help to him, not a dagger for his vitals! Like it or not, “this green stuff” is a primary necessity for modern man, and he avoids it at his absolute peril.

In this matter of salad greens we come again to the point that man's prejudices have been developed by unintelligent food preparation. Try the average “salad” offered a man in the typical restaurant or the average home and see. There is richly varied taste and flavor in good salads, why do not more men warm up to them? Salads are no new fangled thing foisted on modern man by flat-heeled dieticians. The Romans loved their endive, and while their chief salad was a bit odd (chopped

endive with onion, vinegar and *honey*) still it *was* a salad. How much it had to do with their long ruling of the world over other salad-less people may be hard to debate; but knowing my vitamins, and having seen listless white rats in contrast with frisky, war-like white rats—the only difference in their diet being lettuce, I would insist that salads bore some relation to Roman vigor and energy. No wonder the Romans conquered the early Britons, and no wonder the modern Englishman is noted for his phlegm! Try to get a flavorful, well-dressed lettuce in all England!

Heaven forbid, however, that we eat salads dutifully for health's sake only! Nothing could be more dreary, yet many men are thus guilty. They eat it while hating it, which is a first-rate food crime. Rather eat it for enjoyment, for I put nothing ahead of a good salad in appetite appeal. Intelligent and aesthetic preparation will make men like salads, and nothing else. A real gourmet is invariably a lover of salads. Terry Ramsaye calls it "his favorite fodder," but his jaw sets grimly at mention of wilted lettuce and sloppy dressings—the work of food butchers. I remember with what reverence and care a man I know mixed his *French Salad Dressing* before my eyes. He put considerable salt on the bottom of a saucer, then some white pepper, and then some chili powder that comes from Texas, with its slight oniony flavor which takes the place of the garlic that no perfect lady loves on the breath of man. He then put on nine teaspoons of olive oil and beat up the mixture until stiff. Next taking a clean cube of ice and pushing it around in the mixture, he made the dressing thoroughly cold. After that he added three teaspoons of *cider* vinegar, none else. If asparagus were in the salad he added another teaspoon of vinegar. I testify that the result was highly delightful. Let me add that this man was an important executive on a woman's magazine and evidently "knew his stuff."

Speaking of salad dressings, another man I knew, a military officer, is proud of a certain different kind of *Mayonnaise Dressing*. You take the yolks of two eggs, beat well, and add, drop by drop, some olive oil. If too thick lighten with a dash of lemon. Into one cup of this thickened oil he puts three table-

spoons chili sauce, three tablespoons good ketchup, one tablespoon finely chopped pimento, one tablespoon finely chopped blanched sweet peppers. He adds a half teaspoon of salt, some pepper and paprika, and stirs in slowly one and one-half tablespoons of Tarragon vinegar. For shrimps, lobster, lettuce or tomatoes this is thoroughly good.

Possibly the most popular of all salad dressings among men is *Russian Dressing*. You make mayonnaise, add a tablespoon chopped chives, a half cup chili sauce, two drained chopped pimentos, a tablespoon chopped capers, a tablespoon shredded anchovies, and a half tablespoon of caviar. (If this latter item is not handy, do not worry.) Now you have *real* Russian dressing. There are many which merely masquerade as such.

I might as well say here that, as a rule, men are not fond of mayonnaise alone. I cannot analyze just why, but somehow women like it far better than men. There is one combination they do like, however—*Roquefort Mayonnaise*. You cream a third of a cup of Roquefort cheese until soft and then beat it into one cup of good fresh mayonnaise. A French olive oil dressing, with Roquefort added is also most acceptable.

109. Serving Salad Greens.—A great deal of the prejudice against salad arises from failure to serve lettuce leaves crisp and free from dirt and grit. All salad greens should be conscientiously picked and washed, not once but *three* times in cold water. Then they should be placed in a sieve to drain or placed to dry in a wire lettuce basket or wrapped in a paper towel to absorb excess moisture. If in an automatic refrigerator, they should be placed in a *special knitted lettuce bag*, close to the ice. Lettuce and all salad leaf plants should be as cold and dry as possible when served. Dressings should be poured over *just before serving*, and *never* before. Most intelligent people know these details, but it is astounding how many people do not.

Salad greens are many and varied. Young tender dandelions, watercress, Romaine or Coslettuce, raw spinach, chicory, beet greens, mint leaves, bean sprouts, salsify, etc., are all delicious. I particularly like bean sprouts, made by soaking a pint of "mung" beans 24 hours, draining and allowing them to

sprout, which they will do in 48 hours. You rinse them each morning with cold water and then serve with a simple French dressing. Few things have more vitamins, which is just what you eat a salad for.

Finally let me plead for the bowl method of serving salads, as against the individual salad dish. Not only does it look better, but when the lettuce is tossed and dressed in a bowl just before serving it gains immensely, in my opinion.

110. Good Fruit Salads.—Of all salads, give me fruit salads, and I think most men will agree with me. If one is in the mood for a salad, nothing refreshes quite so definitely as fruit, because of the precious fruit vitamins. But there is another reason. Vegetable salads depend for their palatability on the vegetable cook; whereas in fruit salads Nature herself is the cook!

Grapefruit-Pineapple Salad: One cup diced grapefruit pulp, one cup diced pineapple pulp, one-half cup diced orange pulp, one-half cup cut seeded cherries, one-half cup filbert meats, whipped cream mayonnaise. Mix ingredients; add dressing. Arrange on lettuce-covered plates. (Use as Fruit Cup.)

Grapefruit-Pineapple-Pepper Salad: Two cups diced grapefruit pulp, two cups diced pineapple pulp, one-half cup minced green peppers, one-fourth cup grapefruit mayonnaise, three teaspoons prepared mustard, salt, paprika. Mix fruit pulp with chopped pepper. Blend mustard with mayonnaise, using salt and paprika to season sharply, and add to ingredients. Arrange on lettuce-covered plates. *Variation:* Omit mustard; add two tablespoons powdered sugar and use whipped cream or cooked cream mayonnaise.

Grapefruit Waldorf Salad: One cup diced grapefruit pulp, one cup diced celery, one cup diced sweet apple, one-half cup walnut meats, grapefruit Mayonnaise. Mix ingredients. Add dressing. Arrange on lettuce-covered plates, or refill into grapefruit shells or scooped out apple. (Use as Fruit Cup.) *Variations:* add one-half cup chopped stoned dates. Add one-half cup shredded cocoanut. Substitute one cup diced pineapple for the apple.

Grapefruit-Orange Salad: One cup diced grapefruit pulp, one cup diced orange pulp, one cup diced marshmallows, two tablespoons grapefruit juice, one-half cup nutmeats, one-half cup grapefruit French dressing. Mix ingredients; add dressing. Arrange on lettuce-covered plates. (Use as Fruit Cup.) *Variation:* omit marshmallows, and add two teaspoons prepared mustard to dressing. Add two tablespoons powdered sugar and use Whipped Cream or Cooked Cream mayonnaise.

Grapefruit-Roquefort Salad: Grapefruit, green pepper, minced or in thin strips, grapefruit French dressing, Roquefort cheese, cress. Peel grapefruit and slice thinly across; cut in half again crosswise, rejecting all seeds; allow two slices for portion. Arrange on cress-covered plates. Pour over dressing, in which Roquefort cheese has been smoothly mashed. Garnish with minced pepper or pepper strips. *Variation:* substitute orange juice in above. Use one-half cream cheese and one-eighth teaspoon onion juice.

Florida Salad: Grapefruit, oranges, tangerines, pineapple, bannana, grapefruit juice, grapefruit mayonnaise. Prepare fruit sections without losing shape. Cut pineapple in small cubes. Slice banana thinly. Cover individual plates with lettuce. Arrange citrus fruit sections alternately in circles. Heap pineapple cubes in center, and arrange banana slices around outer edge. Pour grapefruit juice over fruits. Add spoon of mayonnaise on top. Garnish with whole red or green preserved cherry. (Use as Fruit Cup.)

Checkerboard Salad: Grapefruit gelatin, orange gelatin, one-half cup grapefruit French dressing, four tablespoons ground pecans or peanut butter, maraschino cherries, whole pecan meats. Make gelatins in separate shallow oblong pans. When firm cut in inch blocks. Arrange four blocks, orange and grapefruit alternately, on lettuce-covered plates. Blend nut paste with dressing, add dressing and garnish with whole nutmeats or cherry. *Variation:* use sweetened whipped cream over jellies as a dessert.

Mixed Fruit Salad is always delicious. You take a cup each of diced bananas, apples, oranges, and one-fourth cup of fresh or canned cherries. Serve with thin mayonnaise or a dressing

made of lemon juice and the juices of the fruits, slightly sweetened.

Some other salads I relish are *Apple and Date*, *Apple, Date and Orange*, *Pineapple*, *Banana and Strawberry*, *Apple and Celery*, *Berkeley Salad* (with pineapple, oranges, bananas, malaga grapes).

111. Fruit and Nut Salads.—Here is a combination I find combine very well with fruits. My favorite is *Pineapple and Nut Salad*, which calls for quite an array of ingredients: A quart can of sliced pineapple, two eggs, four tablespoons butter, two tablespoons sugar, six tablespoons lemon juice, one-half cup chopped nuts, three-fourths cup whipping cream. You arrange the pineapple slices on the individual serving plates, and garnish with lettuce. You beat the eggs slightly, put in a double boiler and add the lemon juice, sugar, butter, two tablespoons water and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Cook until the mixture thickens, stirring meanwhile. Cool it; (if it curdles put in a pan of cold water and beat with egg beater). Beat the cream to stiff froth, and fold it together with half of the chopped nuts into the egg mixture, reserving the larger nut pieces for the top of the salad. Put tablespoon of dressing on the pineapple and then sprinkle with nuts.

An Apple, Cheese and Nut Salad is also good. You peel and dice four apples and marinate them with the juice of two lemons (to prevent discoloring). Cut some Yogurt or Neuf-chatel cheese into half inch cubes and add to the apples. Then add mayonnaise to blend and serve with lettuce, scattering broken walnut meats on top. Some others I am fond of are *Date and Walnut*, *Banana and Walnut*, *Raisins*, *Fig and Nuts*.

112. Good Vegetable Salads.—When the vegetables are well cooked and combined, there is joy for the palate in a vegetable salad. Prince of them all is perhaps *Combination Green Salad*, with cucumbers, radishes, sweet pepper, tomatoes, and French dressing. Just plain sliced tomato and lettuce salad is doubtless the most common favorite among men. A *Chiffonade Salad* is delicious too. You shave some cabbage finely, and cut some celery. Marinate these with French salad dressing. Place a large lettuce leaf on a plate with two thick slices of tomato and

put this mixture on top, plus a dessertspoon of Thousand Island Dressing, and garnish with chopped chives and pimento strips.

A *Combination Vegetable Salad* is also called a Russian salad and is most satisfying: You peel, dice, and cook a cup each of carrots, white turnips, beets, string beans, and peas, and a cup of cauliflower pieces. (Use left-overs if you like.) Cool them, arrange with chives, parsley and lettuce, and use French Dressing.

I also like a *Beet and Cauliflower Salad*. You combine one and one-fourth cups sliced or diced cooked beets and one and one-fourth cups cauliflower pieces, a pint of shredded lettuce, and serve with a French mustard dressing. There is also plain *Cauliflower Salad*. You boil or steam a cauliflower, drain, put in a bowl, pour over it a half cup French paprika dressing (I like it with Roquefort cheese in it) and serve with lettuce. And how I particularly love a *Jerusalem Artichoke Salad*! You combine two cups sliced, cooked artichokes, one cup diced pickled beets, and one and one-half tablespoons grated onion, with French dressing. Serve on lettuce. Find a more zestful salad, if you can!

Another good combination is *Mushroom and Green Pea Salad*. You combine one cup diced sautéed mushrooms with one and one-half cups cooked green peas, one cup shredded celery, and use French paprika dressing. Serve with watercress and pimento strips. A *Pea and Celery Salad* is another likeable one. You drain a can of peas (if you have no fresh ones), and after washing drain again. Add one small onion, grated, one-third teaspoon salt and one and one-half cups chopped celery. Add a cup of boiled dressing and serve with lettuce.

113. Give "Cole Slaw" Its Due.—Women don't seem to like cole slaw very much, but men are usually fairly fond of it, and they could not do themselves a better dietary favor. It is one of the most beneficial things a man ever took into his mouth, and if made rightly one of the most tasteful. Give ear while I explain carefully how to make it properly. You shave the cabbage very finely and toss into cold water for a few minutes; then you drain, and take a clean towel to dry it off. Put cabbage close to the ice while you proceed to make the dressing.

You heat a cup of milk *in a double boiler* and add a tablespoon of sugar. You rub a tablespoon of butter and a tablespoon of flour together, and then pour the hot (but not scalding) milk over the mixture, a little at a time, while you stir. Then cook in a double boiler for ten minutes, add a teaspoon of salt and heat until well blended. Then pour this sauce gradually over one beaten egg, and return it to the double boiler. Then add a little more salt, and pour in gradually one-fourth cup of lemon juice. Mix the dressing well with the cabbage, then chill the whole dish. Now, my friends, you have cole slaw "as is" and you can keep it for days. Eat it plentifully for lunch and for dinner. If I had my way I'd "pass a law" that every man eat cole slaw at least once every day!

114. Salads as Meals.—Now we come to the whole-meal salads, as I call them; salads with considerable solid food value. The other kinds of salads were mainly vitamin and roughage dishes, or appetite makers and "contrast" dishes to the heavier items in the menu. But these salads are "square meals"! Set before me an ample dish of one of these salads especially for lunch and I want little else.

Let me dispose first of *Potato Salad*: not because I like it very heartily, which I don't, but because I must admit many men do relish it. What a sorry thing most potato salads are! But here's how to have a real one: You cut freshly boiled potatoes into large cubes and mix with two hard-boiled eggs, cut into small pieces. Season generously with grated onion or celery seeds. Mix with a boiled dressing and let stand at least an hour before serving. Add minced pimentos, minced green pepper, or chopped chives for garnish. I like a little better *Potato and Celery Salad* adding chopped celery. My wife's special potato salads are: potatoes with diced cucumber; and potatoes, celery, and a third the quantity freshly cooked shrimp. A *Waldorf Potato Salad* is the dressiest. It includes cucumber, sliced button onions, pecans, stuffed olives, mayonnaise and whipped cream. A potato salad, *hot*, with bacon, is another thing men like immensely.

Lima Bean Salad is a favorite with me. You take a cup each of cooked Lima beans and raw shredded cabbage, add a

minced pimento and some pickled onion dressing, and serve with lettuce.

An unusually good *Special Lima Bean Salad* is made in this way: You pour French dressing over one and one-half cups of cooked Lima beans mixed with one-half cup of chopped celery, and three sliced tomatoes. Chill this, arrange on a salad plate with beans in the center and the tomatoes and lettuce on the edge. Pour an additional spoonful of Roquefort dressing on each slice of tomato.

Chicken and Celery Salad is naturally very popular. You combine one and one-half cups of cooked peas, a minced pimento, one cup chopped celery and one and one-half cups of cooked chicken with French dressing. A *Baked Bean Salad* is popular with men. You combine two cups baked beans, one cup chopped tomato, one minced green pepper, one-half cup chopped celery with mayonnaise to bind, and add some thin slivers of cold broiled bacon, and a pickle as a relish.

Asparagus and Crab Flake Salad is another toothsome nourishing dish. You combine one and one-third cups cooked, chopped asparagus tips, and one cup of flaked crab with French dressing (preferably made with lemon juice) and chill for twenty minutes. Then add some shredded lettuce, one-fourth cup cut stuffed olives and serve on a bed of lettuce or watercress, with mayonnaise.

A *Norwegian Salad* is a hefty one. You combine with French dressing one-half a cup each dried cooked tongue, and cooked chicken, add two shredded small smoked herring, one-half cup diced cooked potatoes, one-half cup shredded string beans, one-half cup diced carrots, and serve with lettuce or watercress. A *Russian Salad* belongs to the same family. You combine one cup flaked cooked halibut, whitefish, cod, or chicken, with one cup shredded carrots, one chopped shallot, six shredded anchovies, one cup diced cooked potatoes, one cup cooked green peas, one-half cup diced cooked asparagus, one tablespoon of caviar and some mayonnaise or French dressing.

Here is an unusual but toothsome one suitable for winter: *Chestnut Salad*. You combine one cup chopped cooked chestnuts with one-half cup chopped celery, three-fourths cup halved

Malaga or Tokay grapes, one shredded head of lettuce, and toss in French dressing to mix. You can vary this with chestnuts, grapefruit and cucumber; or chestnuts, celery, and apple; or chestnut, brussels sprouts, and celery.

Cheese salads are very substantial. Try a *Vegetable Cheese Salad*. You crush one-half cup of minced vegetables (any kind left over) together with one cup cottage or cream cheese, add one tablespoon minced olives or grated onion, one cup of pickled carrots, salt, and paprika; serve with watercress.

Here's an odd one, most tasty—*Barley Salad*. You combine two cups cooked barley with one-half cup chopped celery, one minced pimento, three-fourths cup chopped roasted peanuts, two large apples, shredded, with some mayonnaise, and garnish with nut meats.

There are also many delectable fish salads. A *Shrimp Salad* is a sterling men's favorite. You dice freshly boiled shrimps, add one-fourth the amount of crisp diced celery and add to the mayonnaise a couple of tablespoons of minced pickled onions or sliced stuffed olives. Scallop salad, salmon salad, or even a left-over *fish salad* is good; the latter particularly so if you add shredded celery, a minced hard-boiled egg, shredded lettuce and minced mustard pickle. Use this same recipe for a *Lobster* or *Tuna-fish salad*.

115. The Aspics.—These make splendid hot weather whole-meal salads, and are a very special favorite with me. Almost anything can be put into an "aspic" jelly—meat, fish, vegetables. I am able to present here, through the courtesy of my wife, nationally known food expert, a group of entirely original recipes for aspics; and I can personally attest to their most unusual appeal to appetite.

Shrimp Tomato Jelly Salad: One package lemon gelatin, one cup boiling water, one cup canned tomato soup, two tablespoons lemon juice, one-fourth teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne, stuffed olives, one cup finely cut celery, one cup extra sifted peas, one cup cut shrimp, parsley or celery leaf garnish, lettuce.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water and add tomato soup, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Cool. Arrange sliced stuffed

olives on bottom of wet mold. Pour in thin layer of gelatin and let stiffen. Combine celery, peas, and shrimp. Lay in layer of mixed fish and vegetables on tomato jelly. Cover with remaining thickening jelly. Chill three hours. Serve on lettuce with parsley or celery leaf garnish. (Serves six to eight.) *Variations:* 1. Use crab meat, lobster or canned salmon in place of shrimp. 2. Use cucumbers in place of celery.

Molded Salmon Loaf: One-half package lemon gelatin, three-fourths cup hot milk, two egg yolks, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon mustard dressing, three tablespoons tomato catsup, one-half teaspoon pepper, one-fourth cup lemon juice, two tablespoons melted butter, one cup scalded milk, one-pound can red salmon, four to six hard cooked eggs, green peppers, cucumber-mayonnaise.

Dissolve gelatin in three-fourths cup hot milk. Mix slightly beaten egg yolks with salt, mustard, catsup, pepper and lemon juice. Add butter and one cup scalded milk. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add dissolved gelatin. Have salmon carefully picked free of all skin and bones, and flake with a fork. Add salmon to gelatin custard mixture and beat thoroughly. Turn into wet fish mold. Chill three hours. Serve on lettuce with cucumber-mayonnaise, and garnished with sliced hard eggs and strips of green pepper. (Serves six to eight.) *Variations:* 1. Chill in ring mold. Fill center with diced cucumbers moistened in French dressing. 2. Use as filling for stuffed eggs, filling into cooked whites, cut lengthwise, and fasten together with toothpicks. 3. Mold individually, filling each mold half full of plain cucumber jelly and half with molded salmon mixture.

Deviled Roe in Jelly: One package lemon gelatin, one and three-fourths cup boiling water, one-fourth cup lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt, two and one-half teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, two-thirds teaspoon made mustard, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, few drops anchovy sauce, six pieces fish roe, watercress, lemon garnish, lettuce.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add lemon juice and all seasonings. Cool. Arrange roe in shallow wet mold. Pour over slightly thickened gelatin. Chill three hours. Serve on

lettuce with watercress and fancy cut lemon garnish. (Serves six.) (If liked, the roe may first be carefully sautéed in butter.)

Molded Tuna Fish in Cucumber Jelly: One large (13 oz. can) tuna fish, six hard-cooked eggs, one-half cup stuffed olives, two cucumbers, one-half cup hot water, one teaspoon onion juice, two tablespoons lemon juice, one tablespoon minced green pepper, one teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne, one package lemon gelatin, green coloring, parsley, lettuce, tomato-mayonnaise.

Drain; and flake tuna fish into small pieces. Chill. Slice eggs in half lengthwise; slice stuffed olives across. Arrange eggs and olives in fancy design in bottom of wet shallow oval mold. To make cucumber jelly: Pare and slice cucumbers. Add hot water, onion and lemon juices, pepper and seasonings, and simmer covered 30 minutes. Strain through fine sieve or double cheesecloth. There should be exactly two cups. Dissolve gelatin in hot cucumber liquid. Tint pale delicate green with few drops coloring. Cool. When jelly is partly thickened, pour a thin layer over eggs and olives and let become firm. Lay tuna fish over jellied layer and cover with remaining jelly. Chill three hours. Serve on lettuce with tomato-mayonnaise, and garnish with parsley. (Serves six to eight.)

Shrimp and Cucumber Salad Mold: One package lemon gelatin, one and three-fourths cups boiling water, one-fourth cup lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt, few grains paprika, one cup canned or fresh shrimp, two cucumbers, diced, French dressing, one-half cup Gruyere cheese cut in bits (or preferred cheese), one-half cup mayonnaise, lettuce, mayonnaise.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Cool. Add lemon juice, salt and paprika. Marinate shrimp and diced cucumber in French dressing. Drain shrimp and cucumber. Add to cooled gelatin with cut cheese. Beat in mayonnaise. Turn into large or individual wet molds. Chill three hours. Serve on lettuce with garnish of whole shrimp and star of mayonnaise. (Serves six.)

116. Jellied Salads.—Here are a few more of Mrs. Frederick's original recipes for salads which seem to me the last word in appetite appeal.

Molded Pineapple and Cucumber Salad: One package lemon gelatin, one cup boiling water, three-fourths cup scalded fresh pineapple juice, one-fourth cup lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup finely diced cucumber pulp, one cup finely diced fresh pineapple, green coloring, lettuce, mayonnaise.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add scalded pineapple juice, lemon juice, and salt. Cool. Pare cucumbers, remove seeds and cut pulp into fine dice. Cut pineapple into uniform fine dice and combine with cucumber. Add diced pulps to gelatin mixture. Tint delicate green with few drops coloring. Turn into wet single or individual molds. Chill three hours. Serve on lettuce with garnish of tomato ring, or whole shrimp, and star of mayonnaise. (Serves six to eight.) *Variations:* 1. Add one cup finely diced breast of chicken with the cucumber and pineapple pulps. 2. Mold cooked shrimp into mixture as jelly begins to set. 3. Use one-half cup less water, and fold in three-fourths cup whipped cream as mixture begins to thicken.

Jellied Tomato Surprise: Six medium tomatoes, one package lemon gelatin, one cup boiling water, one cup tomato juice, one tablespoon onion juice, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, one tablespoon mustard dressing, two hard-cooked eggs, chopped, one-half cup minced cooked ham, one-half cup finely cut pecans, one cup finely cut celery, mayonnaise, watercress or heart celery, lettuce.

Scald and skin tomatoes, scoop out centers, dust with salt and invert to chill. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water, add tomato and onion juice, salt, pepper, and mustard. Cool. Combine chopped eggs, ham, nuts, celery, and toss lightly in mayonnaise to moisten. Pack egg and ham mixture into tomato cups, not filling completely. Turn cooled gelatin into partly stuffed tomato cups, filling to the top. Chill three hours. Serve individually on lettuce with garnish of mayonnaise and spray of cress or heart celery inserted in center. (Serves six.) *Variations:* 1. Slice stuffed tomato crosswise in thick rings, and serve on lettuce with horseradish-mayonnaise. 2. Substitute minced green peppers, or finely cut cabbage, or cucumber, for the celery.

Tomato Cheese Salad Supreme: One package lemon gelatin, one-half cup boiling water, one cup canned tomato soup, two tablespoons lemon juice, one tablespoon onion juice, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-half cup cream cheese, one-fourth cup minced pimentos, one-half cup sliced stuffed olives, one-half cup mayonnaise, one-half cup cream, whipped, lettuce, mayonnaise.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water with heated tomato soup. Add lemon and onion juices, and salt. Cool. Mash cheese and combine with pimentos and olives. Add to mayonnaise. Add cooled gelatin to cheese mixture and mix well. Fold in whipped cream. Turn into wet brick mold. Chill three hours. Serve in slices on lettuce with mayonnaise. (Serves six to eight.) (Especially attractive when molded individually, served in lettuce nest for Bridge and entertainment service.)

XVI

Ham With Variety

All over the world there are hams and ham lovers! My friend Wallace Irwin, well-known writer, told me not long ago of making a visit to the Fiji Islands, the land of ex-cannibals. There he found the chief of the ex-cannibals, a huge black with a perfect Oxford accent (the Islands are under British rule), resplendent in a European sack coat, but with a ladies' ruffled petticoat for pants! A feast was prepared, and ham (in lieu of the more sinister ancient food) was the *piece de resistance*. "Shall I show you how my ancestors ate ham?" asked the chief with a grin. He took a whole ham, fairly small, it is true, and twirled it in his two hands just as we hold corn-on-the-cob, and rolled the meat into his mouth in one continuous bite, as though feeding a music roll into a piano! It was all over in an incredibly few minutes, only the bone remaining to tell the tale. The chief, still swallowing hard, wiped his jowls of the ham fat with an upward motion of his two palms, so that the fat was carried on up to his great head of hair. Most tropical savages keep rancid butter or grease in their hair. Making a polite European bow (he is quite a cultured rascal) he said, in his astounding Oxford English, "Pardon the table manners, don't-you-know; it's just an old Island custom."

American men are enormously fond of ham. There is no dish so widely known or so often eaten. Oddly enough, ham and eggs are the favorite dish of Will Irwin, famous brother of Wallace Irwin. Many another famous man is also enamoured of ham and eggs, and does not care who knows it. A friend of mine, a theatrical producer, with whom I have lunched frequently, has for years simplified his mid-day meal down to a science, whether we lunched at the Waldorf or the Friar's Club: *he never orders anything but ham-and-eggs!* I cannot understand such people, but there they are! Some years ago I made an address on good eating before the annual convention of the American Restaurateur's Association at Cincinnati. While there a bright newspaper man bet me that these restaurant men from all over the country, employing French chefs and sporting fancy menu-cards in their restaurants or hotels, were *themselves* just as addicted to the proverbial ham-and-eggs regimen as any other plebeian American. I accepted the bet, and my newspaper friend made a check-up of what these restaurant men ate most often when away from their own restaurants, and lo, and behold, it *was* ham-and-eggs!

116a. Ringing the Changes on Ham.—Now, I quite agree that ham is a happy invention. No man can hold his masculinity and declare otherwise! I do not want to abolish ham, but I do want to ring a few civilized changes on it. Let us take first, however, Will Irwin's favorite way of preparing the ubiquitous *Ham-and-Eggs*: You first get good ham, and then cook it in its own fat in a carefully cleaned frying pan; until the ham is appetizingly spotted with golden brown. Break some day-old eggs into a dish, take the ham out of the pan and put on a hot platter. Put the eggs in the vacated pan, and baste them with the hot ham fat. Put now a cover on the pan and turn out the gas. Let the eggs cook in the hot pan for a minute or two, then serve.

For some variety, however, I particularly like a *Ham and Vegetable Dinner*: You take a knife and gash the edges of fat around a slice of ham. Place in a hot frying pan and sear quickly, browning on both sides. Lower heat and cook slowly

until tender. Serve with mashed potatoes, green peppers, asparagus and fried apple rings.

Next, I like *Ham and Tomato*: You add a teaspoon of parsley, cayenne pepper, a bit of lemon juice and one-fourth cup creamed butter to a cup of minced ham. Rub bowl with garlic or add a little onion juice. Spread rounds of buttered bread with mixture, and between each two rounds place a slice of ripe tomato spread with thick mayonnaise.

Some men do not know there is such a thing as corned ham. I am fond of *Baked Corned Ham*: You boil the ham, pouring off the first water. Allow to boil for three to four hours in new water. Remove from water and cover with paste made of one-half cup brown sugar, one-half teaspoon of mustard, one-fourth cup flour and water or vinegar. Stick in cloves. Bake in slow oven.

117. Baked and Roast Ham.—So many men never get ham in any but the frying pan technique. *Baked Ham* of the regular variety is an art, too; you soak the ham over-night in cold water. Then make a paste of flour and water, rolling it out until three-fourths of an inch thick. Cover the ham (skin and all) with this, sealing all the joints or thin places with flour and water so as to have a real seal. Bake in a moderate oven, allowing 25 minutes to the pound. When finished break the crust, skin the ham, breadcrumb it and serve. I have this recipe from a world-traveled man of very educated food taste, who cooked so delightfully in his bachelor apartments that he always had a flock of rapt male admirers to dinner, and his table talk was as good as his cookery!

While we are discussing whole hams, let us get the straight of it how to treat *Roast Fresh Ham*: You sprinkle a ten-pound fresh ham with cinnamon and ginger. Cover with thick paste of flour and water. Put in pan, fill with cider. Cook slowly for three hours, basting frequently. Remove paste and rind. An hour before done, brush fat portion with beaten egg, sprinkle with parsley and bread crumbs and let heat through. Make gravy by boiling down cider in which ham was first roasted. Now then, you ham fans, you have something to talk about! If you have no cider, try grape juice.

Broiled Ham and Cucumbers is something I will warrant you have never heard about. I connected with the idea from New Orleans. You cut thin slices of ham and broil over hot coals if possible. When brown dust the slices with pepper and serve with slices of cucumber that have been steeped in salted vinegar for several hours.

Ham Croquettes is another handy serviceable dish and choice if rightly done. You chop the ham fine and add to an equal quantity of mashed potatoes: then add two tablespoons each of cream and butter and the yolks of two eggs, beaten well. Beat the whole mixture until smooth, add a dash of cayenne. Mold into cylinder shapes about three inches long and roll in the yolk of another egg, well-beaten. Roll them in grated bread crumbs and fry the cones in boiling hot fat. You can make *Ham Puffs* in the same way by merely substituting for the potatoes a stiff batter made of a pint of flour, one pint of water, three eggs and the chopped ham.

Here is a different dish men like—if and when they ever get it—*Savory Russian Ham*: You blend the juice of two lemons, two teaspoons of Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire, two teaspoons of sugar, a teaspoon of Colman's English dry mustard, one-sixth teaspoon of Crosse & Blackwell's curry powder, one-fourth teaspoon of paprika, two tablespoons of chopped parsley, one-half of a minced green pepper. Lay a slice of ham on a deep plate, put a spoon of the seasoning mixture on it, then another slice of ham, and so go on building a ham skyscraper. Set aside for two hours while it marinates, basting it occasionally with the seasoning. Then broil the ham until crisp. Heat the remaining seasoning and pour sizzling over the ham. If you like flavor, here you have it in plenty!

Another good one is *Rice and Ham Loaf*: You take three cups of unpolished rice, add two tablespoons of melted butter. Then butter a long bread pan and line it with rice, holding back some of it. Fill the pan then with minced ham, making a mixture of teaspoon of onion juice, one and one-half teaspoons of minced parsley, three-fourths cup of thick white sauce, one egg. Spread the remaining rice over the top and steam or bake the loaf for 40 minutes; if baked set in a pan of hot water for the first half of the cooking.

XVII

Game and Fowl Served With Skill For Man's Taste

There is a legend of an Archbishop of York who "sat three entire years at dinner." It must have been a dinner of fowl or game, for of all foods, the Englishman is fondest of game.

It is a fact that the sale of chickens in New York City fluctuates with the prosperity or lack of prosperity of the women's garment industry! The large numbers of men from all parts of the country who come to New York to buy women's garments for retail stores almost live on chicken when in New York—if they can afford it.

Except for some parts of the south, chicken is cooked abominably in most of the country, and when men come to New York they can taste chicken as they do not often taste it. One reason for this is that New York has more good cooks, and another is that "kosher" or fresh-killed chicken is mainly used. Chicken is high up on the list of foods preferred by men, and it should be cooked so that its delightful flavor and delicate texture is given an opportunity.

118. Chicken.—Let me at once declare that I think neither the frying pan nor the oven is conducive to bringing out the

best of chicken; and this in spite of the fame of the fried chicken of the south, which can be delicious, I admit, if carefully done. Count Rumford, the famous chemist and the Edison of cookery, tried hard to wean England over to the oven, but thank goodness for its famed conservatism; it knew, somehow, that fowl and game should be broiled. Even the French know it; for proof go to a Rotissiere for your chicken next time.

Scottson-Clark has the right idea of *Roast Chicken*, if it must be done in the oven, as of course it must unless there are exceptional facilities. "By a chicken," he says, "I mean a chicken and not an antiquated hen that has been killed before it died of old age. You can always tell a chicken by feeling the breast bone, the tip of which should be soft and gristly. The legs too should be smooth and not scaly. It is a bad plan to let the butcher draw the chicken, because, in nine cases out of ten, he mutilates the bird to such an extent that it is un-presentable. The smallest incision possible should be made to remove the insides, and the crop should be taken out through the neck without splitting the skin. The skin of the neck is then folded back and the bone severed as near the crop as possible. The bird should then be singed to remove all the hairs, and if any quills have been left in the skin, they should be pulled out with pincers. Where the legs have been cut at the joint, they should be folded back until the three tendons show themselves. These should be pulled out—three in each leg—with pincers. This makes the leg—the drumstick—eatable. It is very annoying to have these tendons served you on your plate.

"The bird should now be stuffed both fore and aft, and both the neck and the incision in the latter end sewn up with a needle and thread. It should then be trussed, a skewer thrust through the wings, under one of which is the liver and under the other the gizzard, and the wings and less so tied as to force up the breast and to keep the legs in position. Then it is salted, peppered, and floured all over and is ready to be put in the oven or roasted in front of the fire, covered with fat bacon. The oven should be hot but not too fierce, and the time allowed for roasting is a quarter of an hour to the pound. The bird

should be basted every fifteen minutes, and for the last quarter of an hour the bacon should be removed from the breast to allow it to color a golden brown. It can be served with bacon, for preference rolled in little rounds, fried sausages, or force-meat balls and above all with thin gravy. Thick gravy should never be served with poultry."

The stuffing—or seasoning, as ultra-polite people call it—is made as follows: Half a pound of fresh bread crumbs, a cupful of chopped parsley, two chopped onions, pepper, salt, and the skin of half a lemon chopped fine. Add a sprinkling of mixed herbs and a quarter of a cupful of chopped suet. These are all mixed together and then is added one egg beaten to a froth. The body of the bird and also the crop are filled with this mixture. This is called "veal stuffing" and is used for roast veal and turkey.

There are innumerable ways to treat chicken. I like the creole ways best. They do even *Fried Chicken* better than in Maryland in my opinion. You clean and cut the spring chicken into joints; and dredge thoroughly with salt and pepper. Then you make a batter with two eggs and four tablespoons of flour. Roll the chicken in it, patting the pieces lightly. Put three tablespoons of lard in the frying pan, and put in the chicken and let it cook for 45 minutes, but do not let it burn. Serve on a hot platter with chopped parsley and watercress.

Breasts of Chicken, Louisiana Style are also a rare delight. You take the white meat from two chickens, in fillets, and season well with pepper and salt. Put four tablespoons of butter in a stewpan, add a small onion sliced, a whole bay leaf, a blade of mace, and four cloves. Let it simmer, but not burn; and then lay in the fillets, but do not let them brown, but simmer. Add a cup of the water in which you have boiled the dark meat, and let it simmer for an hour. Serve with parsley sprigs.

Best of all, perhaps, is *Chicken Sauté à la Creole*. You take young hens, clean and singe, truss them for roasting. Put in the frying pan small strip of bacon. Over this put the slices of one lemon, cut thin, and cover again with bacon strips. Put in now a half cup of water, and then two carrots and two onions

in thin slices, and a teaspoon each of thyme, parsley and bay leaf, minced fine. Put the boiled pieces of chicken in over this and cover closely. Let it cook for 30 to 45 minutes, according to tenderness of chicken. Then take out the chicken, add one-half cup of broth to the water in which it has been boiling. Stir well, season lightly and pour the liquid over the chicken and serve, with tomato sauce.

There is still another *Chicken Sauté à la Creole*. You take two spring chickens and cut into pieces at the joints, and season well with salt and pepper. Put two tablespoons of butter in a stewpan to melt and then add the chicken, and let it brown for five minutes. Then have ready and add three sliced onions, and let brown. Then add two tablespoons of flour and let it brown; and then add a half dozen large tomatoes sliced, or half a can of tomatoes. Let the mixture simmer; add some chopped parsley, three sprigs of thyme, two bay leaves, two cloves of garlic, minced. Let it brown without burning; cover and "smother" over a slow fire. Add half a dozen sweet green peppers, taking out seeds, and slicing them. Stir well and let simmer for 20 minutes, keeping covered, but stirring occasionally. Then add a cup or a can of consommé, or a cup of boiling water. Let it cook for another half hour very slowly, and then season, and let cook ten minutes more. What a dish!

119. Duck.—This is one of the most delicious fowls to eat available; especially wild duck. *Salmi of Duck* is the one real way to eat it, unless you roast it. You chop the bones of the You cut the duck meat into neat pieces, and then make the sauce by combining a pint of brown sauce and two tomatoes, or a cup of strained stewed tomato, adding your duck stock. Then you simmer the meat in the sauce for half an hour, and add one-half cup of chopped olives. Serve with fried cornmeal mush or rice croquettes and peas.

Stewed Ducks with Turnips is one of the most delightful ways of cooking wild ducks. The turnip blends well with the flavor of the wild ducks, and a nicer way of serving this vegetable in combination does not exist. Clean the ducks, and cut into pieces at the joints. Put a tablespoonful of butter into the pot, and as it melts, add the onions, chopped fine. Let

them brown, and then add the pieces of duck. Let them brown, and add the minced ham. Immediately after add the turnips, sliced or quartered, and a tablespoonful of sifted flour. Stir well, let the flour brown slightly and add the minced thyme, parsley and bay leaf, and one clove of garlic minced very fine. Stir well again, and let it smother for about 15 minutes, stirring frequently, so that it will not burn. Then add water, almost sufficient to cover the ducks, and stir well. Cover tight, and let the mixture smother for a half hour longer.

Speaking of duck, I have memories of a *real* Salmi of Duck at the famous *Tour d' Argent* restaurant in Paris—the oldest restaurant in Europe, and run, oddly enough by a man bearing my own name, Frederic. He is dead now. Eating duck at his place is a solemn rite. People from all over the world go there; it is a gourmet's mecca. First you are shown a tray of duck to choose from, and each duck has its written pedigree, handed to you so that you may know what you eat. You have an uncomfortable feeling of being a cannibal eating members of an aristocracy! After making the momentous choice, you watch the "duck press" go to work. A real salmi of duck positively calls for a duck press, and also a spirit lamp in which the sauces are heated. All this is done in full view of you, by grave cooks in full dress, and it takes an hour. What is it they do? I found out. They cut off the breast of the duck, and then put the rest of the carcass in the duck press, which squeezes out the juices. To this juice they add a pat of butter, the juice of a lemon, a tablespoon of Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire, some cayenne pepper and salt, and alas, a wineglass of port wine! Then the spirit lamp heats (but not boils) all this, which is constantly poured with a spoon over the pieces of duck meat. To eat this heavenly concoction costs you a lot of money, but it is worth it to see how the emphasis is placed, in this restaurant, upon *exquisite cookery*, rather than upon music, decorations, dancing or even upon liquor; although Frederic is the one restaurateur who ruthlessly but politely showed the door to patrons who drank the wrong wine with the wrong course!

One of the most delicious duck combinations I ever ate was *Duck with Spaghetti*. Possibly it was because I had helped

shoot the duck, and because my hardy and spartan outdoor friend Joe cooked it, and we ate it outdoors at his camp; but anyway I cannot forget it. It was nothing but a tomato sauce made for spaghetti in the regular way, with cubes of wild duck meat added.

Broiled Teal or Canvasback Duck is another choice delicacy, if properly salted and peppered and rubbed with a fine grade of olive oil before broiling, and turned often. Serve with drawn butter sauce with lemon. Duck stewed with mushrooms or with turnips is delicious. An important point about duck is not to scald it in picking. Duck should always hang for one day—longer if the weather is cold. A good plan for duck, if you are going to cook two, is to stuff one with onion and sage dressing and rub the inside of the other with pepper and salt. You cover the breasts of the birds with greased paper, and roast in a very hot oven for 15 minutes, and finish in a cooler oven. Also you baste often.

120. Rabbit.—Somehow or other rabbit seems to be declining in favor. Possibly it is because of its high game flavor which makes it unpopular with women, or perhaps it is because of its high acid reaction in the stomach, which calls for a proper balancing that is usually absent. A rabbit pie, mixing bread and the rabbit meat, without counteracting foods, is likely to make a man swear off from rabbit. But why not be intelligent?

Rabbit, Hunter's Style calls for: A pair of rabbits, one tablespoon of butter, one onion, one slice of ham, one tablespoon of flour, one-half box of mushrooms, the rind of a lemon, one clove of garlic, two sprigs of thyme, two bay leaves, salt and pepper to taste, croutons to garnish.

You prepare the rabbit; clean and draw, and cut into pieces at the joints. Rub well with salt and pepper; put a tablespoon of butter into the saucepan with the rabbit and let it brown slowly. When nearly brown, add the onion, chopped fine, and let this brown slightly. Then add the ham, minced very fine, and the clove and garlic and bay leaves and thyme, minced very fine. Stir with the rabbit, and let these brown for about two minutes; then add a tablespoonful of flour and brown for a few minutes; then add a quart of consommé and let all cook

for about one hour. Season according to taste. Add a half can of mushrooms, chopped fine, and the rind of a lemon, and again season to taste. Let all cook for a half hour longer and serve on a hot dish, with croutons fried in butter. By the way *Squirrel* is good in just this way.

Hare, Creole Style calls for: One fine, tender hare, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one large onion, one dozen small onions, three tomatoes, one ounce of minced ham, two sprigs of thyme, two bay leaves, one glass of cider, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of pepper, one pint of consommé or water.

You skin, clean, draw and thoroughly wash a fine, tender hare. Set aside the liver and heart. Cut the hare into pieces at the joints. Make a marinade by taking a half glass of cider, one large finely-sliced onion, the thyme and bay leaves (finely minced), and place in a stone jar. Add a half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg and a tablespoonful of salt, and place in this mixture the cut-up hare, and let all steep for six hours. Then lift the pieces out carefully, have ready a saucepan in which has been melted a teaspoonful of butter, and add twelve small onions, glazed, one ounce of ham, minced fine; put the hare into the pan and let all brown nicely for about ten minutes. Then add the flour, finely rubbed, stir well and let brown. Add the tomatoes, peeled and sliced fine; let all brown ten minutes longer, and add the remaining cider and the consommé or water. Stir till it begins to boil, then season according to taste, with salt and pepper. Let all cook for three-quarters of an hour, and add the heart and liver, which you must have finely chopped and thoroughly mixed together. Let all cook for a quarter of an hour longer and serve with toasted croutons.

121. Wild Fowl.—Men are great lovers of the hunt, but they also love to eat what they shoot. It is an old Creole-Magnon custom! In fact there are a great many men who are hunters who are also good cooks. My famous friend Bob Davis, the editor, is an outstanding example. He and Irvin Cobb and Charles R. Flint, the famous banker, have in recent years had a lodge far out on Long Island near my own place, on a lake entirely protected from intrusion, where there is still

much game and fish; perfect "man's heaven," with the old farm house parlor hung with mounted game trophies, the corners filled with guns of every make and size, and the air filled with hunting anecdotes. But in the kitchen might also be found "Bob" Davis, his editorial labors forgotten, slinging the skillet with the air of a veteran, and turning the fruit of the hunt or the fishing into very delectable morsels. Come to think of it, I do not know one man keen for the hunt or the fishing who is not either a cook or who has not very decided ideas of how his "bag" shall be cooked.

When it comes to wild fowl there is at once much controversy among men (which they never tire of airing) as to such matters as how long the game shall "hang" or whether it should "hang" at all. There is even discussion—outrageous to ladies—as to whether the entrails should be left in small birds for broiling, or whether muskrat, possum or porcupine is good to eat. Of course muskrat, possum and porcupine are good to eat, if you eat them during the fall and winter, and cook it outdoors. And of course you *should* leave in the entrails of small birds, such as reed birds, for broiling, or you would have charcoal instead of meat after the broiling process. As for the matter of hanging game, I am for it, just as I am for hanging steaks. Hang all game and if you are really an epicure hang it long enough to become "high." No game is good cooked at once after the kill. As a matter of fact deer or moose should hang at least a week. There is an old woods rule about hanging—"birds by the head, game by the legs"—but keep the flies off! If it is summer time and hot, *parboil* for 15 minutes, changing the water two or three times. This makes it fit, and cuts the over-strong game flavor.

122. Broiled Wild Fowl.—You rub the bird well with salt and pepper, and then again with melted butter. As birds are short in fat, you do well to tie a finely sliced strip of bacon around the body, fastened with a skewer. Broil over a slow fire for 15 to 30 minutes, according to the size of the bird. Turn frequently, and then take off. Serve on buttered toast, with or without removing the bacon. I like it left on, creole fashion. Pour over the bird some of its broiling juices, also

some melted butter, chopped parsley and lemon juice. Serve very hot.

If you want a dish fit for kings, try *Partridge and Cabbage*. Clean the partridges, selecting large and older partridges in preference to the young. Clean, singe, draw and wipe well. Then truss them neatly, rub with salt and pepper and butter and place in a roasting pan. In the meantime take a fine, tender head of cabbage, clean thoroughly and cut into four parts. Wash the cabbage well in cold water and put into boiling salted water for five minutes. Then take the cabbage out of the water and drain well; make a hollow in the center of each piece of cabbage; place inside the partridges, cover with the other pieces and tie together. Put in a saucepan a quarter of a pound of salt pork which has been well scalded and washed of all salt and cut into six slices. Add one carrot cut into four pieces, one whole onion into which you will have stuck four cloves, the herb bouquet, the sausage and one pint each of white veal broth or chicken broth, and one pint of water or beef broth. Season with a small pinch of salt, and a good pinch of pepper, and place the cabbage in this preparation. Put the partridges in the oven and let them roast for ten minutes. Then remove and take the cabbage from the mixture, make a hollow in the center of the cabbage, place the partridges inside and cover with the remaining portion of cabbage; tie each half separately, then carefully return to the saucepan, placing a piece of buttered paper over to keep the juicy steam from escaping. Cover the saucepan, set in the oven and let the partridges cook thus for an hour. Remove the lid and paper, skim off all that may adhere to the surface, drain the cabbage and slice; dress neatly on a hot dish. Untruss the partridges and lay them on the cabbage, placing on each dressed section a piece of sliced boiled pork, a sausage cut in half; slice the carrots nicely in round pieces, and use these as a decoration, placing them artistically around the dish. Strain the sauce in which the partridges were cooked and let it reduce slightly. Serve with the cabbage and partridge, bringing it to the table in a separate bowl and pouring over the cabbage when serving.

Another royal dish is *Quail in Vine Leaves*. You pick five or six fine fat quail, singe, clean and wipe. You rub butter on the inside and outside and sprinkle (lightly) with salt and pepper. Truss and bind the whole *in grape vine leaves*. The English tie thin strips of bacon around the vine leaves, and I like the idea, but in the South they say, leave out the bacon. Take your choice. You place the birds in a baking pan and roast 12 to 30 minutes, according to size. You then have buttered toast ready which you will lay upon the grape leaves, and you serve the whole thing hot; with green grape jelly as a side dish. Every real epicure in the world knows this dish, and I suspect it was served for Lucullus.

XVIII

Meat Substitutes Men Won't Damn

The "substitute" no matter how worthy always has a great handicap to overcome. I remember how, in Dr. Harvey Wiley's day, the mince pie which had no meat in it was regarded as a fraud—until a college professor, a lexicographer (student of words) was engaged to trace down the history of the term "mince meat," and discovered that mince pie had not invariably included meat as an ingredient in the centuries past!

The very word "substitute" is calculated to prejudice one. Lard substitutes displeased people until the makers of Crisco, when they first introduced it, boldly insisted that Crisco was a fine product that stood on its own merit, which is quite true. That is the right way of viewing the subject and the best way of looking at this question of meat substitutes in particular. Why not eat these excellent non-meat dishes on their own ample merits?

We positively must eat some meatless meals, if we are to avoid disease and early decay, so why not drop entirely the "substitute" psychology? There are plenty of splendid foods which have every appeal that meat could make, and more. The trouble is that it takes more skill to produce them! Cooking

skill being more difficult than ever to obtain except in first-class restaurants, we have had what might be expected—a sniffing and a sneering by many men at meat substitute dishes, and a continued over-eating of meat. Also a corresponding rise and significant success on the part of those restaurants as make a specialty of tasteful non-meat dishes. What are some of these, and how are they cooked?

123. Beans as the "Pinch-Hitter" for Meat.—You do not have to popularize beans with men. Baked beans rank near the top of all foods preferred by men. For instance Cyrus Curtis, owner of the *Saturday Evening Post*, selects it as his great preferred delicacy. The consumption of baked beans in America is positively astounding. I have already told the tale of the saddened New England parson who railed against them because, not only were they eaten for Saturday dinner, but were also consumed for Sabbath breakfast! However, I think it was the Boston brown bread that made the reverend doctor's parishioners go to sleep, not the beans, for that brown bread is indigestible; I do not think it "belongs."

The bitter truth is that a few—a very few—of our enterprising canners, like Heinz, can utterly outpoint any housewife in bean cookery, unless she has unusual skill, patience and equipment. For instance, if she should add to her beans the grated pulp of a tart apple or the juice of an orange, she would register superiority over all bean canners, provided she did a competent job otherwise. Normally, however, I do not advise competing with Heinz or Van Camp or Campbell, or Friend's brick-oven-baked. Try especially the last-named of the brands of beans just mentioned, which uses the California pea bean. Or try *Bean and Peanut Roast* (see index). Or try this *Bean Souffle*. You press the baked beans through a colander and add a tablespoon of lemon juice, one-half teaspoon celery salt, one-fourth teaspoon onion salt, and one teaspoon salt. You beat the yolks of several eggs until lemon-colored, and add it to the beans. Beat the whites stiff and fold into the mixture. Put into oiled baking dishes or separate ramequins and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes. Serve hot, with watercress and lemon. *Baked Beans and Vegetables* is good, too. You

cover the bottom of a baking dish with sliced onions and tomatoes, a half cup of oil or butter or slightly sour cream. Put in the beans that have been cooked. Pour water over it to cover, put on the lid and bake in a moderate oven.

The Lima Bean Loaf is a dish no man who isn't hopelessly food prejudiced can resist. Make it a *Baked Bean Loaf* if you wish. You assemble two cups cooked lima beans (or baked beans), one cup bread crumbs, two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons chopped green pepper, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, one-fourth cup chopped onion, one-half cup chopped nut meats, two well-beaten eggs, one-half cup thin cream. Add all other ingredients to the drained beans and mix thoroughly. Mold in loaf form, lay in a well-greased pan and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees—for one hour, basting frequently with soup stock or water in which a little butter has been melted. Serve with tomato or brown sauce and garnish with parsley before serving.

There is an interesting Oriental way of cooking lima beans. Let us call it *Lima Bean Oriental*. You soak large lima beans overnight and to each pound of beans allow a pound of onions. Simmer the beans until cooked soft, then add the sliced onions which have been browned in butter, salt, pepper and a tablespoon of sugar. Add a quarter cup of rice, and let simmer longer, flavoring with tomato sauce and a little minced green pepper. Elsewhere (see index) I have described baked lima beans, also most toothsome.

There is a curious dish I am told is good—*Beans and Barley*. You soak half a cup of navy beans in cold water overnight. Drain and cook in a quart of boiling water with a teaspoon of salt until tender. Then add a half cup of barley and let cook until the barley is tender, about 30 minutes. As the water evaporates add fat soup stock. Season and put in a baking dish and bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Another slant on this is to take soy beans, soaking overnight. Drain, and scald with one-fourth teaspoon of soda in the water. Drain again, cover with boiling water, add two onions, one-third cup peanut butter, one-half tablespoon salt, and simmer for four

hours until tender. Then add a cup of pearl barley or rice and simmer until most of the water is cooked away.

The lentil is a most important member of the bean family, but I have already given a lentil recipe elsewhere (see index). *Lentil Sausage* was a new thing to me until recently. You soak overnight a tablespoon of lentils for each person. Drain, and spread out on a dish for a whole day. Then chop them finely and cook in a covered jar set in an outer vessel of water for an hour, adding as much water as they will absorb. Now stir in twice their bulk in whole wheat bread crumbs, with a tablespoon of chopped onion, powdered herbs and nutmeg, salt, pepper and bacon or ham fat. When this is cool shape it into sausage or round cake form, coat them with beaten egg and cracker meal, bread crumbs or seasoned flour, and brown them in a frying pan or in a hot oven. Make a gravy for them.

Now try a *Mock Chili Con Carne*. You use kidney beans this time, soaked overnight. Bring to a boil in fresh water, drain, cover the beans with boiling water and cook until tender. Half an hour before serving put a tablespoon of butter in a saucepan, chop and add four green peppers, a small red pepper, one onion, a pint of tomatoes, a teaspoon of salt. Cook 15 minutes, add to the beans three tablespoons of uncooked rice, and simmer until thick.

The kidney bean, by the way, has never had a square deal in men's diet. It's a very delicious bean, somehow rarely on the table. Try *Kidney Beans with Brown Sauce*. You use two cups of kidney beans, soaked overnight, drained and cooked in fresh salted water until tender. Drain again, shake in a saucepan with one teaspoon of butter for three minutes. Add one cup of brown sauce and simmer five minutes.

One more kidney bean dish. It is called *Boston Kidney Bean Roast*, but I never knew anyone in Boston who had ever heard about it! You mash a pound of cooked kidney beans and put them through a food chopper. Then add a half pound of grated cheese, season with salt and red pepper and some bread crumbs to stiffen into balls. Bake these in a moderate oven, basting with butter and water. You serve it with tomato sauce. I vouch that it is good.

124. The Nut Family of Meat Substitutes.—These are of course the blue bloods of the meat substitute family, so far as the doctors and food reformers are concerned, but I must report that men have not warmed up to them. I really cannot tell why; it is both psychology and taste. Men do not want to go back to the squirrel era, and the vast statistics about their nutritive value do not make much impression. A "steak" made of nuts is a man's idea of positive dietary punishment. Nor does he seem to cuddle up to the Battle Creek Sanitarium's famous Protose, etc.—designed to take the place of meat. I will confess that a *very* skilled cook can make Protose palatable, but, on the other hand, the average cook can also make a man forever swear off it. I will present a few recipes of this variety that I think men will not damn.

Cheese and Nut Loaf is one. You cook two tablespoons of chopped onion in a tablespoon of butter and two tablespoons of water until tender. Then add a cup of chopped nuts, a cup of grated cheese, juice of one lemon strained, a cup of fine bread crumbs, one-half a cup of milk, and season with salt and pepper. Put into a buttered baking dish and bake for 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Walnut and Wheat Roll is fair, also. You cook one and one-half cups of scalded milk, one-fourth cup cream of wheat and a teaspoon of salt in the top of a double boiler for 30 minutes, stirring frequently. Take off the fire, add a tablespoon of butter, add one hard boiled egg, chopped, one minced pimento, one and one-fourth teaspoons of onion juice and one and one-half cups of chopped walnuts. Mix this well and make into a roll, and put it in a buttered baking dish and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, basting with butter which has been melted in half a cup of hot water.

A Lentil Nut Roast is one of the best. You soak half a cup of lentils overnight; in the morning drain, cover with fresh water and bring to a boil. Drain again, put in fresh water and cook until tender. Drain once more, throw away the water, and press the lentils through a collander. To them add one-half cup shelled roasted peanuts, either ground or chopped, one-

half cup of toasted bread crumbs, one-half teaspoon of salt and one-half salt spoon of pepper, and milk sufficient to make the mixture the consistency of mush. Put into a greased baking-dish, bake in a moderate oven for an hour, turn out on a heated platter, garnish with parsley or watercress and serve.

Reluctantly, but not without scientific appreciation, I give a *Nut Steak* recipe. You roast one and one-half cups of walnut meats, coarsely chopped, in an oven, and then mix with them three-fourths teaspoon salt, one egg, one-third cup milk, three cups soft bread crumbs, one teaspoon celery salt, three tablespoons of water. Let stand for 20 minutes. Make this mixture into a pat about half an inch thick (like a steak) and brown on both sides in a saucepan in vegetable oil. Serve with brown nut sauce.

I firmly pass by "nut chops," "mock veal" and such things, but with some hesitation offer a *Nut and Vegetable Stew*. You take three cups of diced potatoes, one and one-half cups of diced carrots, one-half cup of diced turnips, one-half cup of diced parsnips and one-fourth cup of chopped onion, and a teaspoon of salt. Cook these in three pints of water until tender. Then add a pound of diced Protose and one-half a pound of Nuttolene; and beat. (Protose and Nuttolene are Battle Creek Sanitarium products obtainable at Battle Creek, Mich., or the stores which sell its foods.)

Another thing quite possible is *Nut and Rice Croquettes*. You take half a pound of Protose and mince it. Add one-fourth cup of chopped celery, a tablespoon of strained tomato, and one beaten egg, and add it to one cup of steamed or cooked rice. Add a grated onion, celery salt and one-half teaspoon of salt, and then shape into croquettes. Bake in a quick oven until brown. *Rice à la Carolina* is quite excellent, also. You cut a potato into long strips, or in dice, and boil until tender, but not until dry. Add a tablespoon of grated onion, a teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of sage and two tablespoons of butter. Put the potatoes in the bottom of a buttered baking dish, and then spread a layer of diced Protose. Boil the rice in one and one-half quarts of water for 20 minutes, drain and set in the oven for five minutes. When dry, add one-half cup of

condensed tomato and four tablespoons of butter and spread the rice over the Protose in the baking dish. Put two hard-boiled egg yolks through a collander and sprinkle over the top of the rice, and moisten the top with cream. Bake in a quick oven.

125. The Fritter Family.—I do not want any meat when I can trust someone to make good fritters for me. I can very well indeed manage without much of anything else! I rise to insist that the fritter family has been neglected shamefully and I propose to do something about it. *Apple Fritters* are the natural-born patriarchs of the fritter family. You beat an egg slightly, add one-half cup of milk, one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Take two teaspoons of baking powder, one-half cup of flour, sift, and add to the milk and egg. Add four tablespoons of melted butter, and then fold in one cup of diced apples. Bake this in a shallow pan, filling the pan about one-half to three-fourths of an inch deep with the batter. When ready to take out of the oven, brush the top with melted butter and dredge with powdered sugar. To serve, cut into squares. Now *this* is apple fritter "what am!" Most common or garden variety of cooks will cut big half-inch thick slices of apple and fry them in batter. Not so good.

Now for *Banana Fritters*. You simply go through the same performance as above, using bananas in place of the apples. For *Prune Fritters* the technique is just a wee bit different. Washing your prunes in boiling water, you then soak them over night, and remove the stones and cut into quarters. *Then* you proceed as for apple fritters. The *Vegetable Fritters* are endless. Cucumber, green corn, eggplant, tomato, cauliflower, artichoke, onion, asparagus, cymling or marrow—all these and more are very delicious.

126. The "Stuffed" Family.—Here is a class of foods which while not always meatless is at least a toothsome variation on meat dishes without the dangers of a concentrated meat diet. Men like them—when they get them well-cooked. The cabbage is a man's favorite food for stuffing; cabbage in the whole head, or cabbage as a wrapping. To stuff a whole cabbage you parboil the cabbage for 15 minutes. You cut off a "cap" (for

later replacing), then scoop out the heart, leaving a shell, and then fill and re-cover, tie in cheesecloth and boil or steam for an hour and a quarter. Serve with tomato, nut or egg sauce. As for stuffing material there is quite a choice. Minced chicken and ham in equal parts, held together with Bechamel sauce is a choice tidbit; but mushrooms with parsley is also good, and so are minced onions and peppers and tomato sauce. Restaurants are not always reliable with their stuffings—it is too great a temptation to get rid of their left-over miscellany of doubtful goodness. A good meat stuffing is made by using one and one-half cups of chopped beef, veal, chicken, pork, mutton or lamb mixed with three tablespoons of butter, one-fourth cup soft bread crumbs, three tablespoons of milk, one-half tablespoon of minced parsley, one grated onion and one chopped hard-boiled egg.

Stuffed Cucumbers, Stuffed Eggplant, Stuffed Onions, Stuffed Peppers, Stuffed Tomatoes—all of these are delicious—using any of the above dressings, or a celery, mushroom, rice or other stuffing. Try *Tomatoes Stuffed with Chestnuts*.

127. The Marvelous Omelet Family.—When it comes right down to cases, there are for men only two real meat substitutes—beans and eggs. As I have already described the bean family, I will now reverently take up the omelet family. My good old friend S. S. McClure, famous editor of *McClure's Magazine* (who started me on my writing career), reveres omelets above all foods, and learned the mystic art from Madame Poulard of Mont St. Michel in Normandy, France—famous for her omelets. So we are right “in on the know” about omelets. Old “S. S.” insists that the frying pan, for a truly divine omelet, should be *held at a slant*, with the lower part over a moderate fire; the purpose of the slant being to continually push up the omelet that has been cooked to the upper part of the pan, out of the way of the heat. He insists that an omelet thus made is removed from the heat when it is cooked only two-thirds of the usual time, which is what the trick consists of. An omelet should not be stiff, and he reports that Madame Poulard despises omelets placed motionless in a pan to cook. Firmness and symmetry are “out” for good omelets, according to “S. S.”

Scottson-Clark, another gourmet, is also alarmed at the omelet errors he encounters. His divine way of omelet making is to break four eggs in a bowl and beat swiftly, add a pinch of pepper and salt and beat again; then add a tablespoon of water. A hot—but not sizzling—frying pan with bacon fat or butter should be ready, and after another final whipping, pour in the eggs, covering the whole bottom. As bubbles form, prick them with a fork. You then constantly slip a spatula under the mixture to prevent sticking, and if necessary add more fat. As soon as the mixture begins to cream, fold the omelet over three or four times. Serve with a piece of butter on top. *Postively* no milk should be mixed in an omelet, says Scottson-Clark. Why make custard when what you are after is omelet?

Very well; now for the surprise package type of omelet, which carries in its bosom other things than eggs. Elsewhere (see index) I have treated of fish omelets. The ham omelet is a daily classic. Here I want to introduce you to more vegetable omelets. Easily, of these, the *Mushroom Omelet* is the leader. You take one and one-half cups of chopped mushrooms and sauté for five minutes in two tablespoons of butter, with salt, pepper and a little nutmeg. For best omelet results you add the mushrooms to the yolks of the egg first. The *Spanish Omelet* has many friends among men. You melt a tablespoon of butter, add two chopped onions, and two minced peppers, and sauté for three minutes. Then add chopped fresh tomatoes or a pint of canned tomatoes and simmer for 20 minutes. Add a few diced mushrooms or sliced stuffed olives. Prepare an omelet mixture, put into it a cup of chopped celery. Rub your frying pan with a clove of garlic, melt a tablespoon of butter in it, and fold in the sauce. I like also the *Creamed Onion Omelet*, the *Cabbage Omelet*, the *Asparagus and Cheese Omelet*. As for the souffles, I am not so keen, nor do I find that most other men are. They are the effeminate cousins of the omelet.

128. The Rice Family.—This, the great staff of life of over half the world, is a food no man disdains—unless it is miserably mistreated, as I have elsewhere indicated. Rice is not the dull monotonous thing it is often made out to be by stupid

home cookery. It is colorful, flavorful and satisfying when a skilled cook gets through with it after combining it properly with other things. Thomas Ince, the famous movie magnate, is very much enamored over a marvelously expansive dish by the simple name of *Rice à la Manhattan*. You chop two onions, fry them in butter, add a pound of rice and beat them together. When very hot you add enough broth to triple the quantity; then let boil and cook in a slack oven for 20 minutes. To this add six ounces of grated Parmesan cheese when it is done. Two-thirds of this mixture now is put into a casserole; a hole in the center is left and this is filled with shrimps and minced mushrooms. Around this is laid fillet of sole. You pour over this lean Spanish sauce, reduced with essence of mushrooms. Mix well and cover over with the remainder of the rice. Bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. Serve with a sauce made of one-fourth pound melted butter, stirred in one-fourth pound of flour. Make a paste of this, add a quart of stock and brown slowly.

I give this recipe because it is a gorgeous dish, even though it is not a "meat substitute" at all. It does however, "glorify rice."

Captain Salisbury insists that right cooking of rice means washing it *in six waters*, and then dropping it slowly in salted boiling water for 23 minutes and no more. (Edward Spencer insists it should be boiled only ten minutes, but he soaks it in cold water for two hours.) You then drain off three-quarters of this water and hold the rice under a cold water faucet for a moment, and then drain.

Rice Pilaff is an Oriental dish I am very fond of. I encountered it first among the Armenians, but the Turks and the Russians also use it. You boil a cup of rice, melt three tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, add the rice, two cups of diced chicken or lamb, one cup of chopped tomatoes, three-fourths teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper, one cup of meat stock. Cook until it is thick and hot. Leave out the meat, if you like.

Another marvelous rice dish is *Chicken and Rice Jambaloza*. You combine two and one-half cups of cold boiled rice, one

and one-half cups chopped chicken, two tablespoons of chopped cooked bacon, sausage, or ham, three tablespoons of stewed or canned tomato, a small minced onion (sautéed in a tablespoon of butter). Add one-half teaspoon salt, a little pepper, one-half tablespoon mixed parsley, the grated rind of half a lemon, two minced pimentos. Blend well, melt two tablespoons of butter or oil in a frying pan, put in the mixture and brown, by constant turning.

Rice in a simple tasty way is good as *Rice Boulettes*. You combine three cups of boiled rice, three chopped sweet peppers, a teaspoon of onion juice, salt and pepper and a cup of soup stock or vegetable broth. You simmer until dry and then form into balls and cook like croquettes.

Rice and Curries are the favorites of millions, yes hundreds of millions of men, if you remember India. I have eaten in Hindu restaurants curries so hot that they nearly burned a hole in your cheek! No wonder women are not very keen about curries! Men very decidedly like them—but *not* the sickly, weak curries made on this side of the Atlantic. Crosse & Blackwell's curry is obtainable here, as well as a few other real Pukkha East Indian curry powders. There is a vast lore about curries and curry powder (which is a mixture of coriander seed, turmeric, mustard seed, cumin seed, cinnamon, pepper and cardamoms). Few spices ever concocted by the cunning hand of epicures have ever equaled it for arresting the palate's attention, but it is of course often overdone. How would you like to eat curried locusts? No? Well, their hind quarters, curried, are a dish gourmets appreciate. And how about shrimps cooked in the milk of a cocoanut in a curry? These are rich Oriental delicacies in Calcutta.

I am not concerned here with meat curries. But curried kidney beans, peas, beans, carrots, cabbage, kohl-rabi, vegetable marrow, parsnips, bamboo shoots, etc., even eggs, are very delicious—with rice of course. *Curried Cabbage and Shrimps* is very delightful. You melt two tablespoons of butter, add four sliced onions and a minced clove of garlic, a teaspoon of curry powder, one-half teaspoon of salt. When browned, add three cups of steamed or boiled chopped cabbage, a cup of broken

shrimps and one-half cup of grated fresh or canned cocoanut. This is a dish! If you like the cocoanut touch, try the *Curry Veal with Cocoanut*, a dish which my friend, Ida Bailey Allen has devised, inspired by East Indian curry lore. You cut two pounds of lean veal into cubes and cook in three tablespoons of melted butter, with a small sliced onion, for three minutes. Then you add one-half teaspoon of salt and one and one-half teaspoons of curry powder and stir in a tablespoon of tepid water. You add one and one-fourth cups of boiling water and one-half can of Baker's cocoanut, stir until it boils, and then steam or bake slowly in a casserole for an hour. Then add the juice of half a lemon and one-half a tablespoon of minced preserved ginger, let stand ten minutes, and then serve with rice and chutney sauce. Sprinkle the rice just before serving with a mixture of chopped toasted almonds and a few raisins made puffy in a little melted butter.

I bring this meat curry under the meat substitute head only because it is my habit often to take a dish of this sort even if I do not wish to eat meat, and then eat a good deal more of the rice and the dressing than of the meat. I get the meat flavor without consuming much of the meat, if any. But this dish is a wonderful meat dish.

To curry vegetables, merely make an *East Indian Curry Sauce*. You take a tablespoon of butter, melt in a pan, slice into it a carrot, an onion, cook until yellow, put in a tablespoon of curry powder and one and one-half tablespoons of flour, salt and pepper, a small chopped apple, one-half cup of canned tomato, two tablespoons of grated cocoanut, a sweet chopped cucumber pickle, a teaspoon of chutney sauce. Then add your vegetables together with the small amount of water in which they have been cooked. Let simmer for five minutes.

If Casareep were obtainable in America I might suggest a *dry curry*, which Edward Spencer believes is the Champion of all curry dishes; but why tantalize the appetite with impossibilities?

XIX

Meat Pies That Delight the Male Sex

From Dickens' immortal Sam Weller twisting his lips over "Weal pie," all the way to Henry Ward Beecher reverently preaching to his congregation about pie, there is a long literature of pies—but mostly of *meat pies*. There is something about a meat pie which has stirred paens of poetic praise for many centuries. "Gone are the banquets of pasteboard poultry," laments Edward Spencer.

Ye old "pie woman" of long ago was very well beloved of men, even if they treated her with ribald merriment, as in this old English epitaph on the grave of a Yorkshire pie woman:

*Beneath this here dust, the mouldy old crust
Of Nell Batchelor lately was shoven—
She was skilled in the arts of pies, custards and tarts,
And knew every use of the oven.
When she'd lived long enough, she made her last puff,—
A puff by her husband much praised;
And now here she lies, a-making dirt pies,
In hopes that her crust may be raised.*

And how gastronomically fitting and harmonious that the great pie-thrower of the Western world, Charlie Chaplin, should

acclaim as his most preferred dish *Steak and Kidney Pie*! According to the immortal Charlie (who has two ways apparently of demolishing pies, but endeavors to make up for it by baking his own pies), this is the way he does it: he assembles two pounds of lean steak, an entire beef kidney and a large onion. Cutting the steak and kidney into two-inch pieces he rolls them in flour and adds pepper and salt. Then he lines a deep pie dish with rich pastry crust and in the center places an inverted cup. Filling the dish with the steak, kidney and chopped onion, he pours in water almost to the top. Covering this with pastry half an inch thick he puts a few holes in the crust and covers the dish. He bakes this in a moderate oven for three hours.

129. English Meat Pies.—I fear Charlie has, man-like, oversimplified this in rapid-fire American style. It takes the English to really make an art of meat pies. The French despise them and other countries ignore them. "Merry England" would have been a barren place indeed without her meat pies, and the recipes for making them are guarded with jealous care, like the recipe for Worcestershire sauce, or "the" pudding at the old Cheshire Cheese coffee house.

So I'll go to England for some meat pie guidance. Scottson-Clark has one I like, for *Steak and Kidney Pie*. You take two pounds of beefsteak, four lamb's kidneys, a dozen mushrooms, two hard-boiled eggs, one onion, salt, pepper, and a pinch of mixed herbs. Cut the steak and kidneys in small pieces and stew them gently for half an hour with the onion, cut in rings. When cold, place them with the gravy, in a pie dish, together with the mushrooms and the hard-boiled eggs cut in slices. Pile them up in the center so as to hold the crust. Then cover with puff paste and bake in a hot oven. Brush over the top of the pie with beaten white of egg and serve. Sometimes the top is decorated with paste cut in the shape of leaves and roses. These trimmings are quite easy to make and look very pretty and "professional." Be sure, in making meat pies, to provide air holes in the crust, and all meat and filling should be cold before the crust is laid on.

Veal and Ham Pie is made in much the same way—the veal is stewed with onions and herbs and with some veal knuckle bone so as to make the gravy “jelly” when cold. Some cooked ham is mixed with the veal when it is placed in the pie dish, and the top is covered with a layer of sliced ham and hard-boiled eggs. Then the paste cover is put on and the pie baked. This is excellent cold, especially when the gravy “jells.”

Rabbit Pie: Joint and stew a brace of rabbit, seasoning with onion and herbs; when cold pack the pie dish with the meat and small pieces of bacon. Cover it with strips of bacon and slices of hard-boiled eggs. Then put on the crust and bake. This is also very tasty when eaten cold.

Sheep's Head Pie: Use two sheep's heads with their tongues, two onions, mixed herbs, parsley, salt and pepper. Split and stew the heads till the meat comes off easily. Pick meat off in small bits, slice the tongue in the strips. Put the rest back into the liquor and boil it hard to reduce it to half the quantity. This is to make the jelly. Place the meat and tongue into the pie dish, cover with bacon and slices of hard-boiled eggs, put on crust and bake. This pie is always eaten cold.

Giblet Pie, made of turkey, chicken, or goose giblets, is rich but excellent, and almost any cold meat leftovers, except corned beef, are acceptable put under a crust. But the pie should always be made in a deep dish so that there be plenty of gravy—or when cold, jelly—otherwise it will be too dry and lack flavor and moisture.

If you go back a few generations in England and take some of the old meat pie recipes, you have a very wonderful time on paper; but one hesitates to cook them, far less eat them, glamorous as they sound. Read the Goose Pie recipe or this one called *Angels Pie*, of which I have grave fears one would soon be with the angels after eating it!

“Six plump young pigeons, trimmed of all superfluous matter, including pinions and below the thighs. Season with pepper and salt, and stuff these pigeons with *foie gras*, and quartered truffles, and fill up the pie with plovers' eggs and some good forcemeat. Make a good gravy from the superfluous parts of the birds, and some calf's head stock to which has been

added about half a wineglassful of old Madeira, with some lemon-juice and cayenne. See that your paste be light and flaky, and bake in a moderate oven for three hours. Pour in more gravy just before taking out, and let the pie get cold!"

For Goose Pie: Bone a goose, a turkey, a hare, and a brace of grouse; skin it, and cut off all the outside pieces—I mean of the tongue, after boiling it—lay the goose, for the outside a few pieces of hare; then lay in the turkey, the grouse, and the remainder of the tongue and hare. Season highly between each layer with pepper and salt, mace and cayenne, and put it together, and draw it close with a needle and thread. Take 20 pounds of flour, put five pounds of butters into a pan with some water, let it boil, pour it among the flour, stir it with a knife, then work it with your hands till quite stiff. Let it stand before the fire for half an hour, then raise your pie and set it to cool; then finish it, put in the meat, close the pie, and set it in a cold place. Ornament according to your taste, bandage it with calico dipped in fat. Let it stand all night before baking. It will take a long time to bake. The oven must be pretty hot for the first four hours, and then allowed to slacken. To know when it is enough, raise one of the ornaments, and with a fork try if the meat is tender. If it is hard the pie must be put in again for two hours more. After it comes out of the oven fill up with strong stock, well seasoned, or with clarified butter. All standing pies made in this way.

What gusto those old Englishmen must have taken in their meat pies, what patience their cooks, and what size their larders and their purses! Even when they went on a journey by coach there were taken along earthenware pots containing hare soup, mulligatawny, lobster, curried rabbit, deviled larks, cold game pie, pressed beef, boar's head, truffled *foie gras*, truffles, anchovies, etc.

To this day at Windsor Castle at Christmas time there is made a *Woodcock Pie*, which stands on the sideboard as a time-honored delicacy. It is made with alternate layers of truffles, some woodcock between a top and bottom of force-meat, topped with bacon—all covered with a crust. It is served cold.

A "*Pork Pie*" so called, is equally a storied and treasured English delicacy, especially in the English Midlands, where some of the bakers specialize on it and nothing else. It is also known as *Yorkshire Pie*. You take a goose and a large fowl. Fill the latter with the following stuffing:—minced ham, veal, suet, onion, sweet herbs, lemon peel, mixed spices, goose-liver, cayenne and salt, worked into a paste with the yolks of two eggs. Sew up the fowl, truss it, and stew it with the goose for 20 minutes in some good beef and giblet stock, with a small glass of sherry, in a covered stewpan. Then put the fowl inside the goose, and place the goose within a pie-mold which has been lined with good pastry. Let the goose rest on a cushion of stuffing, surrounded by the liquor in which it has been stewed. Fill in the pie with slices of parboiled tongue and chunks of semi-cooked pheasant, partridge, and hare, filling in the vacancies with more stuffing, put a layer of butter atop, roof in the pie with paste, bake for three hours, and eat either hot or cold—the latter for choice.

A more modern *English Meat Pie* is made from a knuckle of veal, removing the meat from the bones, covering the bones with cold water and adding a slice of onion, a slice of carrot, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, 12 peppercorns, a blade of mace, two teaspoons of salt, and heating slowly to the boiling point. Then you add the meat and boil to reduce the soup to two cups. You then place one-half pound of lean raw ham in a frying pan, cover with lukewarm water, and let stand on back of stove for an hour. Brown four tablespoons of butter, add four tablespoons of flour, and add to the soup; then add the veal and ham cut into cubes. Simmer twenty minutes then add two dozen bearded oysters. Put in a serving dish and cover with puff paste (always the proper crust for a meat pie); but if you wish to do it in the best modern manner, bake the crust separately and add just before serving.

A *Quail Pie* is a great treat. You remove the breasts and legs from six quail, season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and then sauté in butter. Put into the pan six slices carrot, a stick celery, two slices onion, a sprig parsley, a bit of bay leaf, one-fourth teaspoon peppercorns, and cook five minutes.

Separate the quail meat into pieces, cover with cold water, add the vegetables and cook for an hour. Drain the soup and thicken it with enough flour diluted with cold water to make it pour, and season with salt and pepper (in England they add sherry wine). Add more butter if not rich enough. Put each bird in a separate dish and cover with a puff paste mixture, the legs of the bird sticking through it.

The Game Pie which is so often mentioned by England's gourmets and in her literature is made in various ways. One of these, which is particularly rich in taste calls for a combination of small wild fowl—snipe, quail, or woodcock. You stuff each one with a dressing the same as for turkey, using either egg or oysters as desired. Loosen the joints with a knife, but do not separate them. Put them in a stewpan, with water enough to cover them, and let them cook till nearly tender. Then season again with salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls butter. Thicken the gravy with one tablespoonful flour, let cook for ten minutes more and then remove and set to cool. Butter a pudding dish and line the sides with a rich pie crust (see recipe). Have ready the hard-boiled eggs cut in slices. Put in a layer of the eggs, then a layer of the birds until the dish is full. Pour over the gravy, cover the pie with a crust and bake to a light brown.

The pie may also be made easily by stewing the birds as one would a chicken; then lining a pie pan with a rich pie crust, and bake lightly; fill in with the stewed birds, pour over the gravy, place a cover of the pie crust on top, set in the oven and bake to a light brown.

A Rump Steak and Oyster Pie is another delight, made with a pound of rump steak and two dozen oysters, a cup of stock or gravy, an egg, a tablespoon of flour, a tablespoon of walnut ketchup, half a blade of mace, a strip of lemon peel and some flaky pastry. You cut steak into narrow strips about two and one-half to three inches long and about one inch wide. "Beard" the oysters, mix the flour, salt, and pepper on a plate and dip the pieces of steak into it. Roll an oyster inside each strip of beef and fill a pie dish with these rolls. Pour in one tablespoonful of the stock. Roll out the pastry. Wet the edges of

the pie dish and put around the edge a band of pastry. Brush this over with a little water and then cover with a lid of pastry. Press the edges well together, and scallop the sides. Make a hole in the center and ornament the top with leaves of pastry. Brush over with beaten egg. Cook as for Beefsteak Pie. While the pie is cooking put the strained liquor and the "beards" of the oysters into a pan with a strip of lemon peel, mace, the walnut ketchup and stock. Make this hot. When the pie is cooked, strain this gravy and pour it into the top hole in the pie through a funnel.

The *Mutton Pies* of Old England have made many a reader's mouth water in her romance and literature. Here's how: You assemble two pounds loin of mutton, three sheep's kidneys, four ounces of forcemeat, one cup gravy, some flaky pastry. You cut the meat from the bones of the mutton loin without dividing it, then cut it into thin slices and season these with salt and pepper. Skin the kidneys, remove their center core and cut them into quarters. Put a layer of mutton slices in the pie dish, cover with a layer of forcemeat, place the kidneys over this and cover with another layer of the mutton. Continue these layers until the dish is full, making the top layer of forcemeat. Pour in one cup gravy made from the bones. Roll out the pastry. Cover the pie with pastry, cook and dish as for Beefsteak Pie. If liked, a little more gravy may be poured into the center of the pie when cooked.

A *Devonshire Squab Pie* is another delicacy. You assemble one and one-half pounds of mutton steak, one egg, four apples, two onions, a pint of water, some flaky pastry. Then you line a pie dish with the pastry. Peel, core and slice the apples and put a layer at the bottom of the pie dish, then a layer of mutton steaks cut from the loin, and well seasoned with pepper and salt. Add another layer of apples. Parboil the onions, slice them and lay them over the apples. Put in more mutton steaks and seasoning and repeat layers until the dish is full. Pour in the water. Roll out the pastry for the top and cover the pie dish with it.

130. Oyster Pies.—Here is a neglected branch of the pie family. *Oyster and Chicken Pie* is a man's delight. You par-

boil a chicken, cut up into small pieces, and place in a deep baking dish. Over this place one pint oysters. Add two hard-boiled eggs cut into small pieces, one tablespoon butter, some celery chopped fine, salt, and cayenne. Moisten with flour and one cup of milk, put a puff paste on top, and bake about forty minutes in a moderate oven.

Why not a good old *Yankee Oyster Pie*? It is lamentably unknown to many men, but is always relished. You put one pint freshly opened oysters with their liquor, into deep baking dish; add two tablespoons melted butter. Stir in one tablespoonful cornstarch dissolved in one-half cup cold water, salt and pepper to season, a dash of cayenne, and one tablespoon lemon juice. Have ready a rather rich biscuit dough. Pat to one-half inch thickness the size of baking dish, and lay on top of oysters. Bake until crust is done and lightly browned.

And then on to *Beefsteak and Oyster Pie*. You take one pint of oysters and two pounds round steak cut about an inch thick. Cut steak into strips two and one-half inches wide. Mix on a plate two tablespoons flour, one heaping teaspoon mixed herbs, the same of salt and half the amount of pepper. Dip each piece of steak in this, place an oyster on steak, and roll up loosely; place rolls in the bottom of a baking dish and pile up in center. Pack rolls loosely, so the gravy can flow through. Add oyster liquor and enough season stock to nearly cover the meat, and dot with bits of butter. Cover with a flaky crust and bake for an hour and a half in a slow oven.

While we are talking of sea food pies, try a *Shrimp Pie*. You boil and pick about 100 shrimp. Take two large slices of stale bread and break off the crusts, grating crusts fine. Moisten the bread with two cups of milk, and season highly with salt, pepper, a dash of cayenne, ground nutmeg, or chopped mace, thyme and parsley. Mix the shrimp with the bread and bake in a dish. Sprinkle it with the grated crusts and dot with butter. Serve this pie with a sauce of dressed shrimp. To make this take a pint of shrimp, boiled and picked; put a tablespoon butter into a saucepan. Add the shrimp and four or five tomatoes, chopped fine, a little celery, thyme, one broken bay leaf, minced parsley, and mix thoroughly. Let it cook for about

three or four minutes, and add a half pint of oyster stock. This is delicious strained and poured over the sliced pie.

Ever hear of *Crab Pie*? Well, there is such a thing, and creole cookery has mastered it. You boil one dozen fine large crabs, picking out all the meat.

Season with salt, cayenne, chopped thyme and bay leaf. Take stale bread and slice very thin. Lay in a little milk to moisten. Butter a baking pan and cover the bottom with a layer of bread. Then put in a layer of crab meat and lay over at intervals slices of lemon cut very fine and thin. Dot here and there with bits of butter, and then spread over another layer of bread. Then another layer of crabs, and repeat till the meat is used up. Lay on top a thick sprinkling of bread crumbs, dotted with butter. Place in the oven and bake for about 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Before we finish with oysters, let us be sure to mention *Eggplant Oyster Pie*, an unusual but very good combination. You prepare biscuit dough, rolling it a quarter of an inch thick, and line a baking dish with it; then boil the eggplant until almost tender, about 15 minutes. Then drain, and combine with it a dozen oysters, one-half a cup of milk, one-half a cup of cracker crumbs, a tablespoon butter, one teaspoon salt and some pepper. Put in the baking dish, place biscuit over the top, prick holes in it, and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven.

Finally there is a most toothsome one—*Potato and Clam Onion Pie*. You combine a quart of sliced cooked potatoes with six sliced young onions, a tablespoon butter, three-fourths teaspoon salt, one-half cup chopped celery, one cup of minced clams, one cup milk, one tablespoon tapioca, and one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Put in a baking dish, cover with biscuit crust, prick, and bake 30 minutes in a hot oven.

131. Some Vegetarian Pies.—Now we are ready for some *non-meat pies*. Here is what is called a *Vegetable Meat Pie*. You soak one-half cup of dried lima beans overnight; in the morning let them boil rapidly for one-half hour. Drain, slip the beans from their skins and split in halves. Blanch one-fourth cup of almonds and chop them with one-fourth cup of peanuts. Boil four potatoes, and when done cut two of them

into small cubes. Mash the remaining two and use them for a dough, adding four tablespoons of hot milk, a little salt and one-fourth cup of flour. Put a layer of beans in the bottom of the baking dish, a sprinkling of nuts, a little hard-boiled egg, then the potato blocks and one-half tablespoon each chopped parsley and chopped onion, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half saltspoon of pepper and so on until the material is all used. Roll out the potato dough the size of the baking dish; put it over the dish, brush with milk and bake half an hour in a moderately quick oven.

Here is a *Nut Meat Pie*; and not nearly so odd as it sounds. You make a white sauce of three tablespoons flour, one-half tablespoon salt and three cups milk. Cook 20 minutes in a double boiler. Add one teaspoon powdered sage and a tablespoon celery salt; then add a pound of Protose (vegetable meat), and one-half a pound of Nuttolene, diced. Put in a baking dish, cover with biscuit dough and bake in a hot oven.

While we are considering nuts, let us give a hand to *Chestnut Pie*. You shell a quart of chestnuts by placing them in boiling water for ten minutes, and then remove the shells with a paring knife. Drain liquid from one cup canned mushrooms, and cut them into small pieces. Heat mushrooms in one tablespoon butter in a double boiler; arrange the chestnuts and mushrooms in layers in a buttered baking dish and pour over them the white sauce. Make biscuit dough, with openings in it, and bake in a quick oven until browned.

There is a very palatable pie known as *Mushroom and Potato Pie*. You sauté three cups of diced mushrooms in two tablespoons butter and add one and one-half cups brown sauce. Heat this; then line a buttered baking dish with mashed potato and egg beaten together. Fill with mushrooms, cover with more potato, sprinkle with one-half cup grated cheese and bake 30 minutes in a hot oven.

"Long live the meat and vegetable pies," says the average man. The dieticians may fume against them, but men will not be weaned from them. From the new angle of not combining proteins and starch, the meat pie is "cooked" and *passé*—but it will be many a long year before the average man even becomes aware that it has been "doomed" by the food doctors!

PART II

A GASTRONOMIC JOURNEY AROUND
THE WORLD

PART II

A Gastronomic Journey Around the World

One of the most touching examples I have ever encountered of the ingenuity of a devoted woman, also a wonderful cook, is that of someone I know whose husband, a very active and alert man, was cut off in his prime by an accident and left a cripple. His wife, college bred, rallied valiantly to the catastrophe. She helps support the family of two children. Several years ago she listened quietly to her husband's deep-felt lament that he would doubtless now never travel as he had always hoped to do, and never taste some of the strange and varied foods of the world.

132. A Real "Cooks Tour" Around the World, at Home.—
A week later this queen of wives announced that the family *was going on a gastronomic journey around the world*. My crippled friend was bewildered. "Yes," reassured his wife, "that is just what we are going to do; a kind of 'cook's tour!'" If you cannot go to the dining tables of the world, why shouldn't I bring them to you? I have investigated and I find that I can get the complete details of how these foreign dishes are cooked, and what's more, I have been told exactly how to

go about securing a surprisingly large proportion of the foods they eat. For instance I discovered a place in New York where they sell nothing but Norwegian food materials; another place where they sell nothing but Italian food materials. Even if we can't get all the kinds of fish that they catch in the Indian Ocean or all the fruits that grow in Australia—you would be surprised how many of them *are* obtainable. Anyhow, a great many of the dishes people eat around the world are made of materials we have, too; the real difference is that they are *cooked* differently. So if I cook the way the foreign people cook, I can set before you just exactly what would be set before you abroad."

"Wonderful!" cried the children, while friend husband's eyes popped out. "My plan," continued the wife, "is that each week we will eat, so to speak, a different country's foods. On each of the seven days for dinner I will cook a dish that the people of a certain country eat; and I've found among our books a travelogue which tells us a lot about each country and so, for the educational effect on the children, I will have them read about each country as we go along."

My friend was too moved to reply. He was a born gourmet, and one of the bitterest disappointments of his life had been the knowledge that he would probably never see the famed restaurants of Paris or London or Naples or Tokio or Calcutta, as he had confidently expected to before his accident. His wife's project thrilled him, and he entered into it with great gusto, as did the entire family. They were even so ingenious as to contrive some decorative effects typical of each country. I wish that I had a complete, detailed record of that memorable gastronomic globe-trotting journey. I would recommend that it be taken by thousands of other families. We sorely need more cosmopolitan appetites.

I shall try to approximate this journey, partly out of my own experience in gastronomic globe-trotting and partly out of that of others. I have of course already given many "international" recipes in this book, and I shall therefore not in all cases in this "journey" give a variety of recipes, but I shall give enough, I hope, to stimulate much wider interest in the

foods of other peoples. Nor will I neglect America—New Orleans, Charleston, New York, Boston and points west!

133. Starting from New York on a Foreign Boat.—Let us say that we start to encircle the world via a trip across the Atlantic Ocean to Europe. A most excellent idea would be to go via one of the foreign boat lines and taste foreign food almost before you are out of the New York harbor! Left to me, the choice would be instant and decisive; I would travel on the French Line steamers. I did precisely this on my first trip over, and was royally rewarded. There is no better cooking in all France than on the French liners, and that, as you know, is claiming much. I do not think that potatoes were served twice in the same manner on the entire nine days across, and each new way of cooking them was a revelation to an American. I was initiated into the solemnities and the seriousness of French cookery. I saw for the first time—and this is an important milepost in an American's gastronomic journey around the world—real he-men with high professional standards taking cookery as seriously as Edison takes electricity or Ford takes automobiles. How very often—how *invariably*, I should say—are we in America treated with the spectacle of a crew of indifferent persons carelessly, even resentfully, throwing food before us, almost as if to say, “there! I hate you for making me demean myself by cooking or serving your food; but I'm as good as you are, anyhow, and some day I am going to own a limousine and hire people to cook and wait on *me*. I despise all these pots and pans and foods!”

No love of what they are doing; no tender care for the materials they are handling, no grasp of the nuances of the science, no grace in the handling of their tools! That is America in her kitchens and dining rooms—and I regret to say that it applies to vast numbers of wives and daughters, as well as servants and restaurant cooks and waiters. I have seen tramps, with the oil and mud of the railroad on them, hired to go into a restaurant kitchen—which they would desert, I well knew, as soon as they got a month's wages.

But, ah, not on the French Line, or in Paris! Those tall, good-looking Frenchmen with high foreheads, preparing my

duck over a spirit lamp at the *Tour d'Argent* in Paris were men who could not have been bribed to take a short cut to make that dish just right, and who, I am sure, read papers or take part in professional discussions before learned associations of cooks; quite precisely as the man who is an executive in an American factory probably reads or discusses papers before an engineering society's gathering. He cares, he thinks, he devotes himself to the profession. The *cordons bleu* is a vivid reality and honor in France, like the O. Henry prize or the Pulitzer Prize or the Harvard Award.

This, then, is the first gastronomic sight to be seen on traveling abroad, and what a novelty it is! As I sat one night rather late as a special guest, in the restaurant of Emile in Paris, I could scarcely believe my eyes. The restaurant was vastly different from anything we have ever heard of in America; a small, cozy, quietly artistic place, *with books on cookery on shelves all about*; also genuine culinary relics and exhibits. On one table lay the proofs of a magazine; Emile is not only a restaurateur—he is also the editor of a paper for chefs; and what is more, he has only recently completed a positively monumental tome of cookery—a perfect encyclopedia of cookery, larger even than Escofier's. For you to reach for salt, pepper or catsup in that restaurant would bring tears of ignominy to Emile's eyes, I verily believe. "How *could* you?" he would seem to say, "after I so skilfully seasoned the food?"

134. The Delights of the Gastronomical Capital of the World—Paris.—I could easily rave on about the *Crepes Suzette* at *Ciro's* or the *homard Suprême* at *Foyot's* or *Onion Soup* at *Zelli's*, or the *Soufflé Rockefeller* at the *Cheval Pie*. I could repeat name after name of French dishes and French restaurants in the gastronomic capital of the world, but after all it is not a catalog of dishes or recipes or restaurants that makes a food travelogue; it is something of the spirit of the country. We would be like the silly American tourists *Ruth Draper* so deftly characterizes in her famous monologues, who announce aggressively that it's art, and that's what we're here for, and then proceed to muffle it gorgeously. What I "was here for" in Paris

was to note the *attitude* toward food as well as the food itself, for, after all, we have French cook books in America.

However, it was not only the technical side of cookery that was so seriously taken—it *was eating itself*. Throughout Europe, and not only in France, it is the same. The enjoyment of good food is regarded as a pleasure of the highest order, worthy of taking time and ease with it; worthy of great interest and detailed attention. Nothing could be more surprising to an American on a gastronomic journey around the world than to come to Paris, fresh from our quick-lunch counters of America, and discover that between 12 and 2 Parisians do not do business—storekeepers even shoo out their customers and lock their doors *and go to lunch*. They pick out as good a restaurant as they can possibly afford, one that has “a cook who cares” and then they relax luxuriously and study the menu. They do not run their eyes down the menu, restlessly and carelessly and then order the same old thing they had yesterday and the day before (such as ham and eggs or steak or whatnot), but they weigh and compare, call the waiter and discuss, deliberate and calculate—while of course all the time their appetites are sharpening up in anticipation, as they visualize one dish after the other. Shall it be *Sole Marguery* or *Sweetbreads en brochette*? Shall there be *pomme de terre* or *petits pois* with the meal? The waiter gives his opinion. The patron expostulates that he thinks is execrable to have potatoes with sweetbreads, execrable, diabolical, foolish, unscientific. The head waiter strolls over and joins in the argument, with both voice and hands. Likely as not the chef, in his gorgeous white cap, may be hailed out to settle the argument, and he may say, why not make it *Sole Paillard*—ah, the sauce he has today accomplished! It is divine. Perhaps he may call to the kitchen for a taste of it to be offered the patron, who samples it with the air of Supreme Court Justice Holmes deciding a crucial railway case. Yes, it is a grand sauce, and *Sole Paillard* it is to be. But bring the soup at once, the patron is hungry! And now you see two men come with a large earthen pot. What in heaven’s name do they mean by bringing to your table this great earthen

pot, which no restaurant in America ever permits outside the kitchen? Ah, you are to learn more in this gastronomic cook's tour. You would understand the shrugs of despair of a Frenchman in an American restaurant when a waiter comes with a plate of soup. To you a waiter carrying a plate of soup from the kitchen is a commonplace, but a Frenchman feels as you would feel if somebody sat on your hat. Soup should be hot, hot! It cannot stay hot nor hold its flavor when carried on an uncovered plate from the kitchen. Even a soup tureen is not always efficient. But a covered earthen pot holds both the flavor and the heat, and so they bring the pot to your table and dish out the *petite marmite* soup piping hot onto your plate. Monsieur Louis at Foyot's would discharge instantly a bus boy who would not hurry with the earthen pot from kitchen to dining room.

Now you begin to understand! You are important; your appetite is a precious part of you; only a few things can bring you more pleasure or satisfaction in life; why, then, insist the logical French people, be so unbelievably silly as to accept poor tasteless food, badly cooked, badly served, cold when it should be hot, hot when it should be cold, and combined with things it should not be combined with? Why be so incredibly stupid as to hurry with your food, chill your stomach with ice water, eat only a few dishes and ignore the gorgeous variety of good dishes to be had, and make other errors of eating which ruin health, and are the mark of a savage in appetite?

The *sequence* of foods, you find is also a part of the art of eating, as has of course always been the sequence of wines. To eat a highly flavored sauce early in the meal is gastronomic crudity, you learn. You may be intrigued by a sauce which contains truffles, shrimps, mushrooms, mussels, eggs, bouillon and wine, and spices, but that would bring you to the very crest of your appetite sensations, and anything you ate afterward would be slipping downhill, would seem tame. Therefore *any* highly flavored food—even a highly flavored soup—eaten early in the meal blunts your palate for what is coming. Many of us American men eat a soup that is very thick or very highly seasoned (such as the atrocious “pepper pot soup”

which is ballyhooed erroneously as a man's favorite) and they wonder why the rest of the meal tastes a little flat. Thus is explained the French preference for consommés, which we American men rather despise. It is not the purpose of a soup to *satiate*, but to urge on the appetite. I have seen Americans in Paris treat the vast assortment of *hors d'oeuvres* in just the same way—to satisfy instead of to stimulate appetite, which is wrong.

So you see we are learning, on this gastronomic journey around the world! I will not give you any French recipes—the world's cook books are fat with them, and there are already many in this book. But I will say something about cheese. My friends in the famous club in Paris for men who weigh 200 pounds or over, each of whom has tasted *all* of the 730 cheeses of France, to say nothing of the cheese of other lands, may not be the objects of your or my envy, but they are a happy lot, as I can testify. A dinner in Paris without *fromage* is an anachronism. But they do not overdo it, as I have seen some Americans overdo Roquefort. In fact the French are in my opinion the Greeks of the modern world, with the famous Greek sense of proportion and measure. "Nothing too much" is precisely their motto, as is evidenced very particularly in their drinking of liquors. Nobody is more astounded or disgusted than the French, not even a Kansas prohibitionist, at the Americans who come to Paris and are beastly drunk at once. The French are content with a very little light wine diluted with water, and if they take other liquors at all they take but the tiniest glass of it. Getting "lit up" is utterly outside of their calculation. The French, despite their great love of food, are not gluttonous as I fear the Germans are, or have been. They have a real sense of balance in food, and as they do not eat vast quantities of candy and ice cream and sodas between meals, as we do, and eat almost no breakfast, it does not seem so remarkable that they eat a very ample luncheon. Their dinner is late—7 or 8 P.M., and they are not "ice box robbers" as a friend of mine calls the people so common in America who must visit the kitchen before going to bed, or go out to a restaurant. I can find some fault with French cookery, and have done so

elsewhere, but they are on the whole the most civilized diners in the world. If on leaving France we have learned only one thing, that food and eating is one of life's most worthwhile adventures, calling for more interest in food and more dignity and attention for its cookery, then the gastronomic journey around the world is already justified! Every American should make such a journey; perhaps then he would not, as Frederick L. Colliins insists we do with food,—“buy it, boil it, bolt it and beat it!”

135. The Foods of Old England.—As for England, I have given not a little of the flavor of gastronomic England already, and many recipes for her meat pies. It is *traditional* England which had the greatest gusto for food, but because it was a food regimen rather too stodgy for human creatures to bear, time and civilization has had to modify it. Her puddings and meat pies, unrelieved by fruits and vegetables, threatened to destroy modern England. Nowadays England buys enormous quantities of American apples, prunes, fruits and canned vegetables, and is correcting her diet. She is also reviving the old English inn along more modern cookery lines, for these delightful old places have been gastronomic heartbreakers until now. They *look* as if they are a bit of old “merry England”—as they really are, but the food they have been serving has been atrocious. None of the real warmth of the old English inn, or the old love English have of good food was to be found in them, as I have sad personal recollections of discovering. Along the road from London to Cambridge, the famous highway on which Dick Turpin, the famous old bandit, roamed, I entered an old English inn with every setting perfect, and was served with the same indifferent kind of meal I would expect at some third-rate hotel in a small town in Ohio, where Heaven knows, the standards are sunk pretty low. I could have repeated, with a lump in my throat, the old phrase of Fielding, “Ah, the roast beef of old England!” I thought of Dickens' and Sam Weller's descriptions of journeys from Bristol to Birmingham and thence to London—which reek of food and the delights of the old inns along the road.

Also in "Barnaby Rudge" the meat and drink at the Maypole Hotel. And Gabriel Varden's breakfast: "Over and above the ordinary tea equipage the board creaked beneath the weight of a jolly round of beef, a ham of the first magnitude, and sundry towers of buttered Yorkshire cake, piled slice upon slice in most alluring order," etc. Try to duplicate this at any but a few English inns today! Try also to get a real old *Lancashire Hot-Pot* in London, or even in any accessible place in Lancashire! Thirty years ago Edward Spencer mourned for it. Make it yourself; join up with the kitchen and see the world! The Lancashire Hot-Pot is made thusly: Place a layer of mutton cutlets, with most of the fat and tails trimmed off, at the bottom of a deep earthenware stewpan. Then a layer of chopped sheep's kidneys, an onion cut into thin slices, half-a-dozen oysters, and some sliced potatoes. Sprinkle over these a little salt and pepper and a teaspoon of curry powder. Then start again with cutlets, and keep on adding layers of the different ingredients until the dish be full. Whole potatoes atop of all, and pour in the oyster liquor and some good gravy. More gravy just before the dish is ready to serve.

The English women, like American women, have partaken of the modern superciliousness about cookery. The old plentitude of servants gone, English women probably even more than American women, have disdained cookery. To step into "the scullery" is socially *declassé* in England, although England is now slowly changing. Few English women indeed enter home economics, they far prefer politics. As a result England for generations has been scandalously poorly fed. Living in a foggy climate, cut off from the values of sunlight, they should years ago have developed a better milk supply, raised more vegetables, served more lettuce, and salads, secured more fruit. As a result their diet has been terribly deficient in calcium, vitamins and bone-building materials, as their poor teeth in particular demonstrate. I shall never forget what a young Englishwoman who visited us in America said when we asked for her first impressions of New York. She was thin, her teeth were poor and she had a generally undernourished look. "It seems so wonderful to get a really good glass of rich milk so easily

and so cheaply!" Only someone who has seen the milk carts around London, carrying milk, close to the dirty street, and only those who have tried to drink the milk, will understand the pathos of this remark.

In all fairness it should be said that there is now slowly coming along in England a gastronomic revival. The palate and the epicurean soul of England is not dead. Lord Decies recently rallied a group of gourmets and connoisseurs of food in a famous London wine-cellar, and by candlelight held there a fine feast, opening with plover's eggs, bouillon glacé, soles, fruits, *cochon de lait rati* asparagus and peaches, together with wines from 100 year old casks and sauternes from the English cellar of the Empress Eugenie, and from the cellar of the Czar Alexander II. With a fine gesture of *amend honorable*, as if in penance for years of English neglect of the chef, Sir John Lavery, distinguished painter, said "The perfect chef is an artist before whom I bow." Lord Decies insists that Englishmen are food-conscious as ever, but this expresses a hope rather than a realization, I fear, although progress is being made. New foods from many lands are coming—some by airplane, such as Fera du Lac, a fish from Switzerland which is cooked in white Burgundy. Three times a week the trans-Siberian railway also brings smoked sturgeon from Central Asia, which is very delicious.

Gastronomic England is nevertheless at its best where the old traditions are upheld; and of course the one place where they are perfectly upheld is at Ye Old Cheshire Cheese, a restaurant just off of Fleet Street which is positively encrusted with tradition. There you may see the very old oak table at which old Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith sat and ate and debated the literary questions of the day. Indeed old Doctor Johnson's chair is still there—carefully enclosed in a glass case. The old winding staircase, the old Grandfather's clock creak on precisely as they did in 1667, when the place was last rebuilt, after the great London Fire. The basement positively reeks with age, for it was once part of a monastery, and a secret passage once led to the banks of the Thames. Even an old well is still there. Ye Old Cheshire Cheese has been visited

by a long roster of the great of many generations, and even Mark Twain's name is on the visitor's book, along with Americans such as Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Charlie Chaplin and many others. *Bon vivants* revere this old gastronomic shrine.

As for its food, the dishes it is famed for are of course steaks and chops, Irish stews, ham and peas, and finally the great traditional specialty "The Pudding." It is something to see, for it weighs fifty to eighty pounds, and the secret of its composition is known only to the official chef. Under its gorgeous brown crust are skylarks, oysters, kidneys, mushrooms, beefsteak, and spices and gravies compounded with the exact lore used hundreds of years ago, and kept very secret.

"Ye Pudding," looking almost as huge as the famed dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, is served Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:30 and at 6. It takes 17½ hours to boil and it takes three men to carry it. Once in a quarter of a century these men drop it by accident, and there is a terrible scene! I suspect that they now insure The Pudding at Lloyd's.

Elsewhere in England—at the almost equally famous "Ship and Turtle" and Birch's and Simpson's—there are other traditional food rites and food excellencies. Of them all I like *curried prawns*, which in Americanese would be curried shrimps. But you must have real East Indian curry—Crosse & Blackwell's will do.

I do not dare talk about stuffed larks, stuffed old grouse, woodcock pie and such things, for it is next to impossible to get such things in America. But *Jugged-Duck with Oysters*, here is something a few remaining English gourmets appreciate. You cut the fleshy parts of your waddler into neat joints, and having browned them, place in a jar with nine oysters and some good gravy partly made from the giblets. Close the mouth of the jar, and stand it in boiling water for rather more than an hour. Add the strained liquor of the oysters and a little more gravy, and turn the concoction into a deep silver dish with a spirit lamp beneath. Wild duck can be jugged in the same way, but without the addition of the bivalves; and a mixture of port wine and Worcestershire sauce is poured

in, with a squeeze of lemon juice and cayenne, just before serving. All these stews, or "jugs" should be served on dishes kept hot by lighted spirit lamp beneath them. This is most important.

136. Belgium.—We must not omit Belgium, and it is not hard to come at once upon the Belgian *piece de resistance*. It is *Waterzoie de Volaille*, and as they do it at the famous restaurant "Filet de Sole" in Brussels it is known to gourmets the world over. Here is the recipe: You get the best young chicken possible, and rub it thoroughly with lemon, after which you cut it up as for frying. Butter a casserole, and line the bottom with equal parts fine white celery, after removing fibre and strings, leek and white onion. Add a half leaf of laurel, a bit of thyme and a few parsley roots, scraped and washed. Lay over this the chicken, and then pour over this one-third of a quart of veal broth, and two-thirds of a quart of imitation white wine sauce, or dry white wine. Season with salt, white pepper and a pinch of clove. Bring this mixture to a boil and let it simmer and steam under close cover for 35 minutes. Take out the laurel, thyme and parsley root and pass the latter through a strainer and add to the soup. Add also a large pinch of bread crumbs. Put the soup now into a tureen and add quickly the rapidly beaten yolks of four eggs, one-half cup of thick cream and a teaspoon of good butter. Now put in the chicken and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

137. Spain.—Nor should we omit Spain; but frankly I am not very partial to Spanish cookery. The most uniquely Spanish dish is *Arroz à la Valencia*. For the meat you can use half a chicken, a rabbit, a pound of mutton or even fish. You must be able to endure both garlic and saffron. You fry three pieces of garlic, two onions and two tomatoes, and then add some parsley, pepper, cayenne pepper, salt and a little saffron; also two tablespoons of green peas or carrots. Stir well. Have the chicken or other meat ready, and now put it in, adding some salt and some water and let it boil until tender. Then add a cupful of uncooked rice, but be sure there are four cups of juice in the pan, as there must be four times as much juice as rice. Add water if necessary. Put pieces of sweet red capsicum pepper in

between layers of the rice in the casserole and see that it boils uncovered for 30 minutes. Stir evenly to avoid burning.

138. Portugal.—Holland we will pass by as offering very little, but we will visit the Portuguese, because John Phillip Sousa was particularly fond of *Pelotas à la Portuguese*. You put a quart can of tomatoes in a kettle and boil and simmer for one and one-half hours. Add salt and pepper and two sliced onion, and then after boiling starts add four allspice and four cloves. Then after two and one-half hours of simmering add two pounds of chopped beef, an onion chopped fine, two cups of bread crumbs, a little salt, pepper and parsley. Make this into small meat balls, and put them in the pot, and boil one and one-half hours longer.

139. Italy.—And now let us slip away to Italy, land of sunny skies, garlic and spaghetti. Take this matter of garlic first—to get rid of the most difficult stumbling block at once! The French, clever people, use it, but delicately combine it. The Italian does not care who knows that he likes garlic. Make no mistake—garlic is a gastronomic blessing of the first order. The Egyptians cultivated it 2,000 years before Christ. As one epicure has said, a book devoted to the manifold uses of garlic would be larger than could be squeezed upon the largest shelf of the British Museum! It is even good for wasp-bites! The French sense of moderation and measure keeps them—except in the Provençal district, which is too near Italy—from using too much garlic. The Italian and the Spaniard know no such moderation. Henry T. Finck tells of a Spanish peasant whose lunch he saw—ten raw tomatoes, half a loaf of bread, a piece of raw ham, eaten with a small garlic bulb *to every mouthful he swallowed!* Some Italians have the same gusto; they are superbly alive to flavor.

In the Sixteenth Century Italy was the gastronomic capital of the world, largely because its people were so alive to flavor. They inherited the Roman tradition, which doted on Sicilian cooks—as did also Greece—and acquainted themselves with Oriental culinary lore through Venice, then the great trade port. The Sicilian Archestratus wrote a poem on food nearly 2,300 years ago!

Italian olive oil is one of the reasons for its good food, but in Italy as elsewhere you must first make sure that you are in the hands of a good, conscientious cook. Spaghetti, such as made in a Gragnano factory, from durum wheat, is a never-ending delight and as staple as bread. But it is mainly a *lunch* dish; it is both bread and meat, actually, and it is far more readily digested than meat. But it must be boiled no more than nine minutes, and it must have a good sauce, with fat in it, preferably butter. *Tagliatelli al Burro*—what a dish! *Tagliatelli* is one of the fifty or sixty forms of the macaroni-spaghetti family. I am particularly fond of *Linguini*, particularly with a *clam* sauce. The curious thing is that no one ever tires of this macaroni family. Day after day the Italians eat it, and I have myself, in New York, had it almost daily for weeks at a stretch; varying the forms, varying the sauces, varying the dessert I ate with it; always preferably fruit. In Italy this procedure is a matter of course. Some Americans think you cannot eat spaghetti unless in the rolled-up manner of the Italians, which they are afraid they will muff. Cut it, if you must!

Fritta Mista is another gorgeous Italian dish. You simply fry to a turn—in butter or olive oil—sweetbreads, shredded artichoke bottoms, brains, cockscombs, truffles and other such delicacies. I also particularly love *minestrone*, a thick soup made of oil, garlic and any aggregation of vegetables you wish, plus some cut macaroni or Turkish peas. There are many *minestrones*, and an Italian restaurant (Zucca's, in New York) now sells it canned. It is a good meal by itself; I have often lunched on it and nothing else! In some parts of Italy the peasants eat only minestrone and chestnuts, nothing else, from one year's end to the other! The Italians are not gluttons, as William Dean Howells once proved by the fact that, in his day in Venice, people bought as little as half a cent's worth of beef a day! They used it only for flavor!

The Italians love cheese, and eat it much in place of meat. Our American Italians, who have built most of our railways and dug most of our ditches, did all this great physical labor on spaghetti and cheese, not meat. Ah, their *Bel Paese*, their

Gorgonzola, their Caciocavallo cheeses! Let us also remember that it was the Romans who first made Roquefort.

It is exciting to eat in Italy for several reasons (and I do not mean the excitement Frederick L. Collins experienced, caused by Fascisti black shirt soldiers raiding a town and knocking his *zabaione* off his outdoor table). I mean the excitement of real outdoor eating. I shall always treasure the memory of a lunch up on a terrace at an out-of-the-way restaurant on the high bluff overlooking Lake Como, with its marvelous quiet blue waters and vineyards, vineyards everywhere. Nor the Restaurant de la Gourmet at Nice (which is technically in France, but is Italian in tradition), nor Biff's in the Gallery at Milan, or Bertolini's terrace Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples, or Florian's in the Square in Venice, with the *musica* wafted in from the Lagoon.

I love their *Risotto*; rice in a tasty manner. There is an Italian rice which, if you can get, adds to the genuineness, but ordinary rice will be quite all right. You heat a half ounce butter in a saucepan, add one medium, sound, finely chopped onion and gently brown to a golden color for five minutes, stirring well meanwhile. Then add half pound well-cleaned rice. Stir well with a wooden spoon until the rice has obtained a good golden color, then gradually moisten with a pint and a half hot broth, continually stirring meanwhile. Add one small cervelat sausage, one saltspoon diluted and strained Spanish saffron, one heavy teaspoon salt, half teaspoon white pepper. Mix well, cover the pan, and as soon as it comes to a boil place the pan in a hot oven for 30 minutes. Remove it, take up the cervelat sausage. Add three tablespoons grated Parmesan or Swiss cheese and half ounce good butter; mix well with a wooden spoon for two minutes. Dress the rice on a hot dish. Slice the cervelat into thin slices, arrange them around the rice and serve.

Ravioli (small squares of noodle paste, two atop each other, filled with meat paste and boiled) is a dish widely spoken of and liked, but just because I do not like it I will air my prejudices and omit it. Polenta is good too, but I will pass it by for a recipe for *Gnocchis*, a delightful concoction. You place

three cups of milk and one cup of cream in a saucepan with half ounce butter and boil for five minutes. Sift a pound of flour in a bowl, then gradually pour milk in flour, briskly stirring with wooden spoon while adding it. Add one ounce grated Parmesan cheese, with a half teaspoon salt, saltspoon cayenne, and sharply stir for two minutes; break in an egg and briskly stir for two minutes more.

Have two quarts boiling water in a saucepan on the fire with a teaspoon salt. Take up the batter by teaspoons and with aid of a finger drop it in the water, the operation being done as rapidly as possible. Let slowly boil for six minutes, lift up with skimmer, drain on a cloth, then dress on a hot baking dish. Reduce two cups tomato sauce to half the quantity on a brisk fire and pour it over the gnocchis, sprinkle two tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese on top, then set in oven for ten minutes, remove and serve.

139. Germany.—We will now enter Germany. Of all European nations the German has always been the heartiest eaters. The food scientists measured their "intake" in calories as higher than others; and I suspect that it is because the German women are remarkably good *hausfraus*. The Frenchman lives much in restaurants; the German has always liked eating at home; but he has even supplemented his home meals with eating of much food at the beer gardens and bars. There is one in Berlin, the *Kurfürstendamm* which has been likened more to the Grand Central Station promenade than a drinking place, so large it is; and they *eat* more than they drink!

True, modern Berlin, which is going Paris one better nowadays, has gorgeous restaurants—one of which, the Resi Casino in the Blumenstrasse is like the Parisian all-evening restaurants; like *Zelli's*, for instance, with telephones between tables, so that you can be neighborly.

There is a new Germany, which is putting thumbs down on over-eating. The younger generation of women wants to be slim, and does not relish the big German *hausfrau* tradition. I have never seen such wonderful young people as the young German Gretchens whom I saw in hiking costume on the Alps in Switzerland last summer. They wore "shorts" like the men,

with golden braids down their back, falling over a knapsack of food. *They'll* never be fat overfed hausfraus, these sun-tanned, lithe, muscular women of a post-war Germany!

But they love good food, and next to France they have it. Indeed, it is not denied that many a dish with a fancy French name originated in Germany! They are more strict about pure food laws than the French, indeed were the first to set up pure food laws. The German delicatessen store is a perfect panorama of tidbits. Lovers of Grieg music may get a shock when I tell them that Edward Grieg (who like most of our great musicians was an epicure) once stood in front of a German delicatessen and said to an American friend, "what an ideal symphony! how perfect in all its details, in form, contents and instrumentation!"

It was, after all, a German who invented sauerkraut—and while no lady is likely to salute this gastronomic and dietary masterpiece, every man will. Even Brillat-Savarin, the master, listed it as a dish belonging to his three choicest menus; along with partridges, by the way. Another thing men have Germany to be thankful for is the pickle. And of course sausages! One could write a book on German sausages. Nicolaus Merges once set up standards for 152 different German sausages. I will confess that I cannot enthuse too much over sausages, however. They are so concentrated that it is easy to eat unsoundly. But some are perfectly gorgeous—*Ganselebertruffel wurst*, for instance, (made of goose liver and truffles). There was once in ye olden days a *Bären wurst*, made of bear meat, which I can imagine was delicious. Do not be shocked if I tell you that the Germans actually make sausages from dog meat, but it is *usually* labeled as such. I am not epicure enough for it! A sausage eaten say at the *Bratwürstglocklein*, a famous restaurant in Nuremberg (which serves nothing else but sausage) is an epicurean feast. Let me say of German sausages that you do not know what sausages can be until you eat some *made in Germany*. Nowadays they are imported and sold in America at delicatessen shops. Bismarck adored his sausages as did Brahms, the composer, and other great men.

Smoked meats are perfected in Germany as nowhere else,

as those of us know who have eaten *Westphalian hams*. The Austrian *Prager Schinken* is equally good ham—an epicure's delight the world over. Sugar cured hams are not regarded as good, but the hams are smoked from six to eight weeks with beechwood chips, and a few juniper berries. Our American hams are "quick-smoked," therefore not so good. *Smoked Pomeranian Goosebreast* is another marvelous German delicatessen; also *cold goose in jelly*; also *eel*. What American man is ever offered an eel to eat unless he cooks it himself? Yet its flesh is more tender than chicken. Even if the eel seems like a snake, which is woman's great horror, remember that *python's livers*, *boa constrictor steaks*, roasted African grub worms, Central American lizards, frogs, snails, newts, grass snakes, salamanders, octopuses, slugs, maggots, ants, etc., also are epicure's feasts in various lands! In France a short time ago a dinner was held in the Jardin d' Acclimation with fried locusts and grilled whale steaks on the menu!

The goose is the beloved of German delicacies. *Gansebraten* is rarely off the menu of a German restaurant. Goose raising is a storied German enterprise. At Strasbourg, as every child knows, they make geese produce big livers by imprisoning them and feeding them until they get enlarged livers, and thus supply *pate de foie gras*. Horace the great Roman knew this delicacy and sang its praises.

One of Germany's most famous meat dishes is *Sauerbraten*. You take a good, fat piece from the round. In the Summer let it lay in vinegar three to four days and in the Winter eight to ten days. Then add bay leaves, cloves, allspice and perhaps a few juniper berries to the vinegar; put it on the stove and bring to a boil; the meat should first be freshened; then pour over it the boiling vinegar, which prevents the juices from being lost from the meat. If the vinegar is very sharp mix with a little water. As onions harden in vinegar they should not be added until ready to cook. In the Summer the meat should be kept uncovered in a refrigerator or other cool place, turning it frequently, being careful not to do this with the hands. Before cooking, lard the roast as follows, thereby making it juicier: Cut fat pork into strips the length of a finger, turn them in

a mixture of salt, pepper and ground cloves, puncture the meat all over with a sharp knife and put in the lardoons; sprinkle some more salt over the meat, but not too much—over-salting makes the meat tough. Get plenty of good fat quite hot in an iron kettle, put in the meat and allow the broth which gathers to steam away rapidly, lightly browning the meat all around, being careful to often turn it in the fat. Then put a heaping tablespoonful of flour into the fat, also browning it, and immediately pour in from the side enough boiling water to cover the meat, covering the kettle at once so that none of the flavor may be lost. After a few minutes add, for a piece of meat weighing from five to six pounds, two small carrots, three to four large onions and a piece of rye bread crust, and if necessary some of the spiced vinegar in which the meat was laid; then cover the kettle tightly and cook slowly but uninterruptedly for about two to two and one-half hours, turning the meat during this time and occasionally lifting it with a fork without piercing; add a little boiling water if necessary. A cupful of sweet cream put in during the last half hour of cooking greatly improves the gravy. When ready to serve put the meat on a warm dish and set it in the oven while the gravy is being prepared. If the latter should have become too thick during the cooking it can be thinned with water; if not thick enough, put in a little flour; if it should be too sour and the color brown enough, put in a cupful of milk, then pass it through a sieve and cook rapidly; part of the gravy is poured over the roast and the remainder served in a gravy boat.

Instead of the carrots, onions and breadcrust, a piece of honeycake is frequently taken to thicken the gravy, and where possible use a thin meat broth instead of the water. If one wishes to impart a gamey flavor to a sour roast, roast it in pork fat with a few juniper berries with a medium fire until half done, add plenty of chopped onions and a pint of thick sour cream and then roast until done, basting often. Skim the fat off the gravy, stir into the latter a cupful of milk and bring to the table in a gravy boat.

Still another famous dish is *Wiener-Schnitzel*. You cut pieces the size of a small beefsteak from the center of a loin of

veal, pound slightly, rub with fine salt and pepper, turn them first in egg and flour, then in rolled crackers and fry in plenty of butter until tender. When serving, sprinkle the steaks with lemon juice, garnish with lemon slices and a few capers and serve with a lattice of anchovy slices and a plain fried egg.

Among the innumerable other German dishes of great tastefulness are *Leber knädel* (a Bavarian liver dumpling), *Spätzl* which I am very particularly fond of (a form of noodle); *filled capon or goose in jelly*, *Backhühnel* (baked spring chicken, South Germany style), which I think I should describe. You take chickens six or eight weeks old. After plucking and washing, hold them in hot water for a minute, then in cold water, and with a sharp knife divide them lengthwise into two pieces, take out the backbone and cut each half in two sideways, thus dividing the chicken into quarters. Sprinkle with fine salt and turn in flour, dip in eggs beaten with water, then turn in bread crumbs which can be used, if preferred, with Parmesan cheese, and immediately bake in plenty of lard which must not be too hot, to a light brown. Eight pieces can be put into the hot lard at a time, moving the pan gently to prevent scorching. Only about four minutes are necessary to bake the chickens nicely and give them a good color.

Drain off the fat by laying the pieces on bread slices until all are done, and lightly brown a handful of fresh parsley, which has been washed and dried in a cloth, in some lard, but to prevent overheating, the pan should first be taken from the fire. Then serve the chicken on a warmed platter and garnish with parsley, which has been sprinkled with a little salt; lay a little bunch of fresh parsley on the meat.

Again, I like *Potato Noodles*. You take a deep plate full of peeled and grated potatoes cooked in their jackets the day previous in salted water, together with four eggs, four tablespoons of cream or milk; the same quantity of melted butter and add whatever salt may be necessary. Put the potatoes on a bread board, make a hollow in the center into which put some flour and the eggs, cream, butter and salt, knead this to a dough, adding a little flour from time to time until the dough can be stretched and is compact and does not show any holes when

cut. Roll the dough into oblong pieces about the size of a potato, cook for eight to ten minutes in boiling salted water, put them on a colander and after they are drained fry them all around in butter until lightly brown.

The *Leberknödel*, of which Henry T. Finck, the epicure, thinks highly, is made as follows: You prepare boiling water and simmer a calf's liver for twenty minutes. Then tear any skin or ligaments from the liver and grind it. Spice the ground liver with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and one quarter of a teaspoon each of ground cloves and marjoram. Also mince an onion, melt a tablespoon of butter and work these into the mixture. Beat two eggs and mix them in; and then work in enough bread crumbs, starting with half a cup, to make the paste easy to mold. Roll into balls a little larger than walnuts. Poach these for 15 minutes, and serve them in soup stock. I like them best *with sauerkraut*; in which case you boil them in salted water or serve in soup stock.

140. Scandinavia.—We must leave Germany now, reluctantly, as we did France, for we have only tasted a few of Germany's best. We should stay a *little* while in the Scandinavian countries—surely long enough to become acquainted with *Norwegian Fish Balls*. They are so famous that they can even be had canned in New York. You will need the canned "Norwegian fiske balle" in cans to make the balls yourself. You rinse whatever fish, bones and skin from which to make fish stock and put them in two quarts of water, together with a sliced onion, a bay leaf, a stalk of celery, a carrot, a few bits of parsley, four peppercorns and a tablespoon of salt. Boil gently for half an hour. Scrape two carrots and slice into thin strips. Fry them brown in a teaspoon of butter. Add one and one-half tablespoons of butter to the carrots, sift half a cup of flour upon all of it and blend. Add one cup of stewed tomatoes. Chop four bits of parsley and a stalk of celery. Add them to the stewing vegetables and strain over all the hot fish stock, and let simmer for 20 minutes. Then open the can of *fiske balle*. Take half of this paste, roll into half inch marbles and roll them in flour. Strain the soup through a collander into a saucepan, pressing through as much of the vegetables as you can.

Drop the fish balls into the *purée* and boil for another 20 minutes. You have the heart of epicurean Norway!

There are two or three other Scandinavian dishes I like hugely. One is *Sildeboller*. Someone has called it "hamburger with fins"! You soak half a pound of smoked herring for 25 minutes in warm water. Then skin and bone them, and mince fine. Grind two cups of cooked meat and mince into it four good sized boiled potatoes and two tablespoons of potato flour. You knead this mixture; working in the herring, and add one-fourth teaspoon each of salt and pepper. Roll into balls and fry in butter. A beet salad fits well with them.

Another delicacy—*Baked Tongue and Mushrooms*. You cut a pound of cold boiled tongue into slices half an inch thick, removing cartilage and skin. Then rinse (in vinegar) and peel a pound of mushrooms. Slice them and spread them flat on the tongue in a baking dish. Scatter balls of butter over them. Bake for 45 minutes. Prepare a gravy by browning four teaspoons of flour, blending with two tablespoons of butter; and adding slowly two cups of broth. Pound to a paste three boned anchovies and a teaspoon of minced onion. Add these, plus a tablespoon of lemon juice, a teaspoon of salt and a bit of pepper. Pour this sauce on the tongue in the oven and bake for another 25 minutes.

141. Russia.—We are now ready to slip over to the Russians, who operate another great branch of cookery lore. I have already described elsewhere borsht (cold beet soup with sour cream), and cabbage soup. We note pirojkis and pirogen and many other things, but I am rather lukewarm about them, so pass them by. *Bitki*, a *Russian Hamburger Steak* is quite possible. You take two cups of clear beef chopped, and two cups of bread crumbs that have been soaked in a little water, leaving them quite moist, mix thoroughly with the beef, season with pepper and salt and shape into individual cakes and fry.

A *Russian Goulash* is also quite good. You take one pound beef, free from fat and cut up as pan stew, add one chopped green pepper, one large onion, two blades of garlic (cut fine), pepper and salt, with just enough water to cover. Let this simmer until meat is very tender. Add a little water as needed.

Put in medium-sized can of tomatoes an hour or so before using and have ready two cups of cooked spaghetti or macaroni and put this into the meat until thoroughly heated. This must not be too wet; let water cook away just before adding the tomatoes.

The Russians eat a great deal of sour cream, and if you want a new epicurean thrill try *Vegetables and Sour Cream*. You cut into pieces into a bowl some spring onions, radishes and cucumbers, plus pepper and salt to taste, and pour sour cream upon it and eat it with a soup-spoon, cold. I will say that it achieves a high water mark of dietetic value as well as tastefulness. If I can get some Russian black bread and sweet butter to go with it I know of nothing more entrancing as a spring luncheon. There is no use, however, staying in Russia long—for more reasons than dietary ones; for some of its ill-fated inhabitants are eating bark and others wait daily in long bread lines! The day of gourmets in Russia is past, I fear.

There is another thing Russians do with mushrooms (which they eat at all possible occasions), and it is no less than *Sauerkraut and Mushrooms*. It is simply delicious. You stew six dried mushrooms for 30 minutes in six cups of cold, salted water. If using fresh sauerkraut, parboil for 15 minutes. Drain the water from the sauerkraut, and put it on the stove with the sauce of the stewed mushrooms. Mince the mushrooms and put them with the sauerkraut, and simmer for about an hour. If using canned sauerkraut 20 minutes will do. Brown a tablespoon of flour in a dry pan, moisten it with a tablespoon of butter, and add it. Then pour on a half cup of thick sour cream and stew for another ten minutes. It is good!

142. Poland.—Let us stop at Poland—up and coming young Poland, whose greatest man, Paderewski, is a gourmet. He once said the scallop was America's greatest delicacy. In Poland they dote on *Polish Cutlets*. The secret of them appears to be slow steaming, for a full hour. You cut one and one-half pounds of steak into small round pieces and beat them flat *with a mallet*. You then mince three shallots and a half a clove of garlic, which you fry in three tablespoons of butter, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper and four cloves. Do not let the

onions brown—push them to the side of the pan. Then lay the little steaks upon the frying onions, cover the pan closely and let steam for an hour. If the sauce cooks away, add a few tablespoons of stock. However, at the end of 40 minutes sprinkle one-half teaspoon of salt and some pepper on the meat. Brown a teaspoon of flour in a dry pan, and dredge into the gravy when the steaks are done. Let the gravy boil for two minutes, and then serve the steaks with the sauce, together with fried tomatoes. It is a great dish!

Beets are an invariable Russian or Polish delicacy. There is *Burachki* (beets à la Polanaise) of which W. T. Benda, who is a famous artist, speaks highly. You boil eight little beets, skin them and chop them, not too fine. Then take a level teaspoonful of butter, and brown one tablespoon of flour. Stir this into a half cup of vinegar, two tablespoons of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt and a little pepper. Bring to a boil and mix this with the beets. Benda also talks very highly of *Barshck with Ushka*—which is our good friend borsht (cold beet soup) with the ushka, which is boiled pork, beef and onion, mixed with butter, flour and a raw egg made into a stew and boiled in little “pigs ears” of egg dough.

143. Hungary.—Before we leave Europe for Asia, we must speak of Hungary. The restaurants along the blue Danube are famed—the Viennese practically live in them—and in all of them the *Hungarian Goulash* is the best known.

It is a great dish—but many crimes are committed in its name! Here is a tip as to how to make it as it should be. You mince two onions and brown them in four tablespoons of butter or drippings. Cut two pig kidneys and a half pound each of pork, beef and veal into cubes an inch square. Put them in with the onions to brown. Chop a green pepper to bits, cut two tomatoes into quarters and mince some parsley—and put these in with the rest. Pour in hot water until the meat is about covered, put a lid on the pan and simmer for 50 minutes. Peel and dice four raw potatoes. After 50 minutes put the potatoes in, and add a little more water. Season with a tablespoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of paprika and let simmer for another 25 minutes. Here is Hungarian Goulash “as is”!

In Budapest they make a heavenly *Almond Soufflé*. You blanch three-fourths of a cup of sweet almonds and one-half a cup of bitter ones. Dry them in the oven, grind and pound to powder. Separate the yolks from four eggs and lay aside the whites; beat the yolks, the almonds and a smallish cup of powdered sugar for ten minutes steadily. Then whip the egg whites of *three* eggs with a pinch of salt to a stiff froth, and stir into the pudding with a teaspoon of vanilla. Butter a baking pan and pour in and bake for 25 or 30 minutes in a quick oven. Careful! or it will fa' down! Serve hot, with whipped cream.

The *Apple Strudel* is of course the most internationally known Hungarian pastry delicacy. Every man who likes apple pie is sure to like it—and that means every mother's son of us! It is quite a little trick, however, to pull the pastry dough tissue-thin. The born-on-the-Danube Hungarian cook will stretch the dough so that it covers a whole table miraculously! It takes three hours to make it. You cut one tablespoonful of butter into one and one-eighth cups of flour. Break an egg upon the flour and dust on one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. A quarter cup of milk should suffice to produce a stiff paste of these ingredients. Mix them well together. If need be, add a little more milk.

Knead the dough lustily by hand for thirty minutes. Then set it, covered in its bowl, in a warm corner for 20 or 30 minutes. Meanwhile fry two cups of bread crumbs crisp in one-half cup of butter; blanch and chop a half cup of almonds; chop three-quarters of a cup of currants; peel and core and chop to bits a dozen greening apples. Mix all these ingredients together with a tablespoonful of cinnamon and half a cup of sugar.

Take the dough from its bowl; sprinkle flour on a well scrubbed table top and roll the dough as thin as possible. Then take your hands and pull it in all directions till it is evenly transparent throughout. The pastry will be somewhat elastic, but be careful not to let it break. Dust the apple mixture in an even layer upon the pastry sheet. Then roll it up like a sheet of paper into a long pipe. Chop it crosswise in six inch lengths with a sharp knife. Lay these sections in a floured pan. Bake

them for about an hour and a quarter in a moderate oven. Melt half a cup of butter and baste the strudels frequently with it.

144. Greece.—Let us now see what Greece has to offer. If one were there at Easter time one would see whole lambs roasted, oiled and spiced, and we would see the famous eastern ceremonial of breaking hard-boiled, colored eggs, commemorating Christ's breaking from the tomb. I do not think we would so much enjoy the way a Greek host would prepare a hospitable dinner for us. He would call two servants, who would bring into the house a nice young lamb. Your host would give a signal and almost before your eyes, just outside, the lamb would be slaughtered, fleeced and carved. This would be done to graciously convince you that you are to be fed well on fresh meat. Your host would clap his hands, and servants would again appear with glowing hot coals on a tray, and some skewers. The fresh lamb is then roasted before your eyes, and the skewer handed you to eat from. But, as a guest knowing your Oriental manners, you will turn the point of the skewer to the ground to show your host that you are not thinking of stabbing him in the back. You cannot get away without offense to your host by eating less than five skewerfuls, and you use your fingers throughout!

I like the *Greek Stew with Okra*. You wash and clip a quart of okra pods, without exposing the seeds. Spreading these out on a board you sprinkle heavily with salt and let them dry in the sun for 30 minutes. Rinse and add them to a pound of diced lamb and a minced onion. Pour on one and one-half cups of stewed tomatoes, one-fourth cup of water and the juice of half a lemon, also a teaspoon of salt and one-third teaspoon of pepper. Cover the pot tightly and simmer for 30 minutes.

Then there is also *Lamb and Eggplant à la Greece*. How they do like eggplant in the Near East! Eggplant was called "mad apple" in the ancient days of Greece. The Greeks even stuff an eggplant with squab, which I imagine is quite a good dish. This eggplant dish is as follows: You slice the eggplant into slabs, and pile them upon a plate and put a two

pound weight on them, with oiled paper under the weight. Let it stand for an hour to drain. Then fry the slices in two tablespoons of olive oil, and rotate so that they color evenly on both sides. Mince a cupful of cooked lamb (or beef) with four sprigs of parsley and half an onion. Season with one-half teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper, and moisten with one-fourth cup olive oil. Then oil a casserole and put in two layers of eggplant. Cover with the meat and put on top of this another two layers of eggplant. Beat an egg and spread it over the eggplant, and sprinkle crumbs over all, together with some salt. Dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Serve with lemon.

145. Bulgaria.—I have already referred somewhere to Pilaf. It is common all over the Near East. Suppose we hop over the border to Bulgaria for a *Bulgarian Pilaf*. It is delicious. You dice six lamb kidneys, cutting out the cartilage. Fry them in a casserole, rolling them over and over in two tablespoons of butter until done, and then place on a plate. Mince an onion and fry in the butter until brown and then pour in two cups of uncooked rice. Turn in the casserole to prevent burning. Cut some watercress fine and mix it with the rice and add a teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. Pour in five cups of stock and boil for 25 minutes until rice is done. Ten minutes before it is done add the kidneys, and see that they do not cook too long. Stir to prevent sticking. Place in a hot oven for five or ten minutes, turning occasionally.

146. Persia.—Persia is a nice country for starting the Asiatic gastronomic adventure. The country of Omar and of the famous Peacock Throne ought to yield some worthy tidbit. It does, as Hussein Kahn Alai, the Persian minister has proved. He says *Chirin Polow* is a gorgeous dish. I have not as yet eaten it, but others I know have. It is compounded of a pound of rice, a spring chicken, sugar, Spanish saffron, almonds and butter. In making the rice Hussein Alai insisted that the rice be rinsed the night before in three waters, rubbing the grains between the palms of your hands each time as you change. Then you soak the rice in tepid water, three inches over the rice, pouring *half a pound of salt* on it, and keep it there until

the next day. Using a two-gallon caldron, you pour in six quarts of water and let come to a boil, pour out slowly and with care the water in which the rice has been soaking since the night before. Empty the rice into the boiling water. Cover the caldron and increase the heat. As soon as the caldron containing the rice begins to boil remove the cover and stir the rice gently with a flat spoon. Then replace the lid and let the contents of the caldron boil again. Repeat the stirring process three times. Next drain the rice in a sieve, shaking it to remove all adherents of salt and starch. Now melt a quarter of a pound of butter in a large cup of water. Pour half of the melted butter into a one-gallon caldron and gently empty the rice into the caldron in such a way that it will spread uniformly without sticking together in rice balls. Place the caldron in a hot oven. Close the oven and after five or six minutes see if the caldron is hot; if it is, bring it out gently and pour the remainder of the melted butter over the rice and replace in the oven. Now reduce the heat until the caldron gives a hollow sound when rapped with the fingers; this will indicate that the rice is sufficiently cooked.

Boil two ounces of almonds for a few minutes until the skins fall off and the almonds become white. Cut the almonds into four quarters perpendicularly. Remove the white part of some orange peel to such an extent that both sides of the peel are of the same color. When this has been done cut the peel into long thin strings. These should be boiled in two waters so as to remove all bitterness. Then strain. Mix the almonds and the orange peel and boil them in a syrup of sugar for ten minutes. Strain and keep in a warm place until needed. Begin boiling the chicken very slowly at eight o'clock in the morning, to serve this dish for lunch. Boil to such a point that the skin and bones detach themselves from the flesh.

Warm two grams of Spanish saffron to remove all dampness and pound it to a powder in a mortar; after which dissolve it in three tablespoons of cold water.

In serving, one-half of the rice should be taken from the caldron and mixed in a bowl with the orange peel and almonds. Over this sprinkle three tablespoonsful of saffron water to color

well. Now pour over it about two tablespoonsful of melted butter. Next remove the remainder of the rice from the caldron and dish it up ready for the table. Place the chicken from which the skin and bones have been removed on top of the rice. Crown the whole with the rice, which has already been mixed with the almonds and orange peel and colored with the saffron.

These Persians are certainly ambitious cooks—we ought to give them another chance. Guy Bates Post, the famous actor, says *Lamb Curry à la "Omar the Tentmaker"* is the supreme meat dish of all nations. Again I defer to others; I have not yet been initiated. Post begged the recipe from some Persian big-wigs. First of all you brown the onion in olive oil in a deep pan; then add the stock, rice-water, salt and curry powder; the latter having been mixed with a little of the rice-water to insure a smooth sauce. Simmer slowly till the oil and curry float in dark blobs, add the lamb, and continue simmering and stirring until just before serving, when the lemon juice should be dripped in.

Lamb curry should always be served with hot rice, taking on your fork equal portions of both, increasing the amount of rice in case you find the curry too hot. Never drink water with curry, as it intensifies the burning sensation. The amount of curry powder used in the above recipe can be increased or decreased according to the individual taste. Cold cooked shrimps, lobster, veal or chicken may be used in place of lamb; but never beef.

147. Turkey and Armenia.—The Armenians and the Turks are very good cooks, even though their dishes are a trifle too rich with lamb fat. Lamb and fish and rice, onions, eggplant and tomatoes are their great staples. And what they do with swordfish is an epicure's delight, with bay leaves stuck in the swordfish steak and this treated with olive oil, onion and tomato. I have never eaten onions more deliciously cooked than the way Armenian cooks prepare them. And their turbot, mullets, even octopuses are sea food treats of rare distinction. *Baked Fish à la Armenia* is worth studying. You fillet the fish and save the trimmings. Spread these fillets on a plate, sprinkle heavily with salt and let them stand for two hours. Boil

meanwhile the trimmings with one-half teaspoon of salt, four peppercorns and a bay leaf in three cups of water, and strain. Then shred four onions and fry them in a baking dish with half a cup of olive oil and two tablespoons of butter. Squeeze the juice of two lemons and mince some parsley. Wash the salt from the fish, lay them on the onion and oil in the baking pan, in layers of lemon juice and parsley between. Beat three eggs and pour them on the fish. Sift a teaspoon of good curry powder over this and one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. Pour in the fish broth until the fish is about covered. Bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven and serve with lemon.

We must not overlook *Armenian Dolma*. To make it quite perfectly you should have about a dozen or more grapevine leaves, which you put into boiling water, simmering for five minutes before taking out. If you have no vine leaves, use cabbage leaves. You fry two tablespoons of pine seeds briefly in a teaspoon of olive oil, and then crush them. Chop four onions and six sprigs of parsley very fine and fry them in a half cup of olive oil, and then put in one and one-half cups of ground raw lamb, both fat and lean, and one-half cup of uncooked, clean rice. Put in the crushed pine seeds and fry for five minutes. Add then one cup of stock, one and one-half teaspoons of salt, and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper and cook until the stock is soaked up, about 15 minutes.

Then put some of the mixture on a vine or cabbage leaf, fold toward the center and roll lightly. Spread some of the leaves in the bottom of the pan and lay the folded bundles in layers on them. Put an inverted plate over them to hold in shape and pour cold water until the plate is almost covered. Then boil slowly for one and one-half hours.

The Turks are not greatly different from the Armenians (the two lived together for centuries) and I will give only one Turkish dish, *Turkish Fig Fritters*. You heat the yolks and whites of two eggs separately, add a cupful of milk, then a tablespoon of melted butter, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-sixth teaspoon each of powdered nutmeg and cinnamon, and a teaspoon of baking powder. Then

add a cupful of chopped figs and one-half cupful of boiled rice, and then fold in gently the whites, beaten stiff. Sauté in vegetable oil. Serve plain or with a sweet sauce. The Turks have a very big "sweet tooth" as those who know "Turkish paste" will appreciate. One of their peculiar sweetmeats is a Honey Omelet, but I am going to pass it by; it just doesn't sound good to me! Their paklava, a compound of honey and almonds in a pastry, is a dessert fit for the gods, however.

148. **India.**—Now, shall we pass into India, so much in the public eye in recent years? I have had many Hindu meals. Their curries are a little too strong for American taste, but they are certainly delightful. I have already given elsewhere a number of curries. The curry is the axis of Hindu cookery; that and rice, of course. Almost anything will "curry"; veal, lamb, chicken, rabbit. Fish, especially the flaky kind, and lobster, shrimps, crab and soft clams. For shellfish curries the Hindus use a *dry* curry. You soak the curry powder in a little water, several hours before using, a dessertspoonful with a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of flour. Fry onions a golden brown and sprinkle with sugar. The meat or fish is smeared with bacon fat and dipped in the curry mixture, and then put into the saucepan with the onions, adding a teaspoon or two of stock, not more. The trick with this *dry* curry is to watch it. A *Chingoree Curry* is a *wet* curry. You simply put a cupful of olive oil in a stewpan, bring to a boil, add a large tablespoon of chopped onions, and a dessertspoon of curry powder, dissolved in a cup of milk or cream. Stew gently until the curry powder is cooked; then add a *melée* of lobster, crab and shrimps and serve, being careful not to let the shellfish cook more than a few minutes. Also do not have too hot a fire. The Hindus do not eat veal, beef or pork, so I suggest a *Veal Curry à la Hindu*, a combination hard to beat. You take two pounds of lean veal cut into dice, four onions, a teaspoon of sugar, two apples, the heart of a white cabbage, one cupful of stock, a tablespoon (or less if you do not want it too hot) of curry powder, salt, a pinch of caraway seed, celery seed, a banana, or other white fruit, and a few raisins and grated coconut.

Fry the onions to a golden brown; sprinkle them with sugar but do not let them burn. Mix the curry powder with the stock till it is quite smooth. Add this to the onions and simmer gently while you chop up the heart of the cabbage and the apples. Then add this to the mixture with another cup of stock, and the caraway and celery seeds. Simmer gently for an hour. Then add the balance of the fruit, cocoanut, and the meat and simmer till the meat is tender but not ragged. Draw to one side and let cool. Warm up before serving.

Curry is always better after being allowed to cool. In this way the curry powder becomes thoroughly cooked and does not taste harsh and raw. The curry when finished should be dark brown and rich, the cabbage and apples help to form the thick rich gravy. If it be too hot and peppery, a little flour mixed in cold water and added when the mixture is boiling tends to take some of the piquancy away, but it is also liable to thicken it, and if so more stock must be added. But it is preferable not to use the flour if possible, as it destroys a good deal of the flavor.

I must also mention *Indian Dhal*—which is a “breakfast” dish in India among both Hindus and the English in India. You shred two onions and fry them in three tablespoons of butter. When dry and crisp, take out half of it for garnish later and pour two cups of cold water on the remainder. Stir in a teaspoon of curry powder and pour in a pound of lentils. Boil for one and one-quarter hours, adding more water occasionally. It comes out a kind of lentil mush. Serve with the onions held out.

And now finally a most gorgeously caparisoned dish, an *Indian Burdwan*. You take a chicken or other fowl and par-boil for five minutes. Mince an onion and five shallots very fine, put them in a stewpan with a cup of rich stock. Add a tablespoon of anchovy essence and one-fourth teaspoon of cayenne. Roll two tablespoons of butter in flour and drop into the sauce. Then let the mixture come to a boil. You now take a half pound of small white onions and cut three-fourths cup of mixed Indian pickles into half-inch squares. Add these and one-half tablespoon of Chili vinegar into the pan, with a

teaspoon of salt. Then add the fowl, with a cup of cooking wine, and simmer for 20 minutes. Serve with the juice of a fresh lime.

149. **China.**—We come now to the vast “republic” of China. One thinks a little sadly of China’s food when one has just read in the newspapers that hundreds of thousands are starving and that some have even been driven to eating babies! When, on the other hand, one recalls the great imperial banquets that have been held, at which *several hundred courses* were offered, one may attain some idea of the vast gastronomic contrasts afforded by this great nation, which has to its credit the accidental discovery of roast pig centuries ago (by the burning down of a house, so legend says). Sir John Foster Fraser avers that of all cookery the world over the Chinese is the most advanced and civilized. I would question this, but certainly it ranks very high. The Chinese do not overdo meat eating, using invariably only a third of meat to two-thirds vegetables. They attain a varied regimen and on the whole a balanced one. Taste and flavor is kept ever in mind; indeed no national cookery abounds in such rare and delicate flavors. The appeal of Chinese cookery is seen in the vast number of Chinese restaurants in America, although the great paradox is that these restaurants serve a great deal of “Chop Suey,” which is not known in China, as it may surprise many to know. Chop Suey is much more nearly an American national dish than a Chinese national dish! For this reason I refrain from any Chop Suey recipe.

The Chinese use peanut oil for cookery; there is none better. They use soy bean oil for seasoning; it is a queen of sauces, judiciously handled. And for a beverage they serve tea with a wide variety of flavors unbelievably delicate and exciting. The “bird’s nest soup” is one of the most delicate soups the palate can know. Incidentally bird’s nest is a secretion of certain birds found in their nests; it isn’t of course the nest itself!

A most delightful dish is *Kidney Flowers*. Even the Japanese have borrowed this dish from China. It sounds exotic, but after all it is only a kidney stew with water chestnuts in it and soy sauce. You soak water chestnuts for an hour in cold water.

(Soaked water chestnuts are now obtainable in America in cans.) You take two pairs of *pig* kidneys, slit them in half lengthwise and remove ducts and cartilage. Lay them, cut side down, on a board and score the upper side with a sharp knife, making cuts a half-inch apart. Do the same *crosswise*. Then cut the kidneys into pieces, following these scorings, and cover them with cold water and soak for a half hour. Change the water twice. Dry them, and put them in a frying pan, after melting two tablespoons of lard until it bubbles. Turn them quickly, to brown on both sides. Then slice the water chestnuts into thin strips about the same size as the kidneys. Trim and slice two leeks in the same way, and put in the pan. Season with four tablespoons of soy sauce, two tablespoons of tarragon vinegar, and a teaspoon of sugar. Add a cup of cold water and stew for 20 minutes. Then thicken with a level tablespoon of flour blended with water.

The *Chinese Roast Duck*, like the Indian Burdwan, is fowl with surprisingly new trimmings. The Chinaman rubs his duck *with honey*, roasts it on a spit and carves it into chunks, in the eating of which only the hands are used. The chunks are dipped in soy sauce and then he slings it (as gracefully as possible) into the mouth! The Chinaman then eats seeds in between courses.

One might endlessly describe Chinese delicacies; their menus are laden with oddities, and their omelets alone are an adventure, as are also their *bean curds*; a delicious cheese-like substance. They make noodles out of buckwheat flour—quite tasty, I have found. For dessert their mixed preserved fruits are most epicurean. At an odd little Chinese restaurant in New York run by a Chinese poet and frequented by many prominent friends of the Chinese, I once, in a spirit of gastronomic adventure, poured chopped preserved ginger over my ice cream, and found it amazingly good. It is now served there regularly. Buy an imported stone jar of preserved ginger and try this at one of your dinner parties. Incidentally lichee nuts are a very delightful after-dinner accompaniment.

150. *Japan*.—We are ready now to cross over to the land of cherry blossoms and silk. I was a most surprised person when

I first contacted with Japanese cookery. I had thought it was all of a piece with Chinese cookery, but I soon learned some of the important differences. For one thing, the Japs are fond of cooking their food over charcoal blazers right on the table. Their *Sukiyaki* (fish or meat) is a dish I find far more delightful than chop suey or chow-mein ever dreamed of being.

You take, for five or six people, one and one-half pounds of beef steak and cut it into pieces about two inches long by one-half an inch wide. Slice two Spanish onions and cut one-half a pound of mushrooms into two or four pieces each, and place all of this on a large plate. Use an electric grill on the table to be like the Japanese charcoal cookers, and place on it a frying pan. Put in some beef suet and let it melt. Put into the pan the onions, the mushrooms and some greens, (or cooked spinach), and add half a cup of water or light stock. Cook for five minutes and then add the beef. Season with one-half a cup of sugar and a cup of soy bean sauce. Let simmer for 10 or 15 minutes.

It is served with rice in covered lacquer boxes, and makes a delicious meal. Japanese seaweed, spiced broiled fish, fried shrimps dipped in egg batter, ground radish, spiced spinach—these and many other dainties are an epicure's picnic. I regale myself frequently with them at a New York Japanese restaurant (as I do with other international dishes at various international restaurants in that great inter-racial city). By the way the Japanese flavor *Aji-no-moto*, now obtainable in America, is a very fine new flavoring.

The Japs also like *Torinaba*, and so do I. It is also made over a table blazer. You put in seasoned thin chicken stock and let it boil. Then the procedure is to take some exceedingly thin slices of raw breast of chicken, (a pretty job for sharp knives all by itself!) and put them into a merrily cooking chicken stock for 15 minutes. If you are handy with the chopsticks you dig the finished slices out of the pan yourself, and dip them into the dish of raw beaten egg placed before you and then eat! Sounds barbarous but it is quite all right. The soup stock is then poured over rice. The chicken stock mixture is made by slivering a small onion and heating it in a quart of

chicken stock. You add one and one-half tablespoons of soy sauce, and boil for 15 minutes. Usually one-half a cup of white wine is added.

One more Japanese recipe before we set sail upon the Pacific; let us try *Japanese Fan-Tan*. You scald three cups of milk, cook two-thirds cupful of rice until tender, add one-fourth teaspoon of salt and two tablespoons of sugar, and press through a sieve. Rebeat and add two eggs well beaten, together with three-fourths cup candied fruit (pineapple, pears, cherries, apricots, etc.) and place in a well-oiled pan to cool. Cut into finger lengths, dip each in the egg, then in crushed cake crumbs and fry golden brown in butter. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve hot.

151. Hawaii.—Far across the great ocean we will now travel and, dreaming of hula-hula skirts, *lei*, Jim Dole and smoking volcanoes, we will make a little stop-over at Hawaii. Some of the dishes could not be duplicated at all, but they are most delicious. Richard Tully, the playwright, visited the islands looking for local color, and he swears that *Hawaiian Croquettes* are a high water mark of cookery. His guests for whom he prepares it, agree. You grate the meat of half a cocoanut and add to it a cup of cow's milk, mixing thoroughly, and straining through cloth. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter over a low flame, rubbing into it with the back of a spoon five tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring until very smooth. Then add slowly the strained cocoanut and milk liquid, stirring constantly until very thick. Season meanwhile with one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt; one of paprika, and one of grated onion. Finally add two cups of cold, boiled, shredded mullet, or any other firm white fish, and two cups of cold, boiled, chopped lobster, and after stirring allow to cool.

Shape into croquettes, or balls, allowing a rounded tablespoonful to each ball; roll in fine cracker crumbs; dip into an egg which has been slightly beaten and to which one-quarter of a cup of water has been added; again roll in cracker crumbs.

Have a deep pan of fat, hot enough to fry a piece of bread a golden brown while you count 40, and cook the croquettes

therein for about a minute; then drain on paper, and serve with olives.

152. South America.—Regretfully departing from this paradise, we land in South America, carefully avoiding the Fiji Islands lest we ourselves become a gastronomic feast in Missionary Pot Pie!

South America is Spanish in tradition and therefore can be viewed as a whole. The crude tortillo and other dishes seem hardly worth while mentioning; on this gastronomic journey around the world we are looking for such dishes as will appeal to our cosmopolitan taste and give it a worth-while sensation. We should not overlook the *Latin Stuffed Pepper*; it is common everywhere in Latin countries. You start boiling two or three cups of water in a kettle, split and clean four green peppers in halves lengthwise. Rinse in cold water, put in a bowl and pour boiling water over them, and let cool. Scrape off the skin from a tinful of sardines, split the fish and take out backbones. Mash the meat and make a paste with it and a cup of bread crumbs and a tablespoon of grated cheese and one-fourth cup of tomato paste. Smooth it and season with a teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon pepper. Then pack the peppers with the mixture, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and dot with butter. Butter a baking dish, spread a slice of onion at the bottom, lay in the pepper halves, pour two cups of stock on them and bake for 25 minutes. Remove the peppers. Sprinkle one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper and a tablespoon of flour into the pan, stir smooth and let it boil for two or three minutes, and then pour over the peppers and serve.

Spanish Chicken with Rice is everywhere relished as a delicacy, and garlic and saffron are prominent in the mixture, together with tomatoes, onions, red chillies, olive oil and parsley. It is a lovely but hot mixture.

Sancocho is something Dr. Elizalde of Ecuador swears by. You take four pounds of loin beef and cut it into two-inch squares. You boil this with eight potatoes until tender, and then add five or six ears of green corn broken into two-inch lengths, and continue to boil for 10 or 15 minutes.

153. Mexico.—Let us pass up near to home at last. We enter Mexico, the land of revolutions and of Montezuma. We could not speak of Mexico without speaking of *Frijoles*, which are of course to Mexico what spaghetti is to Italy or rice to China, Japan and India. And, let me tell you they are a tasteful, healthy concoction. You submerge two cups of red beans in a pot of water and boil with two teaspoons of salt. Then peel an onion and two cloves of garlic and mince together. Melt a tablespoon of bacon drippings in a saucepan and fry the onions lightly. Then put in the beans and enough of their hot water to cover. Stew for one and one-half hours until soft. Renew the water as it evaporates. When ready to serve there should not be more than a moist dressing.

And now of course also *Chili con Carne*. It is very much a man's dish. T. A. Dorgan says he will match good Chili con Carne against anything he has ever tasted. How do you do it? You cut two pounds of good beef into pieces about an inch square. Add some chopped fat and salt. Put two tablespoons of lard in a deep pot and melt. Add a chopped onion, and when this is half-cooked add the meat. Stir until the juice is boiled down, and then add one and one-half pints of hot water, three tablespoons of Gebhardt's Eagle Chili Powder and several cloves of garlic. Simmer and stir well until tender.

The Mexican method of serving chicken is really very good. *Mexican Chicken* is half brother to the Spanish Chicken with Rice, but has some differences. You cook the chicken with a quart of water, one-half cup of minced ham, three onions and two tablespoons of minced green pepper, one teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. Then remove the chicken and put in one and one-half cups of rice and one-fourth teaspoon of powdered saffron, with a little additional water, but let it absorb all the water. Then butter a baking pan, arrange it with strips of green and red sweet peppers or pimento and stuffed olives. Dice the chicken, mix it with the rice and put into the pan and bake for 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven. Serve plain or with egg sauce.

154. Haiti.—If we should visit one of the many Carribean Islands we might pick up a few surprising dishes. Let us drop

in at Haiti, that land of trouble, and taste *Haitian Baked Pineapple*. You grease a baking dish with butter and take three cans of pineapple, using only a third of the juice, and add a cup of sugar. Let it boil ten minutes, making a syrup. Cut the pineapple into pieces, cover the bottom of the pan with them, then a layer of bread crumbs, then sprinkle with sugar, and dot with butter. Then make a succession of layers of the same kind until the dish is filled. Pour the syrup over it and bake for two hours until a golden brown clear through. I like this as a lunch dish separately, but it is also fine as an accompaniment to pork or duck or any meat.

155. *California*.—At last we are home and cross the line into California! If we have been good travelers, good cosmopolites, good adventurous globe trotters, we will feel normal and end our foreign gastronomic delights with some regret. If we have been poor "cook's tourists," then we will make a mad dash for some American food and heave a vast sigh of relief. We will say with tears in our eyes, "Oh the beefsteak, apple pie and coffee of old America!"

It is a never-ending wonder to good gastronomic globe-trotters how miserable some travelers become when away from their American table. In Paris there are restaurants catering solely to American tourists who want American cookery; they must have their mediocre American food even when visiting for a few weeks in the land of the most accomplished cooks of the world! It is frankly incredible if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Henry James, the famous American author living in England years ago, took pity on Stephen Crane, famous young American literary genius there, and *cabled home* for some soft shell crabs and sweet corn for which young Crane pined miserably. Even though Crane was the author of the famous book, "The Red Badge of Courage," he had no courage for the English diet!

To my mind no person ought ever to travel away from his own dining table if he has no adventuresome relish for new dishes. I will admit that it sometimes does call for courage when you are traveling in out-of-the-way places—up in Thibet, for instance, where they eat decomposed meat as a delicacy; and

make bricks of tea by using—horrors!—Yak dung! Even in Burmah, India, they eat decomposed fish!

In many places—even at restaurants at Naples on the slopes of Vesuvius—the flies are so numerous that they are bound to annoy Americans used to fly screens, so little used in other parts of the world. If one is very particularly squeamish one must not travel in out-of-the-way places. I was present not long ago at a meeting of the National Restaurant Association, and Janssen, famous restaurateur of New York, made an impassioned plea for legislation to force more sanitary standards upon restaurants in New York and elsewhere. Yet these standards are already far higher than they are anywhere in the world outside of Germany! Thus we may note how much more squeamish we are about food than most peoples, and we may have human sympathy with the squeamish traveler, some of whom I have known to carry American foods with them!

Back in America! But do we know the wide range of *regional* American foods? Most of us do not. A bit of an *American* "cook's tour" will therefore not be amiss, before we reach our own fireside on the Atlantic coast.

In Los Angeles a visit to the Victor Hugo to taste Lingi's cookery would certainly be a combination of homecoming and gastronomic adventure, for he would serve you *sand dabs*, a fish somewhat like sole. It is filleted and fried in butter and is most immensely delicious. At San Francisco you would visit the Solaris restaurant for *sweetbread brochette à la Collins*, and then go to Poppa Coppa's for *Chicken Portola* and some *enchiladas*, while you look upon the restaurant walls lovingly decorated by artists. Or at Tait's, or choose between the culinary rivals Camille and Pierre in Pine Street. If you go north to Seattle you might try razorback clams which in the shell look for all the world like old-fashioned razors. They surely are delightful, served in many ways. If you come back over the northern transcontinental railways you would find, on nearing St. Paul, a gourmet's feast on the dining car, Lake Superior planked whitefish, with an Idaho potato.

156. New Orleans.—But the gastronomic route eastward should certainly be southerly—via New Orleans, Charleston,

Baltimore. In Texas, if you stopped, you might enjoy a barbecue, the cookery of which I describe in the outdoor chapter.

It is, however, in New Orleans where you should linger, and you will find the lingering as delicious as Paris ever offered. Even Lafcadio Hearn, the famous writer, could not resist lingering there long enough to condescend to write a Creole cook book! Writers from all over the world pilgrimage there and revel in its gustatory delights. The Creoles of old New Orleans, trained by the French and encouraged by the profusion of game and fish, developed a cookery that is the most tasteful in all America, without a doubt. You will search out first Pompano, the best of all possible fishes, according to New Orleans. You will hear of many ways to cook Pompano, but the Creole cooking wizards say there is but one, *Pompano à la Maitre d' Hotel*. There is no use giving the recipe, for the fish isn't available except at Gulf ports and a few other places.

Next you will hear of *Creole Gumbos*, of which you may not have the slightest idea. It is something very decidedly American for it was first developed by the Choctaw Indians of Louisiana, who used to make it and bring it to the old French Market at New Orleans. But why not make a *Creole Gumbo*? You take a large tender chicken and cut up the chicken as for a fricassee. Dredge with salt and black pepper, judging according to taste. Cut boiled ham into dice shapes and chop onion, parsley and thyme very fine. Put lard or butter into the soup kettle or deep stewing pot, and when hot, put in the ham and chicken. Cover closely and fry for about five or ten minutes. Then add the onion and parsley and thyme, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. When nicely browned add the boiling water and throw in oyster stock, which has been thoroughly heated. Add a bay leaf chopped very fine, and a pepper pod, cut in two, and set the Gumbo back to simmer for about an hour longer. When nearly ready to serve dinner, and while the Gumbo is boiling add some fresh oysters. Let the Gumbo remain on the stove for about three minutes longer, and then remove the pot from the fire. Have ready the tureens, set in a "bainmarie," or hot water bath, for once the filé is added the Gumbo must never be warmed over. Take two tablespoon-

fuls of the filé and drop gradually into the pot of boiling hot Gumbo, stirring slowly to mix thoroughly; pour into the tureen, or tureens, if there should be a second demand and serve with broiled rice. The rice, it should be remarked, must be boiled so that the grains stand quite apart, and brought to the table in a separate dish, covered. Serve about two spoonfuls of rice to one plate of Gumbo.

You can make a creole gumbo with squirrel or rabbit or turkey or crab, oyster or shrimp—even with cabbage or okra. Indeed the whole “à la Creole” range of cookery is built more or less on the Gumbo plan (like Indian curries). You can try this even in a *Creole Omelet*. You scald and skin six fine ripe tomatoes, and chop them fine. Chop two onions, and mince the garlic very fine, and add a large tablespoon of bread crumbs. Fry them with a tablespoon of butter in a saucepan till quite brown. Then add the tomatoes, and salt, pepper and cayenne to taste, and let all stew for an hour, at least. Prepare the eggs as for Ham Omelet (see index), and when the tomatoes are quite done have ready a heated frying pan and a half tablespoonful of butter. Pour them into the pan. As they become set pour in the center the tomatoes, and fold the omelet over, and cook for two minutes longer. Roll gently into a dish and serve hot.

157. Southern Cookery.—If we come up to Charleston we will find many dishes peculiar to it. I have given some elsewhere (see index). Coming to Maryland one finds that *Fried Chicken à la Maryland* is to be eaten in its native state. It too is in the index. The succulent oyster in many forms was available to us ever since we hit New Orleans, but elsewhere have given many of these recipes (see index). *Terrapin* is also to be found in Maryland, but you need turtle's eggs. Jerome D. Kern, however, has developed a nice recipe for Terrapin which uses ordinary eggs, and it does very well indeed, provided you can command the Sherry or Madeira. Cut the boiled calves' liver into moderate-sized pieces and put into stewpan with sufficient fresh butter to stew it well. In another pan make a sauce of pre-Prohibition Sherry or Madeira, flavored with the beaten yolk of one egg, powdered nutmeg and mace, a pinch of

cayenne pepper, salt to taste, enliven with large lump of butter. Stir sauce well, and just before it comes to a boil, take it off the fire. Use three or four hard-boiled hen's eggs to pinch hit for turtle's eggs and send to the table piping hot in chafing dish.

A Baltimore specialty is *Oysters and Ham à la Baltimore*. You fry two slices of ham in butter, removing when browned. Fry six oysters in the same butter; and add catsup and Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire sauce. After cooking for a few minutes add one and one-half tablespoons of cream sauce and a bit of salt and pepper. Remove the oysters and cook the sauce a minute longer, adding a pinch of chopped parsley. Serve with toast.

Virginia Egg Bread is regarded as a delicacy by many people, and is unknown to most of us. Surgeon General Cumming selects it above all other delicacies. You stir two and one-half cups boiling water into one cup of water ground white corn meal; then add one cup of sweet milk. When it cools break three or four eggs into the mixture and beat thoroughly, and then add a teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of melted butter and two tablespoons of sugar. Bake in a well-buttered baking dish in a hot oven.

Macklyn Arbuckle insists that there are other southern Gumbos than New Orleans gumbos, and I agree with him. He swears by one which he calls *Southern Gumbo à la County Chairman*. You take a one-year chicken, disjoint it as for frying. You then fry it in bacon fat very brown, and as soon as one piece is brown put it in a soup kettle on the rear of the stove, and after all are browned, bring the kettle forward and bring to a boil. Add then six small onions sliced and fried brown in bacon fat, and also a can of tomatoes, or fresh, sliced tomatoes. Keep stirring the fat and let cook until thick, but add meanwhile chili peppers, green peppers and okra cut fine. Add also several bay leaves and salt and pepper. Then about ten minutes before the gumbo is ready add a can of Golden Bantam corn. Serve with rice.

158. Pennsylvania Dutch Food.—Coming north by way of Philadelphia we must look in on the picturesque Pennsylvania

Dutch country. It happens to be "my native land"—the land of scrapple, of the "seven sweets and seven sour," the land of "cup cheese" and a gourmet's paradise with a flavor all its own. *Scrapple* is now in the American hall of fame of cookery. There is no point in giving a recipe for making it, as it is a meat product made only by packers or by the farmers at hog-killing time. It is best *broiled* and served with watery vegetables. Among the other delicacies are pig's food jelly, Lebanon sausages, cup cheese (a kind I have never encountered anywhere else, made from whey), and of course an amazing variety of preserves—the famous "seven sweets and seven sour," which the hospitable traditions of the Pennsylvania Dutch call for at a meal despite their already groaning boards. I should also mention the delicious apple butter which as a boy I helped my grandmother make.

Before leaving the region of Philadelphia, bear in mind this town's special reputations. Her ice cream is a special and delicious kind, and so are her cinnamon buns and a few other things. But her *Philadelphia Pepper Pot*, or *Hot Pot Soup* is a very tasteful dish, although I think it is best for lunch with no other dish accompanying it. You cook one-fourth cup of sliced onion, chopped celery and chopped green peppers in three tablespoons of butter for 15 minutes, add three and one-half tablespoons of flour and five cups of hot white soup stock, one-half pound honeycomb tripe cut in cubes, one and one-half cups of potato cubes, one-half teaspoon peppercorns and three-fourths tablespoon of salt. Cover and cook for an hour. Just before serving add one-half cup of heavy cream, and one tablespoon of butter.

159. New York.—What shall we do about New York? After all, New York is simply a vast aggregation of many nationalities, and it contains the cookery of many nations. The Jews, the Irish and the Italians are tremendously numerous; more Jews than in Jerusalem, more Italians than in Rome and more Irish than in Belfast! It is difficult to know what we can do gastronomically in New York that we have not already done! I might suggest going to some of her great hotels and odd restaurants; to the Pennsylvania or the Plaza or the Bilt-

more hotels, if you can afford it, or just to brouse around among the lesser restaurants. Here is a happy suggestion: if you have acquired a love for the food of some particular national dish during our gastronomic journey, and would like more, seek out the restaurant catering to the particular nationality. There are Japanese, Hindu, Armenian, Turkish, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Jewish, Roumanian, Swedish, French, German, Swiss, Bavarian or Mexican restaurants available.

But we will pause long enough in New York to visit a famous rendezvous for literary gourmets, the Algonquin Hotel. Dante Toretta, the head chef there, is famous for some dishes which may well be noted by a journeying gourmet. He surely knows how to appeal to men for there are frequently present such gourmets as Irvin S. Cobb, Alexander Woolcott, Hendrick Van Loon, Julian Street, Big Bill Tilden, Richard Halliburton, John Gilbert, Richard Barthelmess, Joseph Hergesheimer, Harpo Marx, Horace Liveright and many others, as well as Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson, Peggy Wood, Gertrude Atherton and others of the fair sex. A *Steak Sandwich Algonquin* is a lunch favorite. You cut a piece of tenderloin one-half an inch thick and fry it in butter. Slicing an onion very thin you fry it in another pan, and serve the steak on toast. *Irish Lamb Stew Torretta Style* is served every Monday, and since we skipped Ireland on our gastronomic journey, it will be most fitting to give it some attention. You take two pounds of the shoulder, neck and breast of lamb and cut it in two-inch squares. Bring it to a boil in a pot of cold water and some salt. Drain and cool now and put back in new water to cover. Add a bouquet of a half dozen small onions, a half dozen small carrots, and a dozen raw cut potatoes, with some salt. Cook until soft, and use a pound of potatoes cooked separately and riced, for thickening. Add these to the stew, boil five minutes and then add some chopped parsley and a spoonful of Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce. Serve with hot biscuits or dumplings.

160. New England.—We will finish up in New England. I will *not* mention the New England "boiled dinner." I do not like it and it is my idea of what bleak and stony New England must have been, gastronomically, a long time ago.

Nor will I mention clam chowder, because there are a number of kinds, among which Rhode Island clam chowder I believe is best, nor will I mention the Boston baked bean.

I will pick a *Gloucester Fish Chowder*. It is a dish you will like. You take a four or five pound fresh haddock, cut off head, remove skin and tail and separate meat from backbone. Put head, tail and backbone to boil for 30 minutes in a stewpan with one quart water. Dice one-half a cup of salt pork and "try" it out in another saucepan with one quart water. Just before the pork browns add one-half cup of chopped onions and let them fry slowly for five minutes, and then add two tablespoons of flour, while stirring to avoid sticking. Add now the strained broth of the head, tail and backbone, while stirring. Add four cups of diced potatoes and the haddock cut in lumps and simmer for 25 minutes. Add a quart of scalded milk and salt, pepper and butter. Serve with pilot crackers. This, too, is a fish dish I like as a complete meal in itself, for lunch.

Now at last we have gastronomically encircled the world! True, we have missed some countries, but few if any that are noted at all for their cookery. We have eaten of the best that the modern world affords. We have partaken of nearly all the great classic dishes which have been the slow development of centuries of human skill in cookery. We have tasted many strange things, some of them very particularly delicious and others frankly too odd or too highly seasoned for our American taste. Still we should have an appetite thoroughly educated, traveled and cosmopolitan. We should be able to appraise our home cookery with a far more critical palate than ever before. We should no longer be content with tasteless, badly prepared food, having eaten of the best of dishes, prepared with care and cunning. We should no longer be willing to confine our meals to a monotonous round of the same old things.

But, best of all, we should have achieved "food-consciousness"; we should know how to value all food and flavor in our lives, and understand what riches are to be had for a little pains. We should have become awakened to the deep interest which the finest men of nearly all nations have taken, today

and in past history, in food flavor and good eating. Finally, coming back to America, it should certainly be quite clear that we have here a greater variety of food and a greater opportunity to be discriminating gourmets and enjoy ourselves at the table than in any other nation of the world, because not only of our marvelous transportation and freezing and canning systems, and our enterprising food producers and importers, but also because of our more advanced studies of diet. We have the opportunity to be gourmets with a new twist and a new meaning, enriched by a cornucopia of new delights.

Index

A

Academy de cuisine, 34
Acid, 62
Almond soufflé, 247
Alabama salad, 151
Alice Duer Miller, 5
Alkaline, 62
Angel's pie, 212
Apple strudel, 247
Armenian dolma, 252
Armenia, 251
Arroz à la Valencia, 234
Artichokes, Jerusalem, baked,
 165
 salad, 176
Asparagus
 with eggs, 79
 and crab flake salads, 178
Aspics, 179
 shrimp-tomato jelly, 179
 molded salmon loaf, 180
 deviled roe in jelly, 180
 molded tuna fish in cucum-
 ber jelly, 181

Aspics—continued

 shrimp and cucumber salad
 mold, 181
 molded pineapple and cu-
 cumber salad, 182
 jellied tomato surprise, 182
 tomato cheese salad su-
 preme, 182
Auto picnicking, 119

B

Baked tongue and mushrooms,
 244
Baked tomatoes à la Naples,
 97
 cucumbers, 98
 stuffed fish, 141
 cabbage à la russe, 164
 onions, 164
 stuffed cucumbers, 164
 beets, 164
 cauliflower, 165
 carrots, 165
 eggplant, 165

Baked tomatoes—*continued*

peas, 165

Jerusalem artichokes, 165

mushrooms, 166

parsnips, 166

squash, 166

vegetable marrow, 166

Bananas, fried, 96, 150

Barbecue technique, 122

Barley salad, 179

Barshck with ushka, 246

Beans, Boston baked, 100,
199

baked bean jelly salad, 153

bean soufflé, 199

baked beans and vegetables,
199

baked bean loaf, 200

beans and barley, 200

Boston kidney bean roast,
201

mock chili con carne, 201

kidney beans with brown
sauce, 201

Beefsteak (see steak)

Beefsteak and oyster pie, 217

Beets, baked 164

Beets and cauliflower salad,
176

à la polonaise, 246

Belgium, 234

Bernhardt, Sarah, 20

Bible, 4

Biggers, Earl Derr, 17

Bitki, 244

Blackmore's Lorna Doone, 44

Blackhähnel, 242

Bok, Edwin, 13

Bouilla baisse, 138

Borscht, 149

Breakfast, 73

Brillat-Savarin, 239

Browning, 7

Bulgarian pilaff, 249

Bulgaria, 249

Burachki, 246

Burgess, Gelett, 8, 23

Byron, 1

C

Cabbage

soup, 148

baked, à la russe, 164

with partridge, 196

stuffed, 204

curried, with shrimps, 208

California, 261

Calories, 68

Camp equipment, 115, 124

Carrots, baked, 165, 168

Cauliflower

baked, 165

salad, 176

Cereals, 85

Chassar, Charlie, 128, 129

Chaplin, Charlie, 210

Cheese

blintzes, 100

and nut loaf, 202

tomato cheese salad su-
preme, 183

apple-cheese-nut salad, 175

Chicken, 188

roast, 190

stuffing, 190

fried, 190

breasts, Louisiana style, 190

sauté à la creole, 190, 191

and rice jambaloza, 207

and oyster pie, 216

backhähnel (German
style), 242Indian (Hindu) Burdwan,
254

Chicken—*continued*
 Spanish, with rice, 259
 Mexican, 260
 Southern gumbo à la
 County Chairman, 265
 Childs, 12
 Chili con carne, mock, 201,
 260
 Chinese, 28, 255
 Chinese roast duck, 256
 Checkerboard salad, 174
 Chops, 133
 Chiffonade salad, 175
 Chicken and celery salad, 178
 Chestnut salad, 178
 Cheshire cheese, 232
 Chirin polow, 249
 Clambake, 110
 minced, Bengal style, 138
 potato and onion pie, 218
 Club des Cent, 35
 Club steak, 132
 Cobb, Irvin, 9
 Cocoonut, veal, curried with,
 209
 Cole slaw, 176
 Colon, 57
 Collared pig's head, 159
 Combination green salad, 175
 Combination vegetable salad,
 176
 Cornmeal mush, 86
 roast, 106
 Corn, green, with shrimps,
 145
 Corned beef and cabbage, 158
 Coughlin, "Roundy," 25
 Cowboy sauce, 123
 Crab, stuffed, and mushrooms,
 145
 Crab pie, 218
 Creole cookery, 263

Cucumbers, baked, 98
 stuffed, baked, 164
 with broiled ham, 187
 Curries, 208, 209, 253
 curried cabbage with
 shrimps, 208
 veal with cocoonut, 209
 lamb curry à la Omar the
 Tentmaker, 251
 Chingoree curry, 253
 Veal curry à la Hindu, 253

D

Davis, Bob, 11, 194
 Delmonico's, 12
 Devonshire squab pie, 215
 Dickens, 8, 210
 Dressing
 French, 171
 Mayonnaise, 171
 Roquefort, 172
 Duck
 wild, hunter's style, 151
 Salmi of duck, 191
 Stewed duck with turnips,
 191
 Duck with spaghetti, 192
 broiled teal or canvasback,
 193
 Jugged, with oysters, 233
 Chinese roast, 256
 Dumas, 8

E

Eggplant, baked, 165
 and oyster pie, 218
 England, 7, 34, 44, 79, 102,
 210, 230
 English meat pie, 214

F

Fanny Fern, 1

- F. P. A., 26
 Fillet of sole à la Mouquin, 142
 Fillet of sole Marguery, 140
 Fin'an Haddie, 79
 Finck, Henry T., 37
 Fish bake, 111
 broiling, 139
 sauces, 139
 à la Commodore, 141
 baked stuffed, 141
 "gefilte," 141
 à la sauerkraut, 142
 Turkish style baked, 142
 Fritada, 143
 Mulligan, 143
 pie, 159
 salad, 179
 Norwegian fish balls, 243
 à la Armenia, 251
 Gloucester chowder, 268
 Fletcher, Dr. Horace, 16
 Florida Salad, 174
 Food-bolting, 48
 Ford, Henry, 64
 Frederic, 12
 French, 7, 23, 26, 34, 46,
 226
 French salad dressing, 171
 Fritters, 204
 apple, 204
 banana, 204
 prune, 204
 vegetable, 204
 Turkish fig, 252
 Fritta Mista, 236
 Fruit, 80, 173, 175

 G
 Game, 194
 Game, outdoor cookery, 114
 Game pies, 215
 Garlic, 235
 Germany, 238
 Gible pie, 212
 Gloucester fish chowder, 268
 Gnocchis, 237
 Goose pie, 213
 Goulash
 Russian, 244
 Hungarian, 246
 Grapefruit
 -pineapple, 173
 -pineapple-pepper, 173
 -orange, 174
 Waldorf, 173
 Roquefort, 174
 Florida, 174
 Checkerboard, 174
 mixed fruit, 174
 Greek stew with okra, 248
 Greeks, 2, 6
 Greece, 248
 Griddle cakes, 86
 Guest, Edgar, 26
 Gumbo, southern, à la County
 Chairman, 265
 Gumbos, creole, 263

 H
 Harvey, Fred, 12
 Haitian baked pineapple, 261
 Haiti, 260
 Ham, 184
 molded, mousse, 153
 ham and eggs, 185
 ham and vegetable dinner,
 185
 ham and tomato, 186
 baked and roast, 186
 roast fresh ham, 186
 baked corned ham, 186
 broiled ham and cucum-
 bers, 187

Ham—*continued*
 ham croquettes, 187
 savory Russian ham, 187
 rice and ham loaf, 187
 ham puffs, 187
 with oyster à la Baltimore,
 265

Hash
 mushroom, 98
 Hawaii, 258
 Hawaiian croquettes, 258
 Higham, Sir Charles, 28
 Homer, 9, 51
 Hog jowl and turnip greens,
 158
 Hotel Belmont bar, 43
 Howells, Wm. Dean, 236
 Hunter's style, 151
 wild duck, 151
 Hungary, 246

I

India, 253
 Indian curries (see curries)
 Indian (Hindu) Burdwan,
 254
 Irish lamb stew Torretta style,
 267
 Italy, 235

J

Japan, 256
 Japanese Fan-Tan, 258
 Jerusalem artichoke salad, 176
 Johnson, Samuel, 9, 50
 Johnson, Nunnally, 30
 Jugged duck with oysters, 233

K

Kellogg, Dr. J. H., 12, 58
 Kidney flowers, 255
 Kidneys, 81

Kidney beans, 201
 with brown sauce, 201
 Boston kidney bean roast,
 201
 mock chili con carne, 201

L

Lamb and eggplant à la Greece,
 248
 Lamb, Charles, 8
 Lamb curry à la Omar the
 Tentmaker, 251
 Lancashire hot-pot, 231
 Leberknodel, 243
 Lentil
 Indian Dhal, 254
 Kedigree, 99
 nut roast, 202
 sausage, 201
 Lima bean flour, 87
 lima bean oriental, 200
 loaf, 99, 200
 salad, 177
 special salad, 178
 Lister, Dr., 13
 Loaf
 nut and celery, 100
 Lobster, 143
 salad, 179
 Louis XIV, 12
 Lunch, 89

M

Marie Antoinette, 7
 Marriage, 2
 Mayonnaise dressing, 171
 Roquefort, 172
 Meat, 59, 90, 199
 Meat substitutes, 198
 Meat pies, 210
 Angel's pie, 212
 crab pie, 218

Meat pies—*continued*

- Devonshire squab pie, 216
- eggplant oyster pie, 218
- beefsteak and oyster pie, 217
- English meat pie, 214
- game pie, 215
- giblet pie, 212
- goose pie, 213
- quail pie, 214
- Lancashire hot-pot, 231
- mutton pie, 216
- oyster and chicken pie, 216
- potato and clam onion pie, 218
- pork pie, 214
- rabbit pie, 212
- rump steak and oyster pie, 215
- steak and kidney pie, 211
- sheep's head pie, 212
- shrimp pie, 217
- veal and ham pie, 212
- woodcock pie, 213
- Yankee oyster pie, 217
- Meredith, 4
- Mexican
 - frijoles, 99
 - chicken, 260
 - Mexico, 260
- Mixed fruit salad, 174
- Modern Priscilla, 16
- Mushroom
 - baked, with tongue, 244
 - baked, 166
 - and green pea salad, 176
 - hash, 98
 - and potato pie, 98, 219
 - and steak, 131
 - with sauerkraut, 245
- Mussels, 111
- Mutton pies, 216

N

- New Orleans, 262
- Norwegian salad, 178
 - fish balls, 243
 - sildeboller, 244
 - baked tongue and mushrooms, 244
- Nuts, 202
- Nut and celery loaf, 100
- Nut dishes
 - cheese and nut loaf, 202
 - walnut and wheat roll, 202
 - lentil nut roast, 202
 - nut steak, 203
 - nut and vegetable stew, 203
 - rice à la Carolina, 203
 - nut meat pie, 219
 - chestnut pie, 219
 - nut and rice croquettes, 203

O

- Omelets, 82, 205
 - creole, 264
 - cheese, 83
 - lobster, 83
 - mushroom, 206
 - spinach, 82
- Onions
 - baked, 164
 - and steak, 131
- Oscar, 12
- Outdoor fireplace, 104
- Owre, Dr. Alfred, 69
- Oysters
 - baked, 136
 - and beefsteak pie, 217
 - broiled on toast, 136
 - and chicken pie, 216
 - chowder, 136
 - curried, 137

Oysters—*continued*
 and eggplant pie, 218
 fried, 136
 with ham à la Baltimore,
 265
 jugged, with duck, 233
 paddies, 137
 pigs in blankets, 136
 roasted, 135
 rump steak and oyster pie,
 215

P

Pancake, 95
 green corn, 95
 potato, 95
 sweet potato, 96
 Parsnips, baked, 166
 Partridge and cabbage, 196
 Pawlow, Prof. 49
 Peas, 168
 baked, 165
 and celery salad, 176
 Pelotas à la Portuguese, 235
 Pennsylvania Dutch, 265
 Persia, 249
 Phillips, H. I., 29
 Pies
 fish, 159
 Pilaff, 249, 207
 Pigeon, roast, with chestnuts,
 150
 Planked fish, 114
 Planked steak, 132
 Poland, 245
 Polish cutlets, 245
 Pork pie, 214
 Portugal, 235
 Potato, 83, 94
 and celery salad, 177
 fire-roasted, 107
 hot bacon salad, 152

Potato—*continued*
 fried, 84
 noodles, 242
 and onion clam pie, 218
 pancake, 95
 Waldorf salad, 177
 salad, 177
 Protein, 64, 99
 Provision list, 124
 Putnam, Nina Wilcox, 26

Q

Quail
 in vine leaves, 197
 pie, 214

R

Rabbit, 193
 hare creole style, 193
 hunter's style, 193
 rabbit pie, 212
 Ravioli, 237
 Rector, George, 12
 Reducing, 70
 Reducing menus, 71
 Rice, 28, 95
 à la Carolina, 203
 boulettes, 208
 chicken and rice-Jambalo-
 za, 207
 with curries, 208
 and ham loaf, 187
 à la Manhattan, 207
 nut and rice croquettes, 203
 pilaff (Bulgarian), 249
 pilaff (Turkish), 207
 Rissotto, 237
 Richelieu, Cardinal, 24
 Rissotto, 237
 Roast
 pigeon with chestnuts, 150
 snipe on toast, 150

Roe, shad, 140
 Romans, 45
 Roquefort-dressing, 172
 Rossini, 8
 Roosevelt, Theo., 13
 Roughage, 66
 Rump steak, 132
 rump steak and oyster pie,
 215
 Russia, 244
 Russian salad, 178
 goulash, 244

S

Salads, 170
 Alabama, 151
 Avocado-ginger ale, 152
 apple-cheese-nut, 175
 asparagus and crab flake,
 178
 baked bean jelly, 153
 barley, 179
 checkerboard, 174
 chiffonade, 175
 combination green, 175
 combination vegetable, 176
 beet and cauliflower, 176
 cauliflower, 176
 chicken and celery, 178
 chestnut, 178
 cheese, 179
 Florida, 174
 fish, 179
 grapefruit-pineapple, 173
 grapefruit - pineapple - pep-
 per, 173
 grapefruit-Waldorf, 173
 grapefruit-orange, 174
 grapefruit-Roquefort, 174
 hot bacon potato, 152
 Jerusalem artichoke, 176
 jellied tomato surprise, 182
 Salads—*continued*
 lima bean, 177
 lobster, 179
 mixed-fruit, 174
 mushroom and green pea,
 176
 molded pineapple and cu-
 cumber salad, 182
 Norwegian, 178
 pea and celery, 176
 potato, 177
 potato and celery, 177
 Russian, 178
 seafood, 152
 shrimp, 179
 shrimp-tomato jelly, 179
 shrimp and cucumber salad
 mold, 181
 tunafish, 179
 tomato cheese salad supreme,
 183
 vegetable-cheese, 179
 Waldorf potato, 177
 Sancocho, 259
 Sauces, 39
 Sauerkraut and mushrooms,
 245
 Sausages, 84
 with apple, 85
 Savory Russian ham, 187
 Sauerbraten, 240
 Scallops
 fried, 143
 with rice, 144
 curried, 144
 Scandinavia, 243
 Scotch oaten cakes, 87
 Scotland, 45
 Scrapple, 83, 266
 Shad, roe, 140
 Shaw, G. B., 56
 Sheehan, Vincent, 20

Sheep's-head-pie, 212
 Shore bakes, 109
 Shortcake, 30
 Shute, Judge, 26
 Shrimps, 143
 baked, 145
 in cucumber salad mold,
 181
 curried with cabbage, 208
 curried, 144
 fried, 144
 green corn, 145
 pie, 217
 salad, 179
 tomato jelly salad, 179
 Sildeboller, 244
 Skewered foods, 109
 Smell, 37
 Society for Prevention of
 Ruin of Good Food
 by Poor Cookery, 16
 Snipe, roast on toast, 150
 Soup
 cabbage, 148
 borscht, 149
 pepper pot, Phila, 266
 South America, 259
 Spain, 234
 Spaghetti, 93
 Spencer, Edward, 210
 Squab pie, 216
 Squash baked, 166
 Steaks, 127
 Steak and kidney pie, 211
 Steak sandwich Algonquin,
 267
 Steak sauces, 132
 Stew
 Greek, with okra, 248
 Irish lamb, 267
 Spanish chicken with rice, 259
 Strawberry shortcake, 30

Stuffed crab and mushrooms,
 145
 Stuffed cabbage, 214
 Stuffed pepper (Latin), 259
 Swiss steak, 133
 Sukiyaki, 257

T

Tagliatelli al Burro, 236
 Taylor, Dr. Alonzo, 68
 Tea, 28
 Terrapin (mock), 264
 "The" Pudding, 233
 Tomatoes, baked, 97
 jellied tomato, surprise, 182
 shrimp tomato jelly, 179
 tomato cheese salad su-
 preme, 183
 Tongue, baked, with mush-
 rooms, 244
 Torinaba, 257
 Tour d' Argent, 12, 192
 Trout, 141
 Tripe, 155
 with onion sauce, 156
 à la Sammy Blythe, 157
 breaded, 156
 broiled, 157
 Tuna fish salad, 179
 Turkey, 251
 Turkish fig fritters, 252
 Turnip greens, 158

V

Veal and kidney pie, 212
 Veal, curried, with cocoanut,
 209
 Veal curry à la Hindu, 253
 Vegetables, 17, 161
 and sour cream, 245
 broiled, 166

Vegetables—*continued*

- baked, 164
- cooking timetable, 167
- encasserole, 98
- meat pies, 218
- salads, 175, 179
- Vegetable marrow, baked, 166
- Virginia egg bread, 265
- Vitamins, 61, 118

W

- Waffles, 87
- Waldorf potato salad, 177

- Waldorf grapefruit salad, 173
- Waterzoie de Volaille, 234
- Wiener-schnitzel, 241
- Wild fowl, 194
- Wiley, Dr. Harvey L., 13, 41
- Williams, Ben Ames, 26
- White, Stewart Edward, 143
- Woodcock pie, 213

Y

- Yankee oyster pie, 217
- Yorkshire pudding, 149.

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